THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Jesse Rainsford Sprague—Nunnally Johnson—Maude Parker—W. Townend
John P. Marquand—Anne Cameron—Donald E. Keyhoe—Jack Donahue

The microscope proves what your taste has always told you ~

The time DEL MONTE *saves between field and can makes a tremendous difference in your enjoyment of Asparagus*

Del Monte Asparagus, both long spears and tips, is graded according to thickness of spear as shown in reduced photograph above. Each size plainly marked on the can.

Unretouched photomicrographs of asparagus cells, as they appear (top) in fresh cut asparagus; and (bottom) if held only 48 hours. Note how quickly the cell structure has changed.

Just two tiny sections of asparagus—seen through the microscope's eye. But what a startling story they have to tell!

Asparagus—cut fresh just as it breaks through the ground—is a mass of tender, succulent, full-bodied cells, packed close together.

Only 48 hours later—and the cells have shrunk and completely changed their form! They have literally wilted. Long, slender fibrous threads have made their appearance. No amount of cooking will ever restore to these cells their original freshness.

And what you see—in the DEL MONTE laboratory—is simply a picture of what has happened at the same time to the tenderness and delicacy of flavor you like in asparagus. If cooked at once when cut, asparagus is full-flavored, tender as butter. Each hour that goes by before cooking makes it a little less delicate—a little less tempting.

This change in all vegetables after cutting—but a change so marked in asparagus—explains why DEL MONTE keeps a staff of its own scientists, busy studying every food it brings to your table—why DEL MONTE insists on knowing all there is to be known about better canning methods—and then goes to such great lengths to can all vegetables for you so quickly.

The cutting of DEL MONTE Asparagus, for instance, begins at the break of day. It is cut at the moment of perfection. It is rushed to DEL MONTE canneries nearby—*within a few hours* sealed in the can and cooked. Only by growing it yourself could you enjoy asparagus so truly fresh.

And remember—the quality you find in DEL MONTE Asparagus is just as marked in every DEL MONTE Food Product. No matter what variety you choose—canned fruits, vegetables, canned fish, dried fruits or other everyday staples—this one label makes certain the uniform, dependable quality so essential on your table.

DEL MONTE *Asparagus*

FOOD PRODUCTS
Over a hundred delicious varieties

The four sizes of cans, in which Del Monte Asparagus is packed, are shown here, greatly reduced. From left to right: the Picnic Can; No. 1 Tall; No. 2½ Square, and No. 1 Square.

Safety Skrip,
companion of America's favorite pen

Carry it in your bag, or to your classroom. This air-tight, practically unbreakable container won't leak a drop of its cargo of Skrip, successor to ink. Waste-proof! Evaporation-proof! Saves cleaning bills, saves your carpets, too! Now you may always have Skrip at hand to make any pen write better, and the Lifetime° pen write best! You'd willingly pay a dollar for handsome Safety Skrip, but it costs 50c, Skrip-filled. Refills, 3 for 25c. Team up Safety Skrip with Sheaffer's Balanced Lifetime°, the pen that brought balanced, effortless writing and won sales leadership through sheer strength of character! That's the perfect writing combination!

Identify the Lifetime° pen by this white dot.

This Lifetime° set, with genuine Brazilian Onyx base, $12 —others lower.

Oval Brazilian Onyx Lifetime° fountain pen desk set, $19.

At better stores everywhere

All fountain pens are guaranteed against defects, but Sheaffer's Lifetime° is guaranteed unconditionally for life. Green and black Lifetime° pens, $8.75; Ladies', $7.50 and $8.25. Black and pearl De Luxe, $10.00; Ladies', $8.50 and $9.50. Pencils, $5.00. Others lower.

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The only complexion soap ever approved by the only real authorities on the skin . . . America's eminent ★ dermatologists

I ONLY wish I could go to every girl's house in America and say, "This is the most important news in all the history of complexions."

Camay, a soap as fragrant as a May morning and as gentle as rain water, has the official approval of the eminent dermatologists of America. No other soap *ever* before had such scientific recognition.

These physicians made numerous tests to convince themselves of Camay's mildness. They carefully examined its chemical analysis to assure themselves of its purity and gentleness. For, doctors don't deal in offhand opinions.

But, as a result of tests and analyses, they gave their wholehearted approval with enthusiasm—all 73 of them. Many added a personal word, such as this, for example, from a dermatologist practicing in Chicago:

"Camay is bland, does not irritate the skin and leaves it smooth. Any complexion that cannot stand Camay needs the attention of a physician."

A professor emeritus of dermatology in one of the large Southern medical colleges says that Camay "lathers beautifully and quickly, leaving the skin with no trace of harshness or dryness."

Other comments from medical schools in 25 states, including New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Texas and California; from famous clinics and hospitals in 35 cities from Boston to Los Angeles, were equally favorable.

But I know we're all feminine enough to want everything about us to be *lovely*, as well as *efficient*. And that is where Camay *shines!* If you don't agree with me that Camay is the most creamy, fragrant, and exquisitely sculptured soap you ever used in all your life, I want to hear about it—at *once!*

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet of advice from 73 of America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YS-109, 509 Fifth Ave., New York City.

CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE

★What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist rightfully belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 eminent dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Camay is a Procter & Gamble soap [called Calay in Canada]

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall,
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Associate Editors

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ON THE ROAD

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"I Hate to Tell You This, Mr. Armstrong," He Said, "But the House Has Given Me Instructions to Sell You on a C. O. D. Basis"

THOUGH my name—Richard Armstrong—will mean nothing to the vast majority of readers, I make no apologies for telling my story. Neither do I feel it necessary to apologize for the fact that I have been a traveling salesman the greater portion of my life, and that my narrative will of necessity concern itself mainly with the selling of merchandise.

The history of America is in effect a saga of salesmanship. The early pioneers who broke away from the settled life of the Atlantic Coast were traveling salesmen par excellence. They sold the Western country to the world as they went successively over the Alleghanies, the Mississippi, the Rockies; a continent was brought under civilization in a fraction of the time that such a task had ever been accomplished before. Of course these pioneers had a good product to sell. But no matter how good the product may be, it seldom sells itself. Its merits have to be reënforced by personal effort of one kind or another.

When I first went on the road, more than twenty-five years ago, traveling salesmen were called "drummers." Lately this term has lost caste. Some of the youngsters of today would feel insulted to be called anything less dignified than Sales Representatives or Contact Executives. Personally I was never ashamed of the title of drummer. It has a good, thumping, Anglo-Saxon sound. You couldn't have a parade without a bass drum; and of all the artists in the band the drummer stands out most as an individualist. You see the piccolo player and the cornetist so intent on their music as to appear almost like automatons. The drummer marches along with one eye on his book and the other on the crowd, but he never fails to chime in at the right psychological moment. He is an artist, but he is a human being too. It is no mere coincidence that more small boys walk beside the drummer than the piccolo player.

Out of consideration for the feelings of those traveling men who prefer the more modern titles, I promise, in this story of mine, never to allude to myself or to any other member of the fraternity as a "drummer." But I still maintain the old title was appropriate. A man who goes out on the road to sell goods has to be an artist and a human being too. The policies of his house constitute his book of rules, but never must the book make an automaton of him.

Literary people generally overlook us traveling men, and the few things that have been written about us aren't very serious. Yet there ought to be rich material for literature in the life of any man who goes out on the road to sell merchandise. He faces life alone.

If I were a writer I am sure I could build a drama around the young salesman I once encountered on the train between Boise and Pocatello, in Idaho. He had a line of shoes out of St. Louis. It was his first experience on the road; if ever I saw anyone who was hovering on the edge of tragedy it was this boy. He was possibly twenty-five years old and somehow had managed to get married. He had been out nearly a month. He had not yet sold a dollar's worth of merchandise. Day after day, one town after the other, he got the same negative responses. It had got on his nerves to the extent that he wasn't sleeping nights. He knew he wasn't making any impression on the merchants he called on. He said he was scared to ask for mail at the hotels where he stopped, for fear of a letter from his sales manager ordering him to send in his samples.

It seemed to do him good to unburden himself to someone. When he said good-by at Pocatello he appeared to have a momentary return of confidence. But I watched him as he passed through the station and out into the street. He stood for a long moment looking at the hotel that stands just opposite, and already there was a defeated air about him that made me know that the intolerable loneliness and repeated disappointments were too heavy a load to be shaken off. I never saw or heard of him again. But for days thereafter I looked apprehensively at each morning's newspaper, half expecting to find some tragic item concerning a traveling salesman, age twenty-five, representing a prominent St. Louis jobbing house.

To me, personally, the traveling-salesman profession has been kind. Most salesmen I know harbor the ambition of becoming executives, and I have managed to do that. But temperamentally I expect to be a salesman until the end of the chapter. In a pinch, I imagine, I shall always look at business more from the standpoint of the man out in the field than from that of the man in the executive chair. I shall remind myself that the best thing to do is to employ intelligent men and trust them.

This isn't because I have spent more years as a salesman than as an executive. Business is only human nature in action; and the right sort of traveling salesman is an observer of both business and life. He meets more people, has more human contacts than an executive in an office possibly can have.

Lately there has come into fashion a policy known as high-powered salesmanship. Its main feature is that it doesn't trust the wisdom of the salesmen. Just the other day here in New York I met a high-powered executive who is connected with a corporation that employs more than two hundred traveling men. I thought the gentleman was sales manager, but I was mistaken; he was Director of Sales Promotion. Anyhow he was the highest-powered executive I have ever met. He talked enthusiastically of sales quotas, of dominating the prospect, breaking down sales resistance, and so forth. He called the two hundred traveling men his "sizzling sales force," and he kept them sizzling by sending each one an abusive weekly letter. He showed me some of these letters. In one he called a traveling man "a false alarm, a counterfeit," and added the information that if any salesman on the pay roll lacked backbone, "sooner or later he will be sunk, and if he blocks navigation he'll be damned." Another letter ended with the warning: "There's a long, long worry awaiting losers."

My reaction, after spending a half hour with the director of sales promotion, was that I would not care to invest my life savings in the stock of his corporation. In the long run most business concerns prosper or fail according to the quality of their salesmen, and you can't keep first-class men by treating them like scared schoolboys. The director of sales promotion told me the turnover among the members of his sizzling sales force was terrible, and he couldn't understand it, because by keeping them worried all the time he was really spurring them on to make more sales and earn more money for themselves.

I thought it might be better for the corporation if someone would write the director of sales promotion a series of letters that might teach him something about human nature.

The real reason for my telling my story is to answer the questions so often asked by young men: "Is salesmanship a good profession? What is there in it for me?" A thousand romances have been built around the men who occupy great executive positions in business, but few writers have attempted to describe in homely detail what life means to a salesman. Yet the salesman is the foot soldier of business.

In this story I shall attempt no fine writing. It will be a plain tale of everyday happenings. I shall be glad if it reveals something of the problems that are faced by the tens of thousands of men who earn their livings by selling merchandise on the road. And if among those who read it there may be an occasional one who recognizes himself as an actor in some incident that I relate, I hope he will accept it in the spirit in which it is written—namely, as a gesture of good will, a handshake across the years.

II

THE usual business romance follows the course whereby the hero is born of poor country parents and eventually finds himself in the great city, where his youthful training in hard work and early rising enables him to rise quickly to important position. Unfortunately my own story must run counter to tradition. I was born in New York City itself. Though my parents were not rich, neither were they particularly poor; so I cannot describe the gilded life of the old Fifth Avenue, nor yet the tenement existence of the lower East Side or the old Bowery.

Our family was of what may fairly be called the middle class. I was born near One Hundred and Tenth Street, on Second Avenue. Our home was a three-story brick building. The ground floor was occupied by my father's grocery store, and our family lived in the two upper floors. Father had started his active career as a school-teacher in Oswego County, where he married my mother and where my older brother and sister were born. When he was about thirty years of age he came into a little money and quit teaching to come to New York and go into the grocery business with a cousin who had an establishment on West Thirty-third Street, near the North River. In 1878, two years before I was born, father sold his interest and moved to the uptown location. At the time, that section was being widely exploited on account of the northward growth of the city. Father bought the Second Avenue building, where he located his new store, optimistically giving notes for the greater part of the purchase price. The real-estate man predicted a tremendous rise in uptown property values because the city had recently taken in the territory beyond the Harlem River that was vaguely known as the Bronx; but, unfortunately, our part of Second Avenue never shared in the easy money. Even now the neighborhood has changed little, except that an Italian population has largely replaced the original residents, who were nearly all old-stock Americans, with a few Germans and Irish.

When the Second Avenue Elevated Railway was built, there was an actual decline in property values because of the noise and because the structure shut off so much light from the store fronts. After the Elevated was finished a number of the merchants in our section clubbed together and engaged a lawyer to bring suit for damages. The case was settled out of court, the complainants receiving something like $5000 apiece. But father refused to go in with the others; he was an easy-going man, and I think the reason he used to give for declining to put in a claim describes his character better than anything else I could tell. A hundred times during my boyhood, when the matter was being discussed, I have heard him say: "I don't think the Elevated owes me anything. There's hardly a day but that somebody who is taking the L stops at my store and buys a nickel's worth of apples or something."

It often happens, when I am talking with people in different parts of the country and they learn I was born and brought up in New York City, that I am asked what kind of a life it was. The general impression seems to be that it was something quite special; that a person who happened to be born in the metropolis must have a different viewpoint, a more sophisticated attitude toward life, than that of people in the country or in small towns.

As I have said, I don't know how life felt to the Fifth Avenue rich or to the lower East Side day-laborer class, though I am inclined to believe the novelists have colored their pictures of those people considerably in order to enhance the dramatic interest of their tales. But as to the

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When All Was Clear He Stepped Majestically to One Side and Stood Erect and Motionless, a Picture of Dignified Authority

HEART LEAVES

By Julia Peterkin

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE late August afternoon was hot, and Maum Anaky sat in a low chair near her open cabin door, smoking her pipe and gazing across the wide stretch of old, deserted rice fields which lay between her and the river.

The fire in her big open fireplace burned low and blue with a smoke well nigh as thick as its flame, and the black iron pots which had work to do simmered and steamed slowly, cooking the victuals they held. An old, scarred, spotted, black-and-white cat drowsed and purred near Maum Anaky's bare feet, waiting until after supper to do his roaming. Every time a breeze stirred, the crêpe myrtle tree beside the steps shed a shower of blossoms as pink as the hearts of the ripe watermelons which waited in the corner of the room to be cut; a blue hen with a fine brood of biddies clucked kindly and scratched among the fallen petals for bugs or for the stray worms which had crawled up to the top of the ground for air. The hen was scratching mighty near to the sweet violets growing in the myrtle tree's shade; a hungry squirrel was stealing across the yard, headed straight for the peach tree back of the house where the last peaches of the summer were beginning to turn; he would search the tree and pick the reddest, mellowest peach to eat; she knew his tricks well enough, for she had caught him stealing her fruit more than once before now; but this afternoon her mind was too full of other things to bother with a squirrel or with a hen which had no respect for blue violets.

Her heart felt heavy in her breast, and no matter how much she tried to hold them back, sighs kept rising in her throat and cutting her breath so she could hardly enjoy her pipe.

These sighs and the heavy-heartedness were all caused by the foolishness of the people on the plantation. It fretted her to see how they were giving up all the good old ways and taking up strange new ways which were wrong.

"Nuttin' but Buttermilk What I Had a-Coolin' in de Spring, but it's a Plenty for Me, and You Too"

The old ways were tried and trusty; they had been handed down by experienced people from parents to children for many generations; they were known to be wise and right. How could sensible people agree to forsake them?

Nobody would listen when she warned them. Yesterday she heard Maum Lena laugh and say she was too old to know what was what, as if old people didn't know a lot more than young people. Lena ought to be ashamed to talk so.

Her feelings would have been mightily hurt if she hadn't known that Lena herself was so old she was getting wrong in the head. Bad wrong.

From now on, she would quit advising people—Lena and everybody else. No matter what they did, she'd never say one word to them. From now on, she would save her breath and her strength, no matter how much she craved to put what she thought into words. God gave her a mouth to talk with, ears to hear with; and to shut things up tight in her heart made it swell up and ache. If nobody else would listen, she would talk to herself and the cat and the fire; or better still, she would talk to Jesus; He would listen to what she said, praise His Blessed name. He always listened to His children when they called on Him.

She would tell Him about poor Lena who had just passed by all dressed up in a newfangled frock, her head without any head kerchief on it, her hair smelling high with hair grease and pure naked except for a white straw hat.

For a young, inexperienced woman to fix herself up like that would have been bad enough, but Lena was an old, settled woman, who ought to know better; yet not only was she dressed like a fool, but Lena was singing some new tune which Maum Anaky had never heard before in her life. It sounded like a reel tune, and singing reel tunes makes people have sin. Lena had better go pray. Yes, Lord, she had better. For Lena professed to be a Christian woman.

Here lately, all the people's clothes were being made into queer new shapes by sewing machines which hummed like cotton gins in the cabins and sewed with weak spool thread instead of with stout ball thread coarse enough to hold as long as the cloth itself lasted.

Thank God, when she was young she made herself a-plenty of clothes, so when she got old she would not have to sew. Her trunk in the shed room was packed full, not with short skimpy skirts and short tight-sleeved bodies like the women wear now but with good, old-time garments which had plenty of cloth in them to make her look decent. Women ought to know that, besides making them look ugly and no-mannered, such clothes would ruin their health. Nothing to keep off the sun hot, nothing to hinder a chill when the wind blew up cool from the rice fields and found their bodies wet with sweat from working in the fields.

Lena ought to know all of this, and yet, yonder she went in a short tight skirt, without a head kerchief, and singing a new, strange song.

Ever since this had been a plantation, the colored people here had worn their hair like God made it; they had kept it wrapped with ball thread in nice neat rolls, so it did not have to be fixed more than once a week. Now, even the men struggled to get their hair straight, while the women and girls were cutting theirs short and spending half they made buying hair-straightening grease and hair irons which scorched the life out of every strand on their heads. Poor, foolish creatures.

Some of them even tried to whiten their faces, as if the dark skin God put on them was not far better. Let white people be white; let them dress foolishly if they want to; let them bob off their hair; but God knows it is a pity for colored folks to act so; and for an old, settled woman like Lena to be following such a fashion was a shame and a disgrace.

The plantation children were taught to read out of white books, to sing white songs, instead of being drilled to sing the beautiful old spirituals which were so soul-stirring they made every honest heart swell with joy just to hear them.

Instead of cooking on the open fireplaces with the well-trained old spiders and ovens and skillets, some of the people had bought cookstoves with smokestacks like the river boat to do their boiling and baking and roasting. The ugly things would not only burn the bread and meat but the first thing they knew, some house was going to catch a-fire from them.

It was all so pitiful, so foolish. But she would talk no more to the people. Because she was old, they thought she knew nothing, they paid her no heed. From now on Maum Anaky would quit wasting her breath telling them the plain truth.

The thing that distressed her most was this new way of laying away the dead. The other things could never touch her, but everybody has to die some day.

Instead of depending on the kindness of the neighbors for help when sickness and death came, the plantation people had organized a society called the Bury League, and this Bury League had what they called committees to run everything. One committee gave out pieces of paper to babies already born, telling them that they could be born; another committee gave out papers to the dead saying it was all right for them to be buried. Lena was the head of the death committee, and because of that she gave herself all sorts of airs, as if people had not been born without papers and buried without papers ever since God made Adam and Eve.

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The Mobilization of Reparations

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

FOR four months this year a group of men representing the best business and banking brains of Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Japan, Germany and the United States worked at Paris under the chairmanship of Owen D. Young to fix the amount of the German reparations. The final accounting of this indemnity represented the last and most troublesome hang-over of the World War. I say "last" because, in the light of uncompromising American policy, the Allied debts are finished business so far as settlement is concerned. Figuratively speaking, only one dotted line remained to be signed.

The Paris conference of experts performed its major work faithfully and efficiently, because it wrote the mandate, otherwise the Young Plan, that enables Germany to know precisely where she stands. The uncertain vista of indefinite annuities is now bounded by a visible horizon. If the work had ended here my task would be simple. It would be to record the deliberations and achievements of a gathering that applied economic intelligence to the ultimate solution of the one problem that, more than any other since the Armistice, projected Europe into political turmoil and economic confusion.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS., PARIS

Signing the Young Plan at Paris. Owen D. Young Sits in the Center, at the End of the Table

But the Paris conference went beyond the bounds of its assignment, which was, let me emphasize, to fix reparations and devise a new machinery to collect and transfer them. It covertly linked these reparations with the debts to us, thus seeking to confute the principle upon which the debt settlements were made. The chronicling of the fresh indemnity arrangement therefore becomes a more complicated matter, necessitating some plain, frank speech.

If you analyze these last ten years of unrest you discover that from the Spa conference, which allocated reparation percentages, down to The Hague, where the Young Plan hung in a precarious balance for weeks, there has usually been a string attached to every postwar financial deal. A neat little joker almost invariably lifted its head to defeat progress, on the one hand, and to embarrass the United States, on the other. The cards were usually so stacked that we emerged from the game clad in the clothes of a Shylock seeking his pound of flesh.

The Concurrent Memorandum

THE little joker is again in evidence, although its real significance seems to have escaped most of the interpreters of the Young Plan. Nor is this surprising. It is stowed away so neatly, and is camouflaged under such ambiguous verbiage, that some probing is necessary to find it. Once exposed, the purpose is unmistakable.

This is the set-up which ties debts and reparations:

The so-called Concurrent Memorandum—an annex to the Young Plan—is the first threat to the debt settlements. It not only joins them with reparations—the amounts and duration of both coincide almost exactly—but also revives the cancellation idea, to the end that Germany, as well as the Allies, share in what has well been designated as a "hoped-for charity."

The second threat is less obvious. It is embodied in the Bank of International Settlements—the proposed depository and distributor of reparations annuities. If we ally ourselves officially with this institution, we become party to a coördination between debts and reparations that would practically transfer the responsibility of debt obligations from the Allies to Germany. In effect, it would cause us to accept Germany as debtor, and not the nations to whom we directly loaned vast sums. We would appear in the highly undesirable rôle of international bill collector, with the buck passed to Uncle Sam in terms of nations and billions.

Clearly to understand the new reparations line-up, with all its debt entanglements, it is necessary to retrace briefly the approach to the hour when the formula for the final liquidation of the war was written. It means a backward journey over Europe's postwar Via Dolorosa. This revisualization will enable you to comprehend what has happened during these past momentous months. There is still another reason for recasting the picture. In these jazz times the trials of yesterday are forgotten in the ease and order of today. People who now journey comfortably through Europe and require no adding machines to compute the exchange of dollars into marks and French francs give no thought to the time when the principal Continental countries were plunged into currency confusion. Reparations lay at the root of this fiscal turmoil, just as they fomented the welter of nationalistic tumult that raged until the Dawes Plan came into force.

PHOTO, BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

J. Parker Gilbert, Agent General for Reparations

In the light of recent reparation events, it seems wellnigh incredible that the first German indemnity, authorized by the Versailles Treaty and stipulated by the Reparations Commission, could have been fixed at the equivalent of $33,000,000,000. In cash value it is almost four times the amount allocated under the Young Plan. You must remember, however, that this sum was dictated in the immediate postwar period. France, bled white, was in no mind to conciliate. The mood of the victors was summed up in a single sentence: "Germany must pay."

Yet the original reparation sum, now regarded as grotesque and fantastic, represented only a small portion of the cost of the conflict. The direct outlay—that is, expenditure for the actual prosecution of the war—is put at $80,000,000,000.

The indirect cost—which means the capitalized value of lost human life, losses on land and sea, loss of production, losses to neutrals, depreciation of capital and dislocation of trade—has been set at $150,000,000,000.

Germany, staggering under defeat and dazed by the swift transition from empire to republic, soon began to shy at the financial end, maintaining that it was impossible to get blood out of a turnip. Because of internal turmoil and outside hostility, she was unable to borrow abroad.

In view of the Young Plan provision for the commercialization of a part of the reparations annuities each year through bond issues, it may be well to recall an abortive condition that most people have forgotten. The Reparations Commission set up under the treaty bonded that $33,000,000,000 indemnity into three types of 5½ per cent bonds which were to have been known as Classes A, B, and C. In the chaos that marked the first three years after the war these bonds were never issued.

Now began the series of footless conferences which expended a vast amount of talk and did little. The Spa gathering—the first important one held after the signing of the Armistice—was historic because it fixed the reparation percentages.

The Printing-Press Era

FRANCE was allocated 52 per cent; the British Empire, 22 per cent; Italy, 10 per cent; Belgium, 8 per cent. The remainder, which included our 2½ per cent, was distributed among the Serb-Croat-Slovene State, Japan, Rumania, Portugal and Greece. It is well to keep these percentages in mind, because the increase in the French and Italian shares, at the expense of Britain, started the ruckus when the delegates sat down at The Hague last August to ratify the Young Plan.

Between 1920 and 1922, Germany made her principal reparations payments in kind, mainly in dyes and coal. She persistently evaded the bulk of her cash obligations, however. By the end of 1922 she was technically considered in default, and early in the following year the French and the Belgians invaded the Ruhr. The French discovered that they could not dig coal with the bayonet. Moreover, they stifled one source of reparations that had functioned, because the vast industrial machine in the Ruhr—the backbone of Teutonic production—was almost at a standstill. German passive resistance to the occupation precipitated the collapse of the mark, which was already in full flight. Currency went to almost unbelievable depths; in fact, to the point where it required a whole suitcase of bank notes to buy a single meal. It was the great printing-press era.

But Germany was not the only victim. The economic sore within her confines spread its infection beyond. Despite the justifiable anger and resentment that flared,

particularly in France and Belgium, the fact could not be disguised that an orderly, prosperous and productive Germany was indispensable to the economic life of all Europe. It was one thing to denounce her as a temporizer, and quite another to become permeated with the poison of unrest and worse that coursed through her whole social and commercial system. Reluctantly the Allies were forced to the conclusion that to get their just dues out of Germany, they must enable her to produce them.

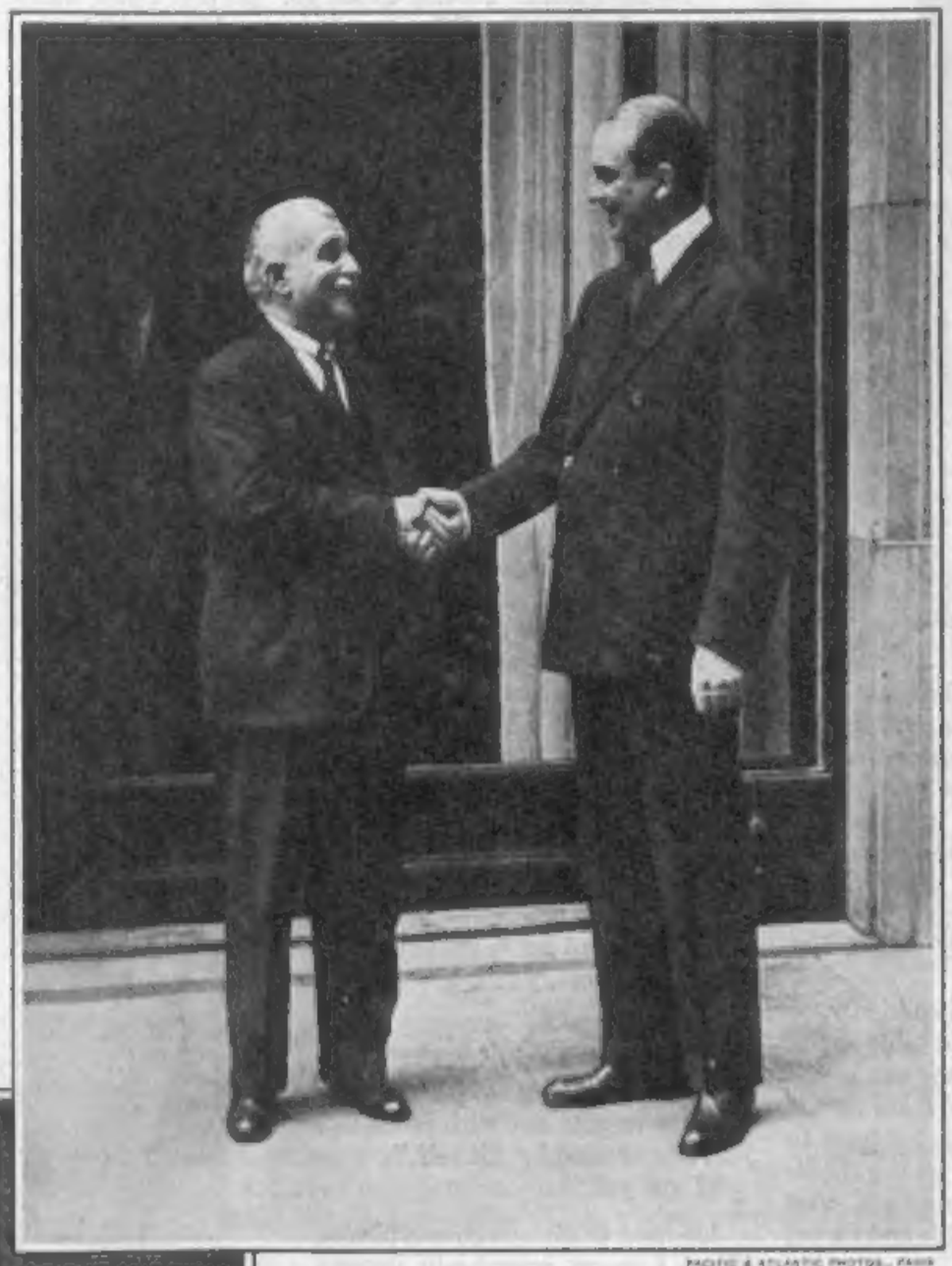
In the end, the Ruhr invasion proved to be the ill wind that blew good. Out of the attendant mess emerged provocation for the first committee of experts, which shaped the Dawes Plan. As Dawes put it in his famous yardstick speech in London, "the formation of that committee was not the triumph of intellect; it was the triumph of despair." Gloom was equally thick on victor and vanquished. The losers looked like the winners.

Reparations on a Business Basis

THE Dawes Plan, therefore, may be regarded as the initial step in the reconstruction of Europe. For the first time economic intelligence, and not political expediency, was evoked for the unraveling of the tangle that had temporarily robbed the Allies of the fruits of victory and made Germany the arbiter of woe. The plan put Germany's house in order because it stabilized the mark. It led to the debt settlements with us, although Britain, with her high sense of financial obligation, had signed on the dotted line a year before. It pointed the way to Locarno. Finally, it was the forerunner of the Young Plan. All this emphasized again the fundamental fact that real political security—it took Europe six years to learn the lesson—can rest only upon a sound economic foundation. That foundation was set when the first experts' plan began to function.

The Dawes Plan became operative September 1, 1924. Under it a sliding scale of annuities was established. For the first fiscal year it was 1,000,000,000 marks; for the second, 1,220,000,000; the third, 1,200,000,000; and the fourth, 1,750,000,000. The fifth annuity—that is, for 1928–29—was 2,500,000,000 marks, or the equivalent of $595,000,000. This was designated as the standard annuity and was to remain in force indefinitely. Moreover, it was subject to increase through the application of a so-called index to prosperity, which meant that if Germany waxed fatter after 1929, she would be obliged to share her opulence with her war creditors.

These annuities were derived from three principal sources—the railways, which were consolidated into one huge company and mortgaged in favor of the creditors; German industry, and the budget. In order to make up the first annuity, the so-called German External Loan of 800,000,000 marks was floated. This loan was a first lien on all German income. As the annuities progressed, the railroads and the budget assumed the major portion of the service burden, until they represented 660,000,000 marks and 1,250,000,000 marks, respectively, in the first standard payment.



PACIFIC & ATLANTIC PHOTOS., PARIS

Mr. Young With M. Moreau, the Governor of the Bank of France, After the Signing of the Reparations Accord

But Germany could not meet this stupendous obligation from within. War and inflation had practically denuded her of mobile capital. She had to borrow, and we became the prime lenders. She was now a good risk, because the Dawes Plan had restored confidence within and without. Up to the beginning of this year the external loans to Germany have aggregated $1,700,000,000, of which not less than 76 per cent came from the United States. Our total share, including investments in factories, is more than $3,000,000,000.

In every effort made to obtain relief from reparations the Germans persistently contended that they could only make the Dawes Plan payments with foreign loans. This was only a near truth. Less than half of these loans were devoted to private and therefore really productive enterprise which yielded an income. The remainder went to states, provinces, communes and semiprivate undertakings, and was devoted to stadiums, parks and war memorials. The diversion of these good American dollars to what were in many cases wholly unnecessary projects caused Doctor Schacht, head of the Reichsbank, to utter a public denunciation of the policy. In consequence, an advisory loan council was set up to supervise the negotiation of foreign loans. I refer to this state of affairs because Germany will continue to need foreign money, mostly American, and it will be increasingly important to censor the new flood of capital that will stream into the Reich from these shores.

Thus the Dawes Plan put reparations on a definite business basis. It set up an elaborate machine in Berlin for the collection and distribution of the annuities. While our share in the reparations is comparatively trifling—it merely represents the cost of our army of occupation and the mixed claims against Germany for war damage, mostly through the torpedoing of ships—our countrymen have figured conspicuously at every stage of the transaction, once it was freed from political capitalization. The first experts' plan bears the name of General Charles G. Dawes, the chairman, whose American coworkers were Owen D. Young and Henry M. Robinson. Incidentally, it is worth noting that Dawes will probably loom as large in another historic measure equally significant in its effect upon world peace and security. I refer to the disarmament scheme now in the making. The yardstick idea was born of experience with disassociating the economic and political aspects of reparations in deriving the formula for settlement. Furthermore, another American—S. Parker Gilbert—was made Agent General of Reparations in 1924, and has been at the helm of the most complicated of all international financial undertakings ever since.

Money at a Premium

THE Dawes Plan provided for much more than an orderly system of annuity payments. It fastened an elaborate scheme of fiscal and economic control and supervision upon Germany. It also made it mandatory for the Germans to make their cash payments in marks. The job of transfer—that is, the conversion of these marks into the currencies of the creditor countries—at once became a problem. Some measure of relief was afforded through the stipulation that some of the annuities might be paid in kind—that is, in coal, dyes, manufactured products, ships, river craft, timber, and even docks and quays. At The Hague these deliveries in kind, which some years reached a total of nearly $200,000,000, formed one of the rocks upon which the conference split. With the change in reparation percentages, they imperiled the whole Young Plan.

Obviously the Dawes Plan was only a temporary, or rather an emergency, measure to enable Germany to get on her feet. Without revision, the reparations annuities plan could easily become what I once called it—a serial without end. Highly important was it, therefore, that the amount of indemnity should be fixed. Such fixation would give Germany an objective.

It was inconceivable that a great country of 60,000,000 people, with glittering traditions of world power, should be indefinitely mortgaged to the future. This was the first clause, so to speak, in the German case for a new deal. The second was that the republic chafed under the copper-riveted foreign control of her finances. The German, whether of high or low degree, could not call his financial soul his own. It meant, in a word, that Germany had a composite bailiff on the premises—first, in the shape of the international reparations control; second, in the armies of occupation.

A third reason for dissatisfaction had an American end. Germany had proved her capacity to meet the increasing annuities, but, as I have already pointed out, this depended to a considerable extent upon her ability to borrow abroad, especially from us. The rise in money rates in New York, due to speculation, made this a difficult matter. Lending Germany money on long terms at 6 or 7 per cent did not interest the Wall Street banks so much as call loans at twice this rate and even higher.

The psychological moment for organized protest came when the first standard annuity began to function on September first of last year. Throughout the Reich went

(Continued on Page 50)

PACIFIC & ATLANTIC PHOTOS., PARIS

Doctor Schacht, the German Delegate, Saying Good-by to Mr. Young as He is Leaving Paris

MLLE. IRENE THE GREAT

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"A New Hat," He Told Her. "A Brand-New Hat Bought Yesterday"

THE circus had its first performance of the season this evening, and afterward Dexter and I fetched up in a cafeteria a block or so from the Garden for a brace of sandwiches and some milk. The joint was pretty well crowded with the after-theater gallery trade, and the only places we could find were at a long table opposite a couple of sad-looking johns fiddling with messes of Bismarck herring. I would have said at the time, just going by their faces, that they were discovering that they didn't like herring—not this herring anyway.

I don't think Dexter noticed, though, until suddenly, as we went innocently into our forage, the whole table shook like an aspen and we looked up, startled, to see one of the guys—apparently the older—suffering badly from an attack of the trembles; he was sitting sideways, his back to his pal, who was patting him sympathetically on the shoulder. Then he pulled himself together somewhat, and straightening around, put his elbows on the table and rested his head in his hands.

"Sorry," he mumbled.

Dexter stared at him for a moment and then turned to me and shook his head sadly. "Wife ill, children in jail, business failed, and the Yanks five runs behind, going into the ninth, J. Wilburforce Pickthall faced a future far from bright," he guessed.

"It's probably the herring," I said. "Nothing hits a man harder than a shady bit of herring."

"Under the best of conditions," he agreed, "herring is little short of a gamble."

With that he dismissed the matter and set in to complete the destruction of his ham and cheese on rye. That's all it might have meant to me, too; but a moment later, when I glanced up again, the trembler's pal was wiggling his eyebrows violently in what I gathered was some sort of signal he didn't want Dexter to get. On the spur of the moment I wiggled back, and, greatly encouraged, he threw his whole soul into another effort; but this time I just nodded to let him know I understood, because the spectacle of two men wiggling their eyebrows at each other across a table has a tendency in time to become ridiculous.

So, when presently Dexter emerged from his plate and rose to push on, I told him I'd decided to stick around; I had an hour to kill before my train pulled out, and I might as well sit here as in Penn Station.

He hadn't got to the door before the trembler poked his pal in the ribs and muttered: "Go ahead. Ask him!"

The pal leaned over confidentially. "I say, Mac," he whispered, "wasn't that Dexter McDonald?"

"Right. Why?"

He turned to the trembler. "He said yes," he reported. The trembler shivered. "Ask him—Dexter McDonald, the circus press agent?" he ordered, and the pal turned back to me again. "Dexter McDonald, the circus press agent?"

I nodded.

"He said yes," the pal relayed once more.

"Don't your friend understand English?" I asked.

"Sure, he understands English. He's just shy," the guy said. "His nerves ain't any good."

"He ought to do something about it."

"He ain't like this all the time," the guy assured me. "It's just about once a year—the night the circus opens."

"Then what does he go for, if it upsets him?"

"He ain't been. He don't ever go. He don't ever want to see a circus again. Whenever it opens, him and I try to have a little night out by ourselves, so's he'll forget; but tonight he got to brooding, and then this McDonald comes in and he recognizes him, and it just kind of got him, that's all."

"I'm sorry, pal," I confessed—"I'm sorry, but I don't get you, at all."

"Well," he hesitated, "it's a funny story ——"

The table shook again.

"Not to him," the guy hastened to add, "but when you think about it ——"

"Let's hear it," I said. "I got an hour yet."

You see Joe now—the guy said—and you wouldn't believe that several years ago there wasn't no nicer guy you could want. What I mean, he was really too nice for his own good. Patting dogs on the head, you know, and helping old ladies across the street, and all kind of stuff like that. If you'd knowed him then, you'd have said, "Well, this is certainly a nice guy," and you wouldn't find a guy anywhere any nicer. That's the way Joe was when I used to know him. Well, sir, he was working for a business downtown—a produce business on Washington Street—and he never was much of a fellow for this society stuff, but he used to always make a point to get to the Greenwich Village Pagan Route, because all you got to do is go to it once a year and you got enough addresses and telephone numbers to keep you busy until the next one; and that's what Joe used to do, because he had sense enough to know if you didn't go out with girls some, you'd get to be a helmet.

"A what?" I asked.

"A helmet—one of these guys that never gets out with folks, but just sits around by his self."

"I got you."

Joe used to always go as a pirate. What I mean, everybody dresses up for the Pagan Routes in fancy costumes, you know, and Joe used to always be a pirate. He seen Douglas Fairbanks in that picture The Black Pirate, you know, and he wore one of them costumes, like Doug, and if you just seen him pass by quick you'd say, "Well, that does look like Douglas Fairbanks, but he has shrunk a little," because Joe never was a big guy.

He was at one of these Pagan Routes, then, just dancing around, you know, and kidding back and forth with the girls, and he got to dancing with a girl in a white ballet skirt. He started to kidding her, you understand, but she didn't kid back like most of them babies do, but just quiet, you know, and kind of sweet, and Joe got to dancing around with her, and first thing you know he was buying her something to drink at a table and they wasn't kidding at all, but talking about pretty deep things—about life, what I mean!

"You know, kid," he said to her, "somehow you ain't like the rest of these babies around here. You're different—know what I mean?"

"I just can't help it if I'm different," she said. "I reckon I'm just old-fashioned, but it's the way I was brought up."

"Where was you brought up?" Joe asked.

"Oh, all over," she said.

"All over what? Your folks travel?"

"They used to," she said.

Well, that's all she'd say along those lines, but Joe did not care if her folks was railroad brakemen, because the way he looked at it, he didn't have to take down any more telephone numbers. He had all he wanted. He danced with her nearly every dance, and Joe says they must have drank eighteen bottles of root beer, because they nearly bust, and he seen she liked him too.

At one o'clock she said she had to go, and that was pretty early to leave a Route, but she had to catch a Long Island train because she lived out at Elmwood, so Joe taken her to the station in a taxi, and on the way she told him she went to business in town and he could call her either there or in the evenings at Elmwood, but Joe, he made a date right then for the next night.

I tell you, Joe was one of the happiest guys you ever seen. What I mean, he was so happy he nearly got fired the next day, because he got to throwing them cases of eggs and chickens around Washington Street, and if they hadn't stopped him he's liable to have broke all the eggs they had and killed all their chickens, because he was so happy he could not control his self. That's love, Mac!

He was mighty glad, Joe was, because this running around to the Pagan Route every year was getting on his nerves, and what he wanted, he wanted to settle down, what I mean, and have a flat or one of them half houses out in Queens and sort of make something out of his self. He wanted a wife, you know, with a apron, always sweeping out the house and dusting off chairs. That's the way Joe was—all the time had his head in the clouds.

"What I want," he said to her once when they was having one of them deep talks, "I want a nice quiet home, where a guy can come to after he's finished work and sit down and listen to the radio or read the paper, and not any of this jazz-baby stuff every night."

"Well," she said in a kind of funny way, "that's what I'd like too."

Now, a funny thing about all this. You know how it is in New York when you're rushing a girl, the way they got these little-bitsy flats and you can't go to her place much because it's so little you practically got her pa sitting in your lap and her ma frying eggs around your head and the children crawling up and down your coat tails. You know, you got to get your fast work in somewheres else, at Coney, or on the Fifth Avenue busses, or in some movie.

"Come at Me!" She Shouted. "Come Right at Me!"

You'd thought, now, a girl's got a place out in a place like Elmwood and a fellow could come out and they could sit around there. But all the time when Joe'd throw out a hint he'd like to come out and get a little air and meet the folks, Kitty—that was her name—Kitty—she'd always have some kind of song and dance about it was so far, or her brothers were all home, or something like that, so Joe had it worse'n most guys. Once when he called up and they answered and he said he wanted to speak to Kitty, he said you'd have thought hell had broke loose, and all he could hear was shouts and thumps, and by the time Kitty come to the phone he was almost deaf.

"What's all the matter out there?" he asked her. "Somebody wrastling somebody in your house?"

"Nothing's the matter," she hedged. "Why?"

"Who was that gorilla that answered the phone?" he asked, thinking it was her brother and they could just kid each other about what a voice he had.

"That wasn't no gorilla," Joe heard her say away off; "that was mamma."

For a minute Joe didn't say anything; there wasn't anything he could think of to say. A guy can't go around calling his girl's ma a gorilla and get away with it. Then he decided she must be kidding; that wasn't any lady's voice.

"What kind of mamma you got," he said, "that sounds like throwing empty beer kegs around?"

This time it was her that didn't say anything and Joe was just about to say, "Hello! Hello! You still there?" when he heard her giggle, and what I mean, he was relieved, because it looked for a minute like he'd shot the works.

"Sap!" she said.

"Hey, don't think you was kidding anybody!" Joe said. "I knowed that wasn't any lady. If that was a lady she'd have to be big as a house to make all that noise."

When he rang off, though, Joe got to thinking what a break he nearly made and he was so upset he had to go get some watteau.

"Watteau?" I asked. "What do you mean—watteau?"

"Sure, watteau," the guy said. "Ice watteau."

"I got you," I said.

Well, sir—he went on—that was certainly a funny one on Joe, I mean the way things turned out, and if he's thought of it once, he's thought of it a million times since. One of those kind of things, you know, you say, "Well, that ought to been a tip-off, and why didn't he kind of look around then and there?" But you can't ever tell, when a guy's in love. You might have went about it the same way—you don't know.

What I mean, Joe was in love. Call me sentimental if you want to, but that's all there was to it. Joe was in love. And it showed in his work too. The way he got to hurling them eggs and chickens around Washington Street, it wasn't long before it come to the attention of his bosses, and he got a raise, because he was easy handling two crates to every other guy's one, and him puny too!

I don't reckon I got to tell you who he went to tell about it to first. It was in a chop-suey joint that night, and Joe got out an old envelope and a pencil, and without her talking much, just looking happy and proud, he showed her what they could do on forty-seven and a half a week, and her not work any more, just stay at home and sweep up a little and cook and give him a kiss when he come home every evening.

"Kid," he told her, "it'll be a pipe. We'll be renting, yes, but it'll be a home—our home—and nobody in it but us—just us, kid; just you and me."

That was Joe, always with his head in the clouds!

But all that evening, Joe told me, she acted kind of funny. She acted like she was scared. She kept saying she wasn't, when Joe'd kid her, but she acted like she was. Joe couldn't get it at all.

"Don't you want to marry me?" he ask her.

"Sure I want to marry you."

"Well, it's set then. All we got to do is give me a knockdown to your ma and show her you ain't getting tied up to no two-headed man or something, and there we are."

"Joe," she said, still kind of funny, "how do you know you're going to like my family?"

"What do I care whether I like 'em or not?" he ask. "I ain't marrying your family. I'm marrying you. No matter what kind of mugs they was, it wouldn't hurt me to go over to see 'em for dinner once every week or so. You bring me out there soon as you can and let's get that all washed up, kid. And don't look so scared."

"I ain't scared," she said again.

Two days later, when he rung her up, it was all fixed. She'd tipped off her family and he was to go out with her that evening and they'd all look at one another. He was to meet her in the Long Island Station under the clock, and don't be late.

What I mean, that was a happy ride for Joe. It looked like to him it was all downhill from then on. If he hadn't been busy talking all the time about what they was going to do when they got married, he'd probably noticed she wasn't hitting on all eight, but he never give it a tumble, he told me, until just before the train got to Elmwood, when she took one of his hands in hers and spoke very solemn

"Joe," she said, "all families ain't alike. Maybe you ain't seen any like mine. But if you're really crazy about me, Joe, keep your shirt on while you're out here, especially around mamma."

"Kid," he said, "all girls is nervous when they're taking a guy out to meet the family, so I understand. But you ain't got to be nervous, baby, because they ain't going to be any reason why I shouldn't keep my shirt on. What I mean, I'll bet we won't be there more than ten minutes before we'll all be eating out each other's hands. The way I'll be, I'll just put 'em all at their ease."

"My family ain't like other families," she warned him.

"No family is," he told her.

Well, sir, they walked home from the station. It wasn't far—just a block or two down the main stem and then up a side street, and it was almost like the country. Farther down on the left side of the street Joe could see a little house behind some hedges that looked just like heaven, it was so neat and hid and comfortable, and he was just about to say, "Well, that is some nice dump," when he heard somebody say, "Harrup."

"Say what?" I asked.

"Say 'harrup,'" the guy replied in some embarrassment. "Somebody said, 'Harrup.'"

Kitty Opened the Door and Something Flew Right Past His Nose

"What's harrup?"

"Well," he looked around cautiously, "I mean, he said, 'Har-r-r-up-p-p!'"

Half the cafeteria looked over at us, and I can't say that I blamed them. What this guy let loose was terrible. It was a long growl. I smiled a bit, to show I wasn't upset by this shock, and then nodded pleasantly to the guy.

"I got you," I said.

That's what Joe heard—this harrup, what I mean—and it shaken him right down to the gizzard, because, whether he'd thought about it or no, his nerves wasn't none too good, going out like that to be knocked down to your girl's family for the first time.

"What's that!" he said. "What happened then!"

She never give him a tumble.

"That bellow," Joe said to her then; "what was that bellow?"

"Mamma."

"Look here," Joe said; "this ain't no time for kidding. What was that broke loose then?"

"Mamma," she said again, almost whispering.

Joe looked at her close, and he seen she wasn't kidding. It was the real McCoy this time. Somehow it kind of upset him.

"What is your mamma, anyway?" he said. "One of these cow callers?"

They was standing at the end of the walk that led up to the house—this nice little house with the hedge in front. Joe told me later he was a little mixed up because he hadn't ever heard anything like that before, and Kitty stood looking at him kind of hopeful.

"Joe," she said, "I been trying to tell you my family is different."

"They certainly got different voices," Joe said.

"They're circus people, Joe. Mamma don't work now, because she's too old, of course. But years ago she used to have the lyruns."

"The what?" I asked.

"The lyruns," the guy explained. "You know lyruns, like tigers or hyrenas, but bigger, more hair—lyruns."

"I get you," I said.

"Years ago," Kitty said, "mamma used to be the greatest lyrun tamer in the world. She was Mlle. Irene the Great. She had seven of 'em in her act. Everybody knew her. All the family is circus people but me. There wasn't ever anything I could do, so

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She Got Joe's Hat and Hung It on the End of the Horn. "Jass Stuff," She Said, and Played "Cabaret Kisses"

IS AIR TRAVEL SAFE?

By DONALD E. KEYHOE

A Fokker Amphibian in the Los Angeles-Catalina Island Service

A SHORT time ago the following news story was printed in papers throughout the country, with several others describing week-end airplane accidents:

Three men were killed yesterday at M——, when their plane went into a tail spin, burst into flames, and crashed. The cause of the accident is unknown.

There was really no mystery about this crash. Department of Commerce inspectors easily determined the cause. Two passengers were riding in the front cockpit, in which was a set of auxiliary controls connected, as usual, with those in the rear. The pilot had been advised before taking off to remove the extra controls so that neither the passengers nor any loose baggage could interfere with operation of the plane. He disregarded the warning. In addition, the fuel tank had been filled with low-test gasoline to eliminate a delay in waiting for high-test aviation fuel.

Soon after the take-off the engine began to sputter. The plane was turning toward a near-by field when suddenly it began an erratic maneuver. It stalled, fell into a tail spin and crashed. It did not catch on fire until after the crash, though the news story reported otherwise.

After the fire was extinguished one of the unfortunate passengers was found to be gripping the forward control stick. Had there been no controls in the front cockpit it would have been simple for the pilot to glide to a landing, even though his engine had stopped completely. But a frightened passenger had "frozen the stick," and the pilot was helpless.

The Dare-Devil Idea

THE danger of placing passengers where they can reach airplane controls is well recognized in the industry. The practice is as senseless, except in instruction work, as it would be to equip the rear seat of an automobile with an extra steering wheel. It is prohibited by the Department of Commerce in planes under its regulation. Yet there are many pilots who persist in this deliberate negligence because of the slight work involved in removing the auxiliary stick and rudder bar. The small number of Federal inspectors makes it hard to catch violators of this rule.

This incident is only one of many instances in nonscheduled flying which disclose recklessness, inexperience, carelessness and a complete disregard for Federal air-commerce regulations. The dare-devil idea and the instinct to show off have by no means been completely suppressed, except in regular air-transport operations. Nor is showing off confined to exhibition flyers, wing walkers and parachute jumpers. Most pilots pass through this stage before a crash or some natural evolution makes them more careful.

Examples of recklessness are easy to find. An extreme case occurred some time ago after two pilots began to boast of their respective abilities. The argument became warm, and finally a deadlock was reached, each man insisting that he had more nerve than the other. To settle it, they made a bet. They would go up in a plane together and put it into a tail spin. The one who took it out of the spin had the less nerve.

They secured the plane before field officials could stop them and took off. At a rather low altitude they began to spin rapidly earthward. The man in the front cockpit took alarm when they passed the thousand-foot level, and not without reason, for the front seat is not the most desirable place to be in a crash. But the pilot in the rear still thought it a huge joke, so the other man waited a second or two. Then, as the ground flashed up at them, he gave in and made a desperate attempt to get out of the spin. But the plane was too low. It came out partly, struck on one wing and somersaulted into a complete wreck. Neither man was hurt. Realizing how the truth would sound, they quickly made up a story of jammed controls—and stuck to it.

Other pilots knew what had really happened, but the brotherhood of the air kept them silent. So the papers printed the story in good faith, and aviation had another black eye.

Early this spring a crash occurred at a small flying school, when a student was slightly injured and his plane demolished. The young man was well known in the town, and his family was of some importance, so the local paper soft-pedaled its account. It was stated that the engine had begun to miss as the plane approached for a landing, but that even then the skill of the young pilot would have been sufficient to make a safe landing, had not a strong down air current dropped the plane so that its wheels hooked some telephone wires.

The Transient or Drop-In Hangar at the Grand Central Airport, Glendale, California

The Show-Off

THE facts were surprisingly different. The student had been tested by an official medical examiner and found to have very bad vision, especially a lack of depth perception, necessary in landing. He was immediately forbidden to fly as a student in licensed planes, according to the law. He loitered around the field, however, flying occasionally as a passenger, though the field manager ordered the pilots not to give him the controls.

He waited until one day when no one was near. Then he started a plane and took off. On the take-off he dragged his wing through a tree top because he did not see it, but he managed to stay in the air. In landing, he completely failed to notice the telephone poles at his left. His wheels caught in the wires and at the same time his left wing tip struck on top of a pole. The plane crashed down on its nose. Both the plane and the engine were operating perfectly up to the moment of the crash.

The desire to play the hero before his fiancée brought another young pilot into trouble. He was just learning to fly, but on every possible occasion he slipped away from his field and circled over a near-by town in which his fiancée lived. Each day he came a little closer to her apartment house, and finally he began to zoom over the top, while she sat in a window and waved at him. One day his engine stopped at the most inopportune moment—just before the zoom. There was no time to turn. He tried to clear the roof, but his speed was gone. The plane crashed into a window on the top floor, shearing off the wings. The fuselage tore on into an apartment, which, fortunately, was not occupied. The pilot was shaken up, but not enough to stop him from some quick thinking.

"Engine failure; tried to stretch my glide to the edge of town, but couldn't," he told questioners, and another aviation-is-dangerous story went on its way, with no hint of the pilot's reckless flying.

These crashes are typical of many which have been erroneously described, but through no fault of the

press. In spite of the popularity of aviation, this increasing number of apparently mysterious airplane accidents has had its effect. The pre-Lindbergh doubt as to the ultimate safety of air travel is beginning to arise again.

The aviation industry points with pride to a 1000 per cent growth in commercial operations in the past year, during which time there was an increase of only 100 per cent in accidents. But even those figures are not convincing. There is only one way to dispel public doubts: Tell the truth about airplane accidents.

At present the public seldom reads the truth. It reads, instead, the alibi of a careless or inexperienced pilot. If the pilot happens to be killed, the reporters hastily interview the nearest field official, who is usually reluctant to place the blame on his unfortunate comrade, and therefore makes up a story or professes ignorance. In the latter case the result is "cause unknown," which statement is naturally accepted at its face value by newspaper readers. They have no way of looking behind the scenes, and so they are likely to retain their impression that the airplane is still a delicate machine, liable to fall out of control with little or no warning.

In order to understand aviation accidents, all flying activities should be considered in their proper groups, as crashes are to be expected in some phases more than in others.

Flying may first be classified as military and civil Military includes Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard air services. These should not be considered in a discussion of safety in air travel. The purpose of military aviation is to carry out an assigned mission, sometimes

Fokker Plane in Los Angeles-Kansas City Service at California Terminal

dangerous. Safety cannot always be given first consideration, though it is sought as much as possible.

Civil aviation is composed of scheduled air transportation over fixed routes, and miscellaneous flying. The former is a well-established service, using the best of planes, flown by trained, experienced pilots. These planes operate on regular schedules, day and night, carrying mail, passengers and express over airways on which are maintained intermediate fields, weather service, light and radio beacons, and other facilities. At present, 75,000 miles are flown daily in this branch of civil aviation, in which will be found the transcontinental air-rail lines and the well-known passenger routes, and to which new services are rapidly being added. All of the planes and pilots on these lines are licensed. Safety is the watchword and accidents are quite rare.

The Bad Boy of Aviation

BUT if crashes do not occur there, where do they happen? The answer is in miscellaneous flying, which includes all non-schedule activities, such as sight-seeing, taxi work, testing and experimental flights, student instruction, aerial photography and advertising, crop dusting by plane, acrobatics for exhibition and other purposes, long-distance attempts and many other operations. Private flying for sport is another phase which is increasing swiftly.

More than 92 per cent of the accidents occur in this group. It is natural to expect some increase over scheduled air transport, as miscellaneous flying covered 60,000,000 miles last year, while the scheduled branch flew about 10,000,000 miles. But since the close of 1928 the latter has increased so that its annual rate will be about 30,000,000 miles, and the accident percentage has lowered slightly. Miscellaneous flying is more and more the bad boy of aviation

Not all of the operations in the miscellaneous group are unsound and dangerous. There are many well-organized companies. But the entire group is suffering from the pernicious activities of a relatively small number of operators and pilots. All the unlicensed and otherwise uncontrolled operations come under the heading of "miscellaneous." The Federal Government cannot control planes flying solely in intrastate commerce, except to insist that they carry identification numbers and obey the air-traffic rules. A few states have enacted legislation curbing the irresponsible operators within their boundaries, but there are many in which the unlicensed pilots run wild with planes that should have been on the junk heap long ago. These planes and pilots are the cause of numerous crashes.

But there is more to the problem than this. Otherwise it would be quite simple to correct the evils by initiating a wide boycott of all unlicensed aircraft. That would help, but it would not be a complete remedy. There are licensed pilots in the nonschedule group who are very much at fault. Most of them are engaged in joy hopping or in school instruction, although not all of the joy hoppers and school pilots are remiss, by any means.

Maddux Pilots Waiting Their Turn in Their Own Lounge Room at the Glendale Terminal

The root of the trouble with flying has been improper training. Hundreds of students have been attracted by the statements of gyp schools that glowing futures await them. They have been made to believe that they can secure good positions as pilots after ten hours of instruction—the usual course up till recently—at a cost of two or three hundred dollars. Not all the schools have advertised this, but few of them have explained the situation carefully until the last year or so—namely, that a student after ten hours is still a student, and no operator in his right mind would think of hiring him to pilot a plane until he had obtained more experience.

Diploma Mills of the Air

SO THE hundreds of students have poured into the commercial schools, where at best they have received ten hours of dual instruction, a solo flight or two and perhaps a diploma. After that they have been rudely awakened to the fact that they are not wanted at any wage, not to mention high salaries. Some have gone back to other occupations, but the lure of flying keeps most of them in the game. They become drifters, hangers-on, working at airports as mechanics, helping pilots, doing anything that will give them a chance to build up their flying time.

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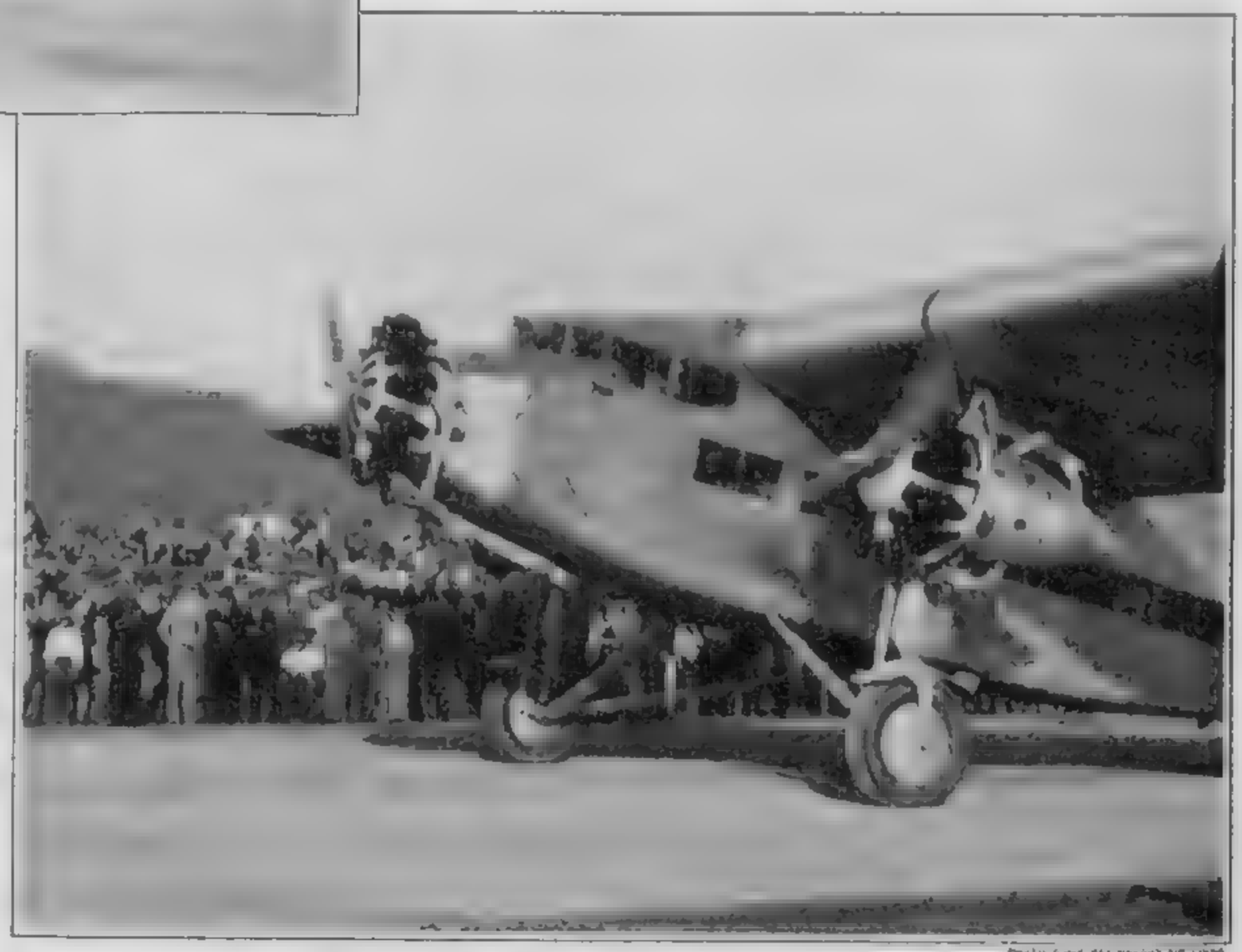

Opening Day at the Grand Central Airport, Glendale, California

A DOG, A WOMAN—

"Get to Bed!" the Master Said.
"Joker Will See Me Home. I Keep My Hand Upon His Head, Like This. Hey, Joker?"

A dog, a woman and a hickory tree;
The more you beat 'em the better they be.

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

WHERE have the great names of our town gone? They have vanished as the glory of our town has vanished, until only that of the Swales remains, vital still in that dreamy place. The Huguenot Levessers, who reached our town from Guernsey in the dawn of the eighteenth century, have dissolved like some ugly dream, leaving only a row of tombs in the churchyard by the Common Pasture. You can imagine them breaking upon the House of Swale like a heavy wave, and swirling back to sea.

When old "King" Levesser, the first of all the line, was captain of his own vessel, carrying blacks from the Guinea Coast, they say he killed seventeen one night because their noise disturbed his sleep; an idle tale, but it shows that new hot blood was entering our town. John Swale was the one who called "King" Levesser a "Foreign Monkey" in a letter still extant. "A Foreign Monkey has come among us," John Swale wrote; "the Lord has turned His back upon His servants for their Sins."

Yet it must have been a good match back in 1738, when Pierre Levesser married Patience Swale, as the clerk's book of the First Church shows. The Levessers had grown rich from the African trade, and the Swales were all dirt poor. There is even a tale that John Swale was forced to borrow money to keep the family end up at the wedding, but who can tell about it now, when it all has gone to dust and only a sinister echo is left from the wedding bell that pealed?

Still, the time does not seem so distant, once you walk our streets and feel the damp salt air. The bell that tolled that wedding is ringing yet at Haven's End, with a high and eerie note, perhaps because the metal is so old. And when you see their pictures you wonder—you cannot help but wonder—as one sometimes does, standing before an ancestor's impassive face. All sorts of curious thoughts come crowding after one another—passages from ancient books, a wharf, the whining of a dog, and water swirling through the pilings, and rain and a southwest gale.

Until very recently the portraits hung in the dark hall of the Swale house, side by side. On the wall above them were relics of the Eastern trade, such as you may still see in any New England seaport town—a Malay kris, a panel of carved lacquer. The faces of that pair had sunk back into the canvas behind ridges of cracking paint, which gave them the air of apparitions, impermanent shadows of a day of piety and rum. They were apparitions more than pictures, for there was something in them which was curiously alive. Whoever the journeyman artist may have been then plying his trade at Haven's End, he had caught that fleeting unnamable expression which gives a face its stamp. Pierre Levesser, in a red plush coat, stared from beneath an undulating wig of natural brown hair. It was a wig that would have stirred the ire of any Puritan divine. Its conventionality made the face more startling, for somehow it gave the sense of a man in masquerade when you clapped eyes upon that picture in the austerity of the Swales' front hall. Round, unblinking eyes, sharp as a bird's, stared oddly into space. The nose was beaklike, typical of the Norman French, and the mouth seemed nothing but a single sweep, done slowly by a very steady hand, with lines about it of a temper more subtle and ingenious than any Saxon brew.

And there beside him, in a frame identical, was his lady, Patience Swale, a trifle plain to look at, for the Swales never had great beauty, but regular and finely made. There was no doubt it was a gentlewoman's face—the straight nose of the Swales, level, dispassionate eyes, a proud, high neck, and you could almost swear the lips were smiling at some thought, cynical and half repressed.

"I am cold"—yes, she could speak across a century of death—"as cold as a frozen spring, but what if you could make me love? I am cold; but if I will it, a touch of my hand, a single yielding gesture, is reward enough, worth the crossing of a sea or a misstep in the Valley of the Shadow."

And you could not help but wonder, as you paused and looked, what was it she saw to love? Or did love matter in that distant time when our town was a little world sufficient to itself? Did those faintly smiling lips of hers meet his lips gladly? Did her cool eyes soften when she looked upon her husband's face? An answer seemed to come even as one looked—a hint of clashing wills, gliding side by side and rasping like steel blades, struggling for survival down to the gates of death.

There is no wonder that rumors last in a town like ours, where the past was so vastly greater than the present that everything is a reminder of it, even to the empty river, the untouched loneliness of salt marshes and the glitter of the sea. But Mr. Dennis Swale, who used to show those portraits, had that obtuseness which marked the Swales straight from the First Plantation. There he would stand, his hands behind his back, staring down his long nose.

"Rather distinguished, don't you think?" was what he said. "Good Huguenot stock, the Levessers; splendid Guernsey family. I wonder why they all died out. Yes, there's a portrait of a gentleman."

Yes, that was all he saw; and there Pierre Levesser was glaring back beneath that preposterous wig, rakish, venal, evil, and Dennis Swale was wondering. Of course he never wondered what qualities kept the Swales extant when the Levessers were gone.

And next a bell was ringing. Its sound was inescapable, sad and out of key.

"Ah," said Dennis Swale, "you hear it? There's the bell from the old First Church—their wedding bell."

Back in the time of the Levessers and all the rest, there was an assiduous clerk of courts who had a love for sin and scandal such as sometimes goes with strait-laced virtue. The meticulous details of his records still give that impression as one turns the pages that he wrote with such an ornate flourish. Ezra Sill, his name was, and he is the one who can give the beginning, all docketed and filed.

You could have understood his records better when they were jammed into the cellar of our public library at home. Steve Higgins, who tended the furnace, would unlock the door, and there you'd be—brick arches above you, a deal table and an electric light. It was a pleasant place to be, cool and quiet of a summer's day; and curiously enough, the library was originally one of the Levesser dwellings, built in 1780 from privateering gold. Though its paneling and stairs were torn out when it was sold and beautified and given to the Muse, modern workmen never reached the cellar. You could picture whole hogsheads of rum and casks of Oporto and Madeira, and the quiet made it like a crypt where secrets lay half buried, old struggles of the conscience, piety, debauch and plenty, cruelty and lust. Though no Levesser had trod our streets for fifty years, there seemed to be an inkling of their presence, a trace of cosmopolitan politeness mingling with meetinghouse expenses and ordination sermons. Against a solid background of deep belief and fear you could imagine the Levessers darting like rapiers, reflecting a curious light, small limbed, hook-nosed, green-eyed, with throaty foreign speech.

You could tell, without knowing exactly how, that something ugly hovered in the air when the name of Levesser stood out from the faded ink of Ezra Sill

"This day," the record reads, "came Pierre Levassier and gave payment of 15 shillings, the fine imposed by this Court for his Unmerciful beating of his Dogge last Sabbath eve in the Publick Square."

It must have been more than an ordinary Sabbath breaking, though such sins were already overwhelming all those regions where the church had once ruled with an iron hand, for outrage to humanity is specifically mentioned, as well as outrage to the rules of sainted men. There is no opportunity for rumor or dispute; the whole incident was set forth by Ezra Sill, with the allegations of half a dozen witnesses.

It seems, in the month of July, 1738, not two months after the Swale-Levesser marriage was recorded, that Pierre Levesser was crossing the town square on his way from his countinghouse to his dwelling. There is even a picture of our square extant, much as it must have been in those days, when our town was young and hard. It is a very rare print now—A Panoramic View of the Dwellings, Gaol and Houses of Worship of the Towne of Haven's End in New England. Cut and sold by John Porter, Printer, at his Shoppe close by Levessers' Wharf, 1762. The bareness of it is what strikes one first when one thinks of our town in the beauty of its age. The roofs stood then stark beneath the sky, with not a single tree above them, and only a few puny saplings grew along the streets. A group of wooden buildings stood like the houses of a toy village, with hardly an embellishment upon them, except for the weathercocks upon the three church steeples. Our town was like a northern trading post, and, when one comes to think of it, that was all it was when it stood close to the woods, drawing on a half-known hinterland for lumber and on a leaden sea for fish. In the center of the square, rectangular and barnlike, stood the First Church, of which only the bell is left today. The jail, with its stocks and pillory and whipping post, stood just behind the church, close to the river and in front of two long wharves. Thus, earthly gain and spiritual consolation and punishment all stood side by side.

Against that background Pierre Levesser must have seemed odd and out of place. He was customarily accompanied by his spaniel, which was trotting just before him, "A heavy hairy Beast," the record says, "employed for the hunting of Wild Fowl." As Levesser neared the center of the square two boys drawing water at the pump made a sudden noise that caused the dog to start. The animal, it is alleged, collided with Pierre Levesser, causing him to fall into a puddle near the trough. In so falling he suffered damage to his clothes, "being of fine imported Cloth and to his Neck and Wrist Bands." Rising from the mire, Mr. Levesser, with a smart swing of his stick, caught the beast a blow upon the head, ripping the hide behind the ear and causing blood to flow. Whereupon he raised his stick again and yet again, raining blows upon the animal, which had set up a horrid yelping, until the noise drew the attention of sundry persons, including the Reverend Nathaniel White, the pastor of that church and an old man then. He hastened forward to remonstrate, speaking, it is said, as follows:

"Mr. Levesser, I beg you stay your hand. The rod should be used in sorrow, not in anger, and this is Sabbath eve, Mr. Levesser, and this noise is unfitting before God's house."

Pierre Levesser paused for a moment in his beating, and the dog still cowered at his feet.

"God's house is the d——l's house," it is alleged Pierre Levesser replied. "I'll teach my dog his manners."

Now where were the old fierce days when men of God had arms like steel and wills like the fiery sword? There was once a time when no religious man would have brooked such speech, but our town was changing then. Money and worldly pride were rising like corruption upon purity of conscience and the power of the Word, and Nathaniel White was not the man to stem it. He had been sheltered too long in his study, struggling with witchcraft and the unseen world.

"Friend," said the Reverend White, "it is not the beating to which I raise objection. The dog is an ill-looking brute enough and I'll make no doubt he deserves the stick, but consider the time and place and the language you are airing."

Whereupon, it is alleged that Pierre Levesser called the Reverend White "an old black crow"; at which the Reverend White hastened off for help, since it was clear that young Levesser was beside himself. By this time the noise had attracted many persons, but none raised a hand until Matthew Scarlet came forward. He was the Scarlet who owned the ropewalk then—himself a man of substance—and it was like a Scarlet, since the Scarlets were always kind. Matthew Scarlet remonstrated, speaking as follows:

"Now, shame on you, Mr. Levesser! I'll not stand and see a dog beat till he dies. Shame on you, sir, and you not two months married, to make a public spectacle; and many's the time I've seen that same dog guide you on your

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"Poor Lady," Someone Said. "It's the Swale Who Wed a Levesser. Heaven Pity Her"

THE SHELL HOLE

By W. TOWNEND
ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

"Wasn't I in the Strong Point All Night, an' Wasn't He There With Us?"

IN THE stable yard at the back of the red brick house, Private Denehy, who was Major Abbott's groom, was seated on a wooden box, burnishing a bit. A bay mare watched him from over the half door of the loose box, and from time to time whinnied. A tabby cat and her two kittens lay sound asleep on a khaki jacket adorned with medal ribbons. A fox terrier gnawed a bone at the door of his kennel. Fat pigeons stalked about, pecking at grains of corn. The sun was shining, the sky was blue, a beech tree cast a pleasant shade over the cobblestones, and Private Denehy sang as he worked:

"We bate them on the Marne,
We bate them on the Aisne,
We gave them hell at Neuve Chapelle,
An' here we are again!"

A thin little girl of about thirteen, with no hat on her black bobbed hair and no stockings on her slim brown legs, wearing a white jumper and a short white skirt, came slowly into the stable yard and halted in front of Private Denehy.

"Hullo!" said Private Denehy. "An' what's her ladyship been doin' now?"

"Nothing," said the child.

"Jinny," said Private Denehy, "don't you try an' deceive an old soldier. If you're not doin' nothin' now, what are you after doin' in the immedjut past? Why aren't you out ridin' in the car with your mother, dressed in review ordher?"

"I've been awarded seven days C.B.," said Jinny.

Private Denehy took his pipe from his mouth.

"You have!" he said. "An' why?"

"I told a lie." Private Denehy did not speak, and she went on dolefully: "There was a window broken in the study."

"An' you said that you didn't break it! Jinny, I'm surprised!"

"I said I did do it, but Bridget came in and said it was Jimmy Hicks from next door."

"An' was it?" said Private Denehy.

"It was."

"I Can Hear the Bagpipes Playin' Them On'"

"Then why, Jinny—why did you say it was you?"

"He broke a vase in the hall last week and mother said if he broke anything again he wasn't to come here any more, and so—well, that's how it was! I got punished for telling a lie. Father said it was worse for a soldier's daughter to tell a lie than for anyone else's daughter. No soldier ever told a lie."

"Was he talkin' of wartime, by any chance?"

"I don't know. Does it make any difference?"

Private Denehy scratched his chin with the stem of his pipe.

"No soldier would ever tell a lie in peacetime," he said, "but in a battle, now—he might in a battle, Jinny. I knew one young fella what did, anyway."

Jinny balanced herself precariously on a chair that had three legs.

"Get on with it," she said. "Begin at the beginning and don't skip. You were in a battle and a young fellow told a lie."

"He did," said Private Denehy. "A whacker."

"What were you doing?"

"Advancin' across the open."

"Did you travel very fast?"

"Thravel!" said Private Denehy. "What do ye mane?"

"Did you run?"

"Is it run? Whatever are ye talkin' about now? How could a man run when he was carryin' all what we had to carry—two bandoliers of ammunition, besides what was in your pouches, your gas mask, your haversack, your water bottle, your mess tin, your steel helmet, your rifle an' bayonet, four bombs about, your pack, which should have been dumped an' wasn't, your intrenchin' tool, an' all the rest of the junk they fitted you out with before you went into action? It was all you could do to keep movin', because of the mud."

"Was there mud?"

"Sure there was mud. An' I was tired an' hungry, Jinny, an' thirsty, an' half asleep, an' chilled to the bone, yet so hot the sweat poured down me face from under me helmet, an' I didn't care if a German bullet got me or not."

"Whereabouts was this?" said Jinny.

"You wouldn't know the name of the place we jumped off from if I told you, which I can't, as I never heard it. But we was advancin' across a great big flat piece of ground which had the stubble of wheat still on it, an' big shell holes with water in them on account of the rain, an' ahead of us was a long, low mound an' a row of trees like skeletons, standin' up stark agin the sky."

"Was the shelling very heavy, Private Denehy?"

"Jinny, there was no shellin' at all—nothin'."

"I don't call that much of a battle, Private Denehy."

"No, but you wasn't there. You wait. We went across the open toward them bare trees an' the mound; we went in long lines, extended, in waves. You undherstand, bein' halfway in the army yourself, what I mane by that, don't you? An' yet you can't undherstand—no one could—what it was like. The stillness. The—the bein' all alone. You felt all alone, though there was fellas around you, on ev'ry side—so much alone, Jinny, that I got the wind up terrible bad, without warnin'."

"You were afraid, Private Denehy?"

"Not of the Germans, not of bein' killed—afraid of bein' alone. . . . Shall I go on?"

"This is one of your dullest stories, Private Denehy, isn't it? But what are you waiting for?"

"You may well ask. An' that's what the young orf'cer who had the platoon was askin' too. He turned an' looked back at us followin' on afther him an' waved us on. Someone said what was the use of us hurryin'. Hadn't the Germans gone? An' Cracker Harris, a friend of mine, ses:

"'Of course they're gone. Wouldn't they have us wiped off the face of the earth if they were still houldin' the mound?'

"An' a sergeant ses: 'Don't talk. Don't bunch together there.'

"Cracker Harris ses: 'Don't breathe! Don't you dare breathe, none of you!'" Private Denehy broke off. "Jinny, are you list'nin'?"

"Of course I'm listening," said Jinny.

"An' then, Jinny, there come the most amazin' noise; the most stupenjous, hair-raisin' noise you ever heard. An' I halted like a hand had hold of me, an' I couldn't move. An' what did I see?"

"Well," said Jinny. "What?"

"I seen men laying' on the ground in heaps. I seen men crawlin' on hands an' knees. I seen men standin' still, just like meself. With the rain batin' agin me face, Jinny, I seen Cracker Harris kneelin' in the mud, his hands to his eyes. I seen Tickey Baker bendin' over him. I seen, as I run forward once more, Slim Huskisson throw his rifle away an' fall. I seen Ridley an' Manning an' Drake an' Clarke, dead. An' I knew, Jinny—I knew that the noise that had me heart scalded with fear was the noise I dhreaded most in the world—the fire of massed machine guns, thousands of machine guns, from the German position on the mound by the bare trees. I ain't scarin' you, Jinny, am I?"

"Get on with the story, Private Denehy, and don't keep asking me silly questions," said Jinny. "This isn't the first war story you've told me. . . . What happened next?"

"What happened next!" said Private Denehy. "Well, what happened next was I got a tremenjous smack on the shouldher. An' then somethin' hit me another tremenjous smack on the ankle. I fell flat on me face in the mud, an' then—well, then I knew no more, Jinny—not for two whole years, about."

"That's just your way of putting it, Private Denehy, I know," said Jinny. "Keep to the main facts, please."

"Well, to oblige a lady, I will. I come to meself, layin' on the steep slope of a big shell hole. Cracker Harris, one side of his face all over blood, one eye hidden undher his first-aid dhressin', was bending over me. Liverpool Red, plastered with mud from head to foot, sat by me side, his jacket undone, blood on his gray shirt. Mick Harland, who was called the corporal, for all he was rejuced to the ranks an' wore no stripes—Mick Harland was tyin' a bandage around his arm an' cursin' because of the pain. The young orf'cer was tryin' to help him, an' himself wounded in three diff'rent places. An' in the water at the bottom of the shell hole lay a dead man.

"'You're wounded,' ses Cracker.

"An' I was. I hadn't known it. I put me hand to me shouldher an' saw the blood on me fingers. I touched me ankle an' found I could feel where the bullet had nicked me without hurtin' the bone. 'Who drug me in?' I ses.

"'The orf'cer,' ses Liverpool. 'He went afther you.'

"'That's good of you, sir,' I ses.

"'Not at all,' ses he. 'We'll be goin' ahead in a minute or two an' I don't want to lose one of my best men.'

"'Goin' ahead!' ses Cracker. 'Who said so? We'll stay in this shell hole till the war's ended or we're dead.'

"The young orf'cer ses: 'Harris, you're too good a soldier to talk that way. Dry up!'

"'Not me,' ses Cracker. 'Tickey Baker's dead, shot through the heart. The best fella that ever lived. Him an' me, we joined the army the same day, an' now he's dead. Do ye know who killed him?'

"'The Germans,' ses the orf'cer, an' his face was white an' his voice so low you could hardly hear him on account of the blood he was afther losin'. 'The Germans.'

"'Germans!' ses Cracker. 'Not a bit of it.' He held up his hand. 'Hear that damn thing comin'?' We heard all right, Jinny. We heard. An' we all, every one of us, pressed our faces into the mud as a most tremenjous big shell from a high-velocity gun come wailin' an' screamin' an' howlin' down from high heaven above an' burst with a roar not fifteen short yards away from where we was. The sky was covered with black smoke, we couldn't breathe, we couldn't see, we couldn't think.

"By an' by I heard Liverpool say: 'Well, Jerry's got this battle the way he wants!' an' Cracker Harris, he ses: 'You're right. An' Tickey Baker's dead. I got a smack in the face,' he ses, 'an' dhropped. Tickey, he picked me up. Next thing we're on the groun', him an' me, both, an' he was dead. Well,' ses he, 'who killed him?'

"'The Germans,' ses Liverpool

"'It wasn't the Germans,' ses Cracker, very calm an' deliberate. 'It was the colonel.'

"'Harris,' ses the young orf'cer, 'talk sense.'

"'I am talkin' sense,' ses Cracker. 'Who sent us agin unbroken machine guns without no artill'ry preparation? The colonel. That fat, ignorant, rum-drinkin' ol' swine, the colonel.'

"'I won't have you talkin' about the colonel like that,' ses the young orf'cer—an' you got to remember, Jinny, we was in a shell hole, expectin' any minute we'd die.

"'I dunno how you can stop me,' ses Cracker. 'He is fat, an' he is ignorant, an' he is a rum-drinkin' ol' swine. He's no soldier, annyway,' he ses. 'He come out in 1914 an' was home ag'in, sick, before ever he went undher fire, an' he was home till they sent him out two months ago to ruin a good battalion, gittin' them killed off for nothin'. . . . Captain Warburton,' ses Cracker, very white in the face, too, an' angry, 'sent me an' Tickey an' five, six, more back for some ammunition that was left behind. Me an' Tickey got lost.'

"'Nothin' more likely,' ses the young orf'cer.

"'We missed the road in the dark,' ses Cracker, 'an' took a short cut through the wood an' come out by an old house which was brigade headquarters, with the general himself an' the colonel an' two or three staff orf'cers talkin' outside.

(Continued on Page 142.

"I Looked Back Over My Shouldher an' Seen the Borderers, Long Lines of Them, Comin' Along in Waves"

NOMADS DE LUXE

By Maude Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM C. HOOPLE

"Americans Have Taken the World for Their Playground and Their Playmates are Gathered From Almost Every Country"

ON A PLEASANT July evening, Mrs. Frank Hotchkiss waited in the library of her Long Island home for the arrival of her husband and two of his business acquaintances, who were coming out by boat from New York.

In the meantime, she reread the letter received that morning from her sister, who had resided in France since her second marriage twelve years before.

"I appreciate deeply your offer to give Rosamund a winter in New York," it said. "She was eighteen yesterday, and as she is American, I naturally want her to come out there, but aside from Henri's distaste for traveling, the income on which we live comfortably here would not permit me to do much for her over there."

Mrs. Hotchkiss reflected that this income was about ten thousand dollars a year, and many of Rosamund's contemporaries would have that much spent on their debutante ball alone. The next paragraph made her smile:

"Moreover, when I see in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers the pictures of people said to be 'leaders of society,' I hardly find a name I recognize. And many of the friends you mention in your letters are unknown to me."

From Toothbrush to Dress Shirt

THIS also was undeniable. Mary Hotchkiss thought back to the days, only twenty-two years earlier, when she herself had been introduced to society at a reception at their Murray Hill house. How critical her grandmother, the dowager Mrs. Van Dyck, had been about the inclusion of any guests not on the roster of distinguished Knickerbocker families. And how outraged they had all been a year later, when she had married Frank Hotchkiss, a handsome, alert young man from Illinois, who, after being graduated from an Eastern university, had obtained a position with an international banking firm.

His salary at that time had been four thousand dollars a year. That had upset the family less than the fact that, as they said, no one had ever heard of him. Well, everyone had heard of him now. Eventually he had become a partner, and his income, together with money made in the market, had reached such colossal figures that his wife had given up trying to total them. But a more amusing result was that their prominence in the new social order was due, not to Mary's inherited position but to the place he had made for them.

The letter concluded: "I feel certain Rosamund will be a credit to you. Even her stepfather admits that her manners and accomplishments are equal to those of a well-brought-up French girl. She is pretty, unusually graceful, speaks French and Italian perfectly, and plays and sings better than most amateurs. Her chaperon, Mademoiselle Bétain, will relieve you of the responsibility of always accompanying her, and in addition will keep her clothes in excellent order. I trust she does not find out the wages one pays over there, for she is content now with four hundred francs a month."

At the sound of the automobile, Mary went into the hall, to find Frank and four men, instead of two. When they had been introduced, the unexpected guests protested that they had been kidnaped and had not even brought luggage.

"The blue and the yellow rooms then, madame?" the butler inquired.

Mrs. Hotchkiss nodded assent. Those rooms were equipped with every possible convenience for men who arrived baggageless, from razors, toothbrushes and pajamas to varying sizes of shirts, collars and underclothes. There were several suits of emergency dinner clothes, but these, she insisted, need not be worn tonight, as no other women were coming. When they were alone, her husband asked:

"Can you be ready to sail on the first of August?"

"Sail where? We've taken that house in Newport!"

"Then I guess we'll have to cancel it. I've just leased a moor in Scotland for a month."

"Frank!"

"Here's the description of it."

She glanced at the typewritten page: "Twenty stags, one hundred fifty braces of grouse. This shooting, extending to about eight thousand acres, should yield the above limits, as well as the usual variety of other game. Salmon and trout fishing for about three miles of a river, one bark boat on a loch, and trouting in several hill lochs. The lodge contains three public rooms, six double and seven single bedrooms, dining room, bathroom and ample offices. Season, eight hundred pounds."

Merely Six Years' Salary

SUDDEN changes in plans had become such an expected part of their life since he had made a fortune that her automatic reaction was to telephone Miss Simpson, her social secretary: "Wire the agent in Newport to cancel the lease. We're going to Scotland."

"But you've paid half the rent already, Mrs. Hotchkiss, and I'm afraid it will be difficult not to pay the other eight thousand so late in the season."

"Then we'll have to pay it."

"I understand."

But it was plain that she did not understand, and in view of the fact that she supported herself and her mother on twenty-five hundred dollars a year, her failure was, perhaps, not inexplicable.

At dinner, Frank became enthusiastic about the trip.

"We'll land on the sixth. That will give me five days in London to practice my shooting and see about guns, and so on. Whimbly here has taken a place about sixty miles away, and Phillipson and Gibbs are going to join us."

For a moment Mary was tempted to say that since this was entirely his party, she might just as well go to Newport by herself. But she was too deeply fond of him to suggest this seriously. And she had long accepted the fact that it was he who dominated their social life.

Later on, after she had left the five men downstairs absorbed in a poker game for stakes so high that the winner of one good pot could pay for the Scottish moor, she went upstairs to write her sister:

"Despite Henri's belief that women rule America, in our particular set it just isn't so. For instance, we are now going to Scotland—a paradise for men who enjoy grouse shooting, I believe, but dull from my standpoint. As you know, I had hoped to go to Newport. Even it has changed since we went there as youngsters, but there are enough of our connections and friends still living in those big ugly houses for me to feel at home. However, another phase—mind you, I am not speaking of the conservative group or of the would-bes, but of the crowd to whom money means nothing, who disregard conventional standards, but who are outstanding in the financial world and whose parties are so conspicuously amusing that everyone, even our old friends who pretend to despise them, clamors to be invited—is the way in which husbands, not wives, now dictate who the important guests shall be.

"Do you remember our austere grandmother carefully planning, early in the fall, the number of dinners she would give during the year? The punctilious way she repaid obligations and her careful grouping of people so they would enjoy talking together? She always wrote and placed the name cards herself, and supervised everything, down to the flowers on the table? And grandfather, not only choosing the wines to go with each of the innumerable courses but seeing that each one was at exactly the right temperature? And on grand occasions, going himself to the fish market to select the finest lobsters?

"Then let me describe our last big dinner. While we were in Aiken last spring, Frank decided to go down to Nassau. Some of his friends were there, and apparently no vacation is proof against the desire of these men to discuss combinations of banks, pools in Wall Street, and so on. So to Nassau we went. Two weeks before we were to reach New York, Frank decided we must give a big dinner the day after we had returned. I suggested giving it in our town house, but he said he wanted fifty people, and chose the Embassy Club, where you can dance or not, as you like. There were ten men he insisted upon some of whose wives I had never seen. We telegraphed my secretary this list and left the other thirty to her discretion. Of course, she had to fill in where there were regrets. She ordered the table, let the maitre d'hotel attend to the menu and the flowers, and she arranged the seating. Except that Frank sat at one end of the table and I at the other, and he signed the check, we had nothing else to do with the affair."

No Time for Friends

"YOU spoke of never knowing where we were. I don't wonder you're confused. After Nassau, this spring, we stayed in the town house for six weeks. We keep three servants there the year around, for Frank likes to have it open even in the summer, and the other three we bring to Long Island with us, but with gardeners, chauffeurs, and so on, our staff here numbers fifteen—most of whom, except my maid and the butler, remain all the time. When we come back from Scotland, we'll be here again until November; then go to town for two months, and heaven only knows where we'll go after that!

"A vagrant existence! But all who can afford it, and many who cannot, do the same thing! And lots of the men feel as Frank does—that wherever they go they want a house of their own. He hates hotels, except to entertain in. Hence, we now lease by cable a completely furnished house and servants wherever we're going. An enterprising young man in New York has capitalized this new de-luxe nomadism by opening an office where you can rent anything from an English manor house or a villa on Lake Como to a house in the Balearic Isles, in fifteen minutes.

"The result of so much wandering is that one belongs less to New York society than to a new and truly international set. You and I can remember when society was based upon family background, and the best people in each city were definitely affiliated with their birthplace. Now, association seems to have little to do with your native habitat. How can it, when one spends literally no more than a quarter of the year in one's particular home—meaning the address to which your bills are sent—and scatters all over the world the rest of the twelve months?

"This summer, for instance, I have friends with villas in Biarritz, others at Le Touquet, one of Frank's partners has taken a superb castle in Ireland—at five thousand dollars a month, incidentally, or just about the price of a good Newport place—and several people we know will be in Scotland during August and September. Two others have chartered yachts in the Mediterranean. Lots of them will go to Southampton or Maine before or after their trips, but the point I am making is that when you're on short vacations, your associations become more quickly intimate than when you're leading your regular life, and as the people there come from all parts of the United States and Europe, naturally society is cosmopolitan. As each stay is literally limited in days, the result is a tacit understanding that one wastes no time in the cautious selection of playmates—'friends' does not seem an appropriate word for these alliances based upon a mutual desire for temporary entertainment. When I think of the years that would sometimes elapse before mother would decide to call on even a properly credentialed newcomer to New York or Newport, I can scarcely believe that I call by their first names or nicknames people I've known for only a few weeks, including Russian grand dukes, Italian princesses, English lords, cheese manufacturers, Hollywood stars, and a lot of charming people from Chicago, San Francisco and all points East. Now, in addition to giving us an unbelievably large circle of acquaintances, this means that there is not much time left for our really close friends, and those we do see must perforce be able to do more or less what we do.

"In town I keep up with my old friends—the ones you know. But we're only in that house for about fourteen weeks of the year. We live in the Long Island place from three to four months as a maximum—May and June, October and November. Frank has bought a shooting place north of Charleston, which he uses on an average of three weeks a year. The house at Aiken would fill another two months, except that Frank doesn't like it. He is negotiating now for a house in Paris, so that we won't have to stay in hotels; although, as you know, we rarely go over more than twice a year."

They Discovered Quickly That She Danced Beautifully. "A Knock-Out! A Wow!" She Was Called

A New Profession

"IT SEEMS preposterous, but there it is, and the metamorphosis it's produced in society astonishes me, now that I've tried to define it for you. . . .

"Rosamund had better join our boat at Cherbourg. We have to sail back September fourth, as Frank has an important meeting on the eleventh."

When Mrs. Hotchkiss informed her secretary that her niece was returning with her to come out in New York, Miss Simpson declared that for this purpose her employer would have to consult an expert

"I haven't worked for a debutante for fifteen years and since that time it's become a highly specialized profession," she declared. "You must see Miss Ward; she is the great authority today."

Mrs. Hotchkiss smiled at the assumption that launching Rosamund required professional aid. But after she had gone to town and was seated in Miss Ward's office, she began to realize that she had treated the matter too casually.

"But there is no complication either from the standpoint of family connections or our willingness to spend money," she protested.

"I know that, Mrs. Hotchkiss," the young woman agreed. "But money is almost a drug on the market in New York. And as for family—well, more than half of the

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THE OUTLAW

By ANNE CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"Pete Said He'd Like to Live on a Ranch and Have Someone Like You Learn Him How to Ride." She Edged Over a Little Closer

BACK and forth over those dry channels called highways they drift, these tramp automobiles, clearing from no definite port, bound for Colchis and its golden fleece, and never finding it. They anchor without lights in bays by the roadstead to menace the yachtlike cars of the rich and the schoonerlike ones of the middle class, and even those great freighters, the trucks. Tangled often in a Sargasso Sea of petty troubles, becalmed for lack of gas, cast upon the charity of strange shores, the chanteys of their ragged crews rise high and carefree.

Mrs. Allen was the buxom skipper of one of these rusty hulks, and for crew she carried Pete, aged fourteen, Bunny, eleven, and Buster, six, Allens all. One had been born in Texas, one in Idaho, and one in the car between Ohio and Indiana. There had been, up to some ten months ago, a Mr. Allen; would have been yet but for his meeting in a thirsty hour, which might have been any one of the twenty-four, a bootlegger subsequently named mistily by the coroner's jury as John Doe. The widow had him cremated, and with fine sense of pageantry undertook to scatter his ashes at the boundary of each state they crossed. But Mr. Allen in the ash being infinitely less assertive than Mr. Allen in the flesh, he was left behind in a hasty exodus from Nebraska and not missed until they crossed the Wyoming line.

"It does seem kind of careless and low-down," mused Mrs. Allen as she reclined by the roadside on one elbow, tin coffee cup in hand. "Here we are rollin' over the country enjoyin' life, and poor pop's settin' on the table in that stuffy room back in Granby. . . . Pass me another piece of boloney, Buster. . . . I think I left him there, though I sort of remember seeing him on the running board too. Maybe that was some other time when we stopped, though."

"I'll bet ole man Schneller got mad and threw him out when he found you was gone and wasn't going to marry him," said Pete.

"I don't think he'd care so much about that, but I guess he's pretty mad about losing his ring." She stretched out her hand toward the firelight and contemplated a very small diamond on her third finger. "He gave it to me, and a person's got a right to carry off their own prop'ty. . . . Stir up that fire, Petey."

Pete rose and kicked the railroad tie farther into the red pit of coals and held his hands over it. He was a slim, gangling boy in shrunken, grimy jumper.

"That'll burn all night, most likely."

"I hope so. It's sure cold."

A sharp wind was blowing from the north and the few early stars clung to the woolly clouds with their sharp points.

Yawning, Mrs. Allen rose and tossed the supper dishes to one side. "No use washing these tonight. Pick up that fork, Bunny, so we won't roll over on it. We'll do these up in the morning while Pete's fixing that tire." She spread out a nondescript lot of bedding perilously close to the fire. "Buster, you can sleep on one side of me and Bunny on the other. . . . Petey, you better pull your bed down by that end of the fire where that hummock will cut off the wind." She yawned again. "Oh, hum! Nothing makes you sleep like riding all day in the air."

But after twenty minutes she sat up in bed and looked out at the wide prairie, sniffing the sage-spiced air. A coyote, doing his considerable best to sing a sextet, loped off through the brush.

"Pete, are you awake?"

"That's nothing but a coyote, ma."

"Oh, I ain't afraid of him. I just can't get to sleep, that's all. I keep wondering if we hadn't ought to go back after pop."

"What for? He'd be gone by the time we'd get there."

"No, I don't hardly think so. Mr. Schneller was too scared of him. He was always telling me I ought to get rid of him before we got married, but he never offered to take over the job. I'll bet he's still settin' right there upstairs in the barn."

"Well, I ain't going back to that darned town. I don't want to see it again as long as I live. If we went back you'd be married to ole Schneller before you knew it, and us kids would be stuck back in school. We'd never get to California."

"I guess you're right, Petey. We were sure out of luck when we broke down there. I never put in such a dull winter in my life. I don't guess we'll go back."

"Go to sleep and forget it, ma."

Mrs. Allen lay down once more. White moonlight splashed the tops of the sagebrush, glinted on her eyeballs.

"Pete," she called huskily.

"Gosh, ma, let a fella sleep!"

"Four cups of coffee is too much. I hadn't ought to of drank it."

"I told you not to."

"Never kept me awake before. Seems like more'n last night we sneaked off, don't it?"

"Uh-huh."

"Now I'm out of the way, I'll bet Miss Hibberd will be after Mr. Schneller again. I'll bet she's having the time of her life tellin' him how dirty I left his old barn. Prob'ly she'll clean it up for him. She'll make short work of pop when she gets started. One mess of ashes will be just the same as another to her."

"Well, ain't it?" asked Pete tolerantly.

"I spose so. But as long as we started to scatter them in every state, I'd sort of like to finish the job."

A night freight whistled eerily a hundred yards away. Pete, who had dozed off, waked with a jerk.

"Ma, why don't you write back and ask ole Schneller to mail them ashes to us some place? They're no good to him."

"Now why didn't I think of that before? We'll look on the map and find some town about a hundred miles ahead and tell him to send them there, and we'll pick them up as we go through."

"It would be quicker to telegraph."

"Costs too much."

"Send it collect."

Mrs. Allen laughed aloud. "Pete Allen, I don't see where you get your ideas. Sometimes you're so smart you scare me. You'll help me pick out a town on the map tomorrow, won't you, hon?"

She wriggled back between the two sleeping children once more and shut her eyes. The wind rustled over the moon-whited sage, a train bored its way through the darkness, the lone coyote howled, but Mrs. Allen slept on, smiling.

II

BISON lies on the mesa like an open-faced sandwich on rye bread. First there are the two or three blocks of sun-bleached, one-story buildings with a row of hitching rails in front, then there is the highway, and, on top, the double railroad tracks. There are no trees to garnish it. Beyond lies open, unfenced range. The Allens, who were counting the cars on a passing freight, failed to notice the

town as they drove through, and it was not until they had passed a sign on the railroad track, Bison, One Mile, that Mrs. Allen realized what it was.

"My land, that's the place where I told Mr. Schneller to send the ashes. Turn around, Petey."

"I thought it was going to be a big place," complained Bunny. "It looked big on the map."

"When you've traveled around as much as I have you'll find there's a whole lot of places like that," said Mrs. Allen. "They sound big, but they're not so hot when you see them."

They drove along past the false-fronted buildings, many of which bore the quaint pleasantry, Saloon, thinly covered with a coat of white paint. They found the post office, but there was no parking place near among the horses and dusty automobiles.

"Let me out here," directed Mrs. Allen.

Pete found a parking place in front of the general store. A group of cowboys sat on the wooden steps with their feet stretched out before them.

Bunny and Buster got out, but Pete stayed in the car and kept the engine going.

"Look!" whispered Buster, stopping short in front of a cowboy whose high-heeled boots were intricately ornamented at the top with insets of green and red leather cut in scrolls and flowers.

Bunny took her harmonica from her mouth and bent startled eyes on the marvelous footgear. She stretched out a grimy finger and traced the decorations.

"Get away from his heels, kid. He kicks," growled another cowboy. Bunny dropped her harmonica in alarm.

"Aw, leave her alone. They're my boots. Here's your mouth organ, kid."

Bunny looked up gratefully into a red face with high cheek bones and a wide, good-humored grin.

"Didn't you kids ever see any boots like that before?"

They shook their heads.

"Them boots came all the way from Texas. Ever been there?"

"I guess so," said Bunny. "We been most everywhere."

"Your shirt's pretty too," commented Buster.

The cowboy smoothed down the green-and-black opticianʼs joy that covered his lean shoulders. "Not so bad—not so bad."

Another cowboy, who was whittling a piece of soft pine, now attracted Buster's eye. "What's that?" he asked.

"A scab off my wooden leg, little boy. I fell off my horse the other day."

"Aw, you did not," said Buster.

"Where do you live, kid?" asked the cowboy with the fancy boots and the green-and-black shirt.

"We're going to live in California. We're on the way."

"Too bad, sonny. I was just figuring on giving you these boots, but if you're going to walk that far they'll give you corns, so I reckon I better not."

"We're not walking," said Buster. "We got a car. There it is."

The cowboy looked at the car, heaving at the hitching rail with every turn of the engine, like a croupy child. He shook his head.

"No, buddy, if you're headed for the Coast in that car you're sure going to walk over the Rockies, and them stones will cut these boots all to pieces. Too bad." He spat negligently across the sidewalk.

"Come out and let my brother see you," said Bunny, pulling at him. "He's got to sit in the car so it won't stop."

The cowboy crossed the plank sidewalk with his teetering, rolling gait, and the other loungers followed, grinning.

Just at that moment Mrs. Allen came up with a baffled look on her good-humored, not too clean face.

"Mamma, we found a cowboy just like the movies," called Bunny shrilly. "Why, he's gone!" she gasped as her prey disappeared behind the swinging doors of a building whose window bore the faded presentment of what might have been a shaving mug brimming with lather.

There was a roar of laughter from the rest of the cowboys. A short, stout man with a mustache like a steer's horns spoke to Mrs. Allen: "Lady, you just missed seeing the bashfulest ranch hand in the state of Wyoming. Most likely by this time he's hiding under the counter, blistering the paint with all them fine clothes of his."

"A bachelor too," added another lounger.

"That don't mean a thing to me," said Mrs. Allen. "The only reason I'm driving twenty-five miles an hour to get away from the last gentleman I was engaged to is because my car won't do sixty."

"Was it there?" called Pete from the car.

She shook her head and held out a telegram.

"No. And what's more he sent his old telegram collect, same as I did. Here, read it."

Pete read the telegram gloomily. "Why, he says he'll get the sheriff after you if you don't send his ring back!" He raised his voice above the rattle of the engine. "We better get going. Here, you kids, hop in."

His mother climbed in beside him, the children leaped over the back door, which was fastened by a piece of baling wire, Pete stepped on the gas, and they backed away from the hitching rail. The short, stout man with the steer's-horn mustache raised his arm authoritatively.

"Hold on a minute. I heard you say something about the sheriff. That's me." He pointed to his badge of office.

Mrs. Allen commenced to cry, and the younger children joined their wails to hers.

"You leave my mother alone," said Pete. His voice cracked on a high note, and his face paled under its grime, but he set his foot on the throttle and kept on backing. The car hiccuped and shivered, then rolled back to the curb.

"Gimme that crank," said Pete, digging frantically through the ragged miscellany on the floor.

The sheriff took him firmly by the shoulder. "Say, don't you know better than to try to get away when an officer is talking to you? Now what are you folks up to?"

The crowd gathered about the car. The swinging doors through which the bashful cowboy had vanished opened, and he came out to join the rest. Mrs. Allen, her eyes streaming, sat with a wailing child hanging over each shoulder. Pete stood with the crank in his hand and his chin wabbling.

"I'm j-just trying to get to California where I can s-support my three children," said Mrs. Allen, not unmindful of the effect she was achieving.

"What about this man that says you got his ring?"

"He gave it to me."

"What for?"

"Engagement ring."

"Well, did you marry him?"

"Why, no. How would I be here now if I did?"

"Took French leave with his ring, huh?"

"I don't know what that means."

"Walked out on him."

"Oh. Yes."

"What did you do that for?"

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"Lady, You Just Missed Seeing the Bashfulest Ranch Hand in the State of Wyoming. By This Time He's Hiding Under the Counter, Blistering the Paint With All Them Fine Clothes of His"

Working Her Way Through College

By Elizabeth Jordan

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGE

THOUSANDS of American girls are determined to work their way through college in the next four years. They and their friends have bombarded the women's colleges with requests for terms and general information, and the responses have given them a series of shocks unsettling to nervous systems.

For the girls are making some startling discoveries. The first is that, like almost everything else in the world today, conditions in colleges have greatly changed. The expenses of the self-supporting freshman of 1929 will be more than twice as much as those of the intrepid young person who worked her way through college before the war. The latter could get along on an expenditure of five or six hundred dollars a year. A thousand a year is about the minimum of expense for the average college girl of today; and that pays only for her board, housing and tuition, leaving her nothing at all for clothes, doctor bills, amusements and emergencies.

The Girl Who Dislikes Children May be Sent Out as a Mother's Helper

This is disconcerting to the investigator; and another discovery which swiftly follows is even more so. Though the expenses before the ambitious student have doubled, the payment for such work as she can do to earn money is still very much what it was in the good old days. All the colleges have to consider their budgets carefully, and the amounts they are now able to pay for amateur assistance in library, laboratory, dining rooms, and the like, are about what they paid for the same work before the war. So is the payment for odd jobs. The girl who serves breakfast in the room of her more affluent and indolent friend still gets a quarter for doing it, and she still receives ten cents for polishing the other's shoes, because ten cents remains the standard market price for shoe polishing. Moreover, few fresh fields have opened before her. She can get a position in the summer camps which have become so popular, but the chances are that she will receive little or no salary. She will have a room and board in return for her work; she will have pleasant companions and outdoor sports. Theoretically and actually she will be much set up in health by a summer of camp life. But she will have little cash to bring back toward the heavy expenses facing her in the autumn. She can do much better as a waitress.

The third discovery she makes—and perhaps it is the most disconcerting of all—is that the college authorities are no longer in favor of her experiment. They are as full of sympathy and interest as they have been in the past. But long years of experience have taught them that few girls, however eager and willing to work, can stand up physically under the combined strain of study, money earning and the anxiety attending the latter. Even girls who successfully carry that triple burden through a four-year course often pay a heavy physical penalty in later life; and all of them necessarily miss many of the recreations, the friendships and associations which are among the delightful features of college life.

Advice From Those Who Know

EVEN men students are now warned against working their way. A recent and highly impressive call to them has been uttered by no less an authority than Robert M. Hutchins, the brilliant new thirty-year-old president of Chicago University, who himself worked his way throughout his college life.

"I have waited on table, washed dishes, worked in a factory and organized a coöperative tutoring school," President Hutchins puts it. "But I wouldn't advise a student to work as hard as I did. It burns up his energy."

Burning up the energy is precisely what it does, and the burning is even more devastating to girls than to boys. It is this discovery that makes the college authorities so much more cautious than they used to be in encouraging the student money earner. Rochester stands almost alone in its eager welcome to them, because Rochester has discovered that in its experience, at least, those who are working their way are better students than those who are not. According to Rochester, its 70 per cent of money-earning students attained an average grade of 75.07 per cent in their studies this year, while the 30 per cent whose expenses were paid for them had an average of only 71.56 per cent. One money-earning student made an average of 87 per cent. Nine averaged more than 82. Only three of the unemployed students ranked higher than that.

The Girl Who Remains Awake Till Midnight to Let In Some Gay Student

Rochester naturally feels that its money-earning students have proved their ability to meet their problems.

"But," as President Hutchins and other college officials might say, "wait." Only the future can show how much these hard-working students have handicapped themselves for the strain that comes after college.

Dean Virginia Gildersleeve of Barnard is one of the most outspoken authorities in her warning to girl students eager to work their way. "It's a bad thing," she frankly declares, "and to be avoided if there's any other possible way of getting an education."

Strong words, these. The most determined girl will do well to consider them. But Miss Gildersleeve does not leave the applicants in the air. She advises them to borrow money for their first college year at least. The ambitious freshman can work for a later scholarship. With the help of one of these, and with some additional borrowing as well, she may be able to get comfortably through her second year. By that time she will also have learned what her money-making opportunities are and how to use them most wisely.

Dean Purington of Mount Holyoke College is as frankly disapproving as Miss Gildersleeve. In a letter answering my recent inquiries, she writes, "It has never been possible for girls to work their way through Mount Holyoke, but every year between two hundred and two hundred and fifty earn some part of their expenses by waiting on table, assisting in the library and laboratories, and by selling articles in demand among the students."

It may be added here that these methods of money earning, which

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College Girls are Always Hungry

WANTED: A DREAM MAN

By MARGE

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

DEAR ETHEL: Guess you're wondering why I haven't written to you since I came home from my vacation at the shore. Well, don't bawl me out until you hear the facts. Truth is, Ethel, that vacation is one of those tender memories—the kind that makes you wince. No kidding. I'm still shuddering. But wait'll I give you an earful.

Remember that snapshot I sent you from Bunk Beach? The one with the life-guard boy friend, Eddie Diffenderfer, the big bronzed boy with the muscles sticking out all over him? Remember I said I'd found my dream man at last? Forget it, Ethel—forget it. It was all a terrible mistake.

Remember That Snapshot I Sent You—the One With the Life-Guard Boy Friend?

Here's the story: You know, when I went down to the shore, it was in hopes that I might meet a real man. The boys at home are all right, but they don't give a girl like me a thrill. Well, at Bunk Beach they had the most stunning life guards that any girl could hope to lose her head over, all college boys, and Eddie was the best of 'em all. He was a knock-out for looks, six-feet-three, two hundred and ten pounds, with the most wonderful coat of tan, blue eyes and blond hair. In white flannels and a shirt open at the neck, he could just simply walk in and throw Richard Dix, Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper out of a job any time.

The minute I slapped the old eyes on Eddie I realized that he was my big moment. And all the other girls in Bunk Beach had the same idea. Believe me, it was some tussle. Never had such competition in my life. However, there was never any real doubt in my mind as to the outcome. I may not be such a wow for looks, though no eye strain either; but, oh, you personality! And I sure worked it overtime. Gosh, when I think of that month of high-powered vamping I put in—real hard labor, too, what with the hours spent listening to stories of Ed's childhood, ambition, and so on, and the terrible case of sunburn I got from sitting on the beach day after day keeping my eye on him—I could just scream. Well, anyway, inside of three weeks I had Ed just simply groveling under my 4½ double A's, and liking it. And was it a thrill? We'd walk down the boardwalk at night, and I could feel the back of my neck blistering under the scorching glances of the other females that had angled for Eddie and missed.

I will say for myself that even at that time I realized that Ed wasn't the brainiest boy in the world. His type of conversation, coming from a small, homely man, would have driven a person to drink. But there is something about large bulging muscles that sort of makes you overlook a couple of cylinders missing in the head.

So I left the shore, walking on the clouds, with Eddie's fraternity pin fastened onto my lingerie with lock and key, and had secured bids to all the football games and house parties at his college for the coming year, as well as a promise to write every day, with a special delivery for Sundays. Maybe I didn't hate to leave, too, but consoled myself with the thought that it'd be only a couple of weeks before I'd see him again, and I had several dozen stunning snapshots of him to look at in lonely moments. Mother was awfully tickled with my description of him, because you know she's always said that the boys around here were half baked, and she'd been hoping that I'd meet somebody that really was a man. I didn't waste any time telling the girl friends that I'd conducted a successful summer campaign, either, and after getting a slant at those snapshots, they had to agree with me.

I must say I got a slight jolt upon receiving Eddie's first letter. It was written in pencil, and sounded a trifle uncouth, especially as he persisted in spelling "sweetheart," "sweatheart." However, I realized that when a man goes in heavily for athletics he doesn't have a whole lot of time left to spend on spelling, grammar and such, so I didn't hold it against him—much. I should have been warned, but I wasn't.

Well, Betty Brown was throwing a party at the country club on the sixteenth, and I decided on that as a propitious time to give the girls a treat. So I wrote and invited Eddie to come up and stay overnight at our house and take me to the dance. He accepted, and I dashed out and bought the best-looking dress in town. I have since given it to the kid sister. Wouldn't wear it again for any money.

Well, the big day came. Eddie was to arrive in town on the 6:15, and by 4:30 yours truly was all dolled up like a Christmas tree, and hanging out the window every time a car came down the street, and getting a gray hair whenever the phone rang, for fear it would be him, saying he couldn't come. But he did—just as I had powdered my nose the Lord only knows how often, and had changed from the blue georgette to the red crêpe an equal number of times. The taxi drew up to the door with a bang, and I rushed downstairs, catching my heel in a hole in the hall rug and pretty near skating the rest of the way on my face, and flew out the door to greet him. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Flo Andrews, the girl that lives next door, sitting on their porch taking it all in. Eddie leaped out of the cab, and the first thing I noticed about him was that he didn't look nearly so good as I'd remembered him. There was something so picturesque about Eddie at the shore, which at home looked—well, shall I say odd? He came leaping up the front steps, two at a time, in that impulsive, athletic way of his, and clasped me in a boa-constrictor embrace that knocked all the breath out of me, at the same time yelling "Gee, Billie, you sure look classy!" so loud that the people down in the corner house asked me about it the next day. All this was causing Flo to pretty near collapse on the next porch, so I quickly ushered him into the house and introduced him to mamma and dad. He floored mamma by throwing an arm around her shoulder and bellowing "So this is mamma!" And wrung dad's hand like he was trying to squeeze the juice out of an orange. I finally got him upstairs and told him to get dressed quick, as dinner was waiting and we had to leave right afterwards for the dance, and escaped to my room before he completely flattened my water wave.

By that time I was beginning to have my doubts about Eddie. I inspected the snapshots of him stuck around the mirror, and compared them to what he looked like now and realized that he was the same. The difference was that in the pictures he fitted in with ocean and beach, and so on, but he just didn't look right against a background of city streets. It dawned on me with a wallop that the things I had admired about him at the shore were the things that annoyed me about him at home.

However, I got dressed somehow, my apprehensions rising every minute, as Ed was washing violently in the bathroom, and gargling—I could hear him gargling quite distinctly. Then I went downstairs and waited for I knew not what. Daddy remarked, "The young man seems rather—er—ah—vigorous!" and I quite agreed with him. I was beginning to feel awfully tired of vigor. Mamma didn't say a word; she just looked at me anxiously. Mamma is a good egg.

Well, a noise like a herd of elephants—that was Eddie coming down the stairs, and then he burst in on us in his full glory and I knew I was sunk. Ethel, I wish you could have seen his Tux. No fooling, he must have got it when he was about fifteen or sixteen and small for his age. It clung to him like a brother, giving you the impression that he was all wrists, neck and ankles. Ankles especially, as he was wearing red-and-gray golf stockings! Explained to me

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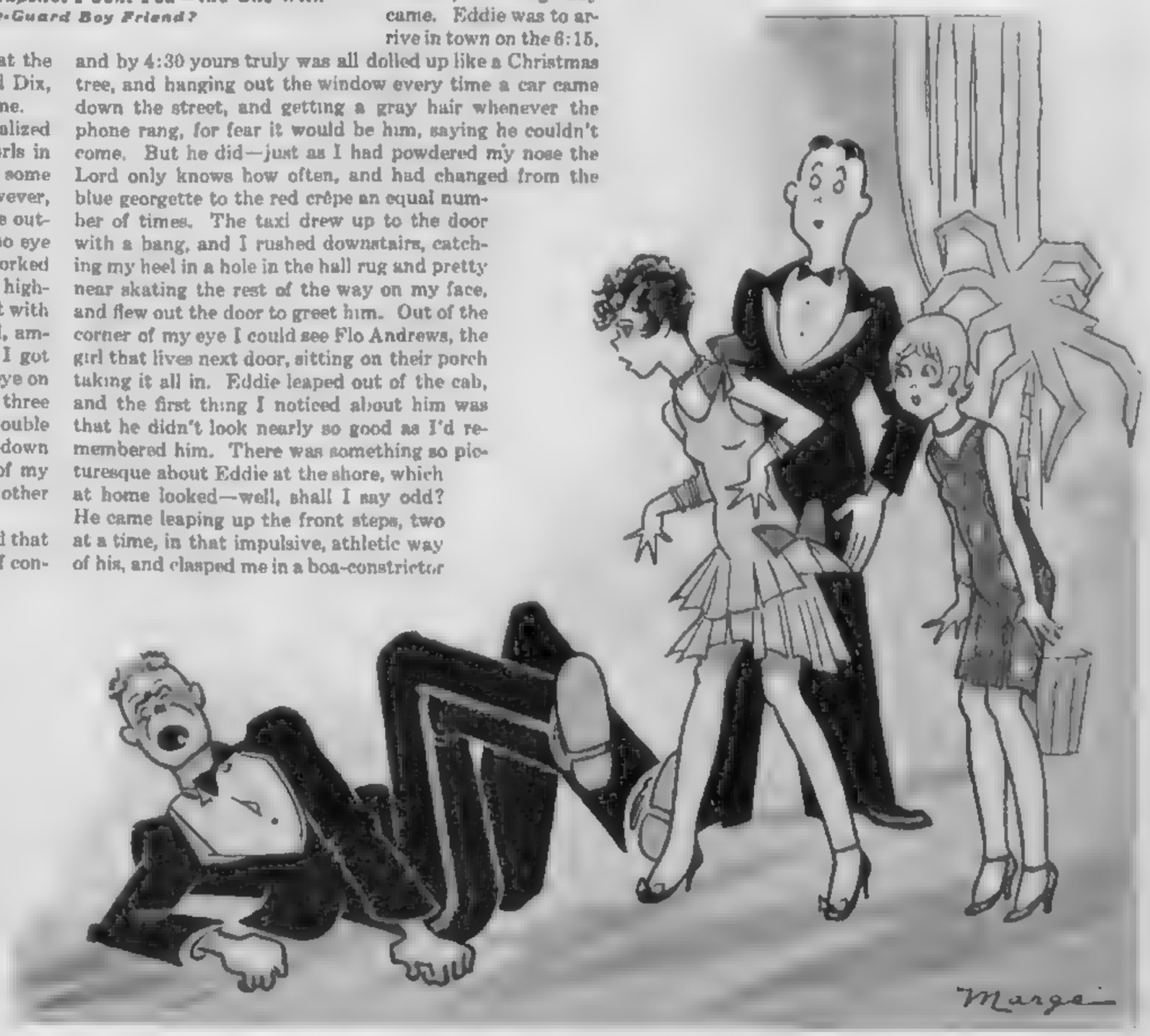

"Hold My Hand, Billie, I'm Going to Die!"

CHILDREN AS A HOBBY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

IT IS embarrassing to be questioned about one's hobby, especially when it is such an unaccountable one as children. Parents with too many of their own ask us glumly if we don't know when we're well off, or childless people who suffer from an excess of worldly goods say: "It must be perfectly wonderful to take children the way you do. I wish I could, but I simply cannot afford it!" And they hug their poor wealth closer around them and try to warm their souls in its silk-chiffon folds.

There is nothing commoner than children, and nothing so rare as the individual child. Yet there is something deeper than mere love of children back of this collector's hobby of ours. The child is not in this world as an object of curiosity or spasmodic sentimentality. He is an entity in the future of the nation. Whatever his origin, he is a potentiality and a promise, and those who believe in the progress of the race might well consider working toward an ideal democracy by preparing for participation in life as many whole-minded, healthy-bodied youths as they can manage.

If those who lack children were to go out and adopt a few, a great many social problems would be self-solving

Parents tell us that raising children is an all-around education, and that a mother who must by turns be nurse, policeman, sports director, doctor, cook and psychologist has a lifeful of happenings right under her own roof. At any rate, having children prevents her getting feverish over world problems. But the seriousness that a father and mother give to their job is nothing to the intensity shown by those who adopt children. First there is the momentous decision to take a child, and then the serious-minded search for a suitable infant. Among the carefully labeled and scientifically cared for babies in various institutions they find just the one; they adopt it and begin the adventure of raising it.

As a Hobby, Children are Even More Delightful Than Birds, More Responsive Than Coins or Stamps, and Quite as Lovely as Flowers

Having seen this method followed with varying success in several instances, my husband and I decided that we would collect a few children less grimly, that we would make light of the business—take children as a hobby, and not choose them with the passionate single-mindedness one gives to the selection of golf balls. For it had stood out glaringly that people who adopt babies always set forth to pick out the child they want, one that suits them, and one that will grow up to be a credit to the family. There seemed, in the majority of cases, to be no thought for the child beyond the general opinion that it was a very lucky baby to be chosen.

Among the Poor But Proud

BEING young and adventurous, and priding ourselves on doing things differently, we decided that our child-hunt should not be among the destitute and foundling population. At best, we could take only two or three such waifs, and there were charities and institutions galore, as well as much private philanthropy, given to their care. Why should we abstract such children as were already cared for from their comfortable surroundings, when there were plenty of youngsters who really needed our help?

For our scheme was a daring and impudent one—to take the random and straying children whose parents were unable to provide them with the makings of characters, and to do what we could to help the children grow into healthy-minded, generous youths who had learned self-control and coöperation.

Orphans, after all, are pretty well cared for in these days of fraternal orders and societies, and scientific adoption schemes are in working order. It seemed wasteful for folk as greedy as we were to adopt one or two standard orphans and devote our lives to them. Couldn't we do something more helpful and at the same time more suited to our random existence, which called for change of place and scene every few years? How about children belonging to our friends or their acquaintances? Hadn't they any young ones to lend out?

This decision was all very well, as far as it went, but it took some heavy thinking and a surprising degree of tact. When adopting a charity child for one's own pleasure, it is only necessary to go shopping for it; but to say to one's friends and acquaintances, "Lend me a child," requires diplomacy.

Among the professional classes there are many homes where the financial margin is always a little too narrow. Surely we might borrow a child here and there where it would do most good. There are thousands of these homes on the borderland of poverty, yet prevented, by their tradition of a cultural standard of living, from frankly joining the ranks of the poor. A year or two of help with spare children not only gives the breadwinner a chance to square his shoulders and forge ahead but gives breathing space to the rest of the family.

In Between

AND since a home, as nearly as it may be defined, is that which supplies a reason for being and a reason for doing, and has little to do with the having of things, we felt justified in speculating in children even when our own finances were at a low ebb.

We were not wealthy—we were not even well-off. But a certain grace of living is missed where there is too great emphasis on the material basis of life. Ourselves having been brought up on the skim of the land, we were familiar with Poverty and her tricks, and knew how many of her more desperate phases were all sham and bugaboo.

Advice, which comes so freely from people who know what is right, said: "Wait until you are in a position to indulge this whim for children." It further said: "You know you will never be able to manage. It is not fair to the children." But being afflicted with the selfishness that is the root of all charity, we took our erratic course and began collecting children as other queer-minded people collect old glass, or Duncan Phyfe chairs, or rare coins. It did seem that our plan was the last word in meddlesome impertinence, but after all, if the natural parents were willing to yield up their offspring to us, that should be a guaranty that here was a job worth the doing.

There are spare children enough to be had for those who look around for them. Take Katherine, for instance—a temperamental girl who could not get along at home. She was a between child, living in that awkward space that occurs in some families where there are only grown brothers and babies. Treated as a baby herself by the big boys, she was yet supposed to be a big girl and help mother with the younger children. As a result, the family was, all unconsciously, persecuting her into a state of nerves and temper. Having perspective on the situation, we could see what was the matter with the child, and her transfer to our household was made with benefit to all concerned.

Three boys were collected almost at once. Hanson and Jo, at school in this country while their parents were busy in the foreign-mission field, used us as their family; and Bumps was delivered to us direct by a despairing father who had given up trying to bring him up in the way he should go. Bumps had been expelled from every school in town, and had been threatened with the reformatory at

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HORNETS STING

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THERE was nothing apologetic or particularly ingratiating about the appearance or manner of Eustace Grant as he descended the brick steps into the cellar of the Golden Sun at Rotherhithe, and faced the little group of young men seated on each side of the long table The buzz of welcome, which a few years before had greeted him, never materialized. He entered and took his place in the midst of stubborn silence. With a touch of bravado he threw open his black overcoat to display his dinner clothes as he swung himself into his accustomed seat at the head of the table.

"What's the matter with you Hornets?" he demanded. "Jack Costigan says you're dissatisfied. I ask him why. He says, 'Ask them yourself.' Well, that's what I'm here to do."

They were really, seen *en famille*, a villainous lot of ruffians. There was a huge fire burning at the farther end of the room, and nearly everyone had removed his coat. Their shirts and pull-overs were flashy, but scarcely one was clean. A coiffeur would have gasped at the task before him, had he been confronted with their tousled heads of hair. There was a common quality in all their faces—savagery. They looked like killers, every one of them. There were twenty-eight men round the table, and one knew quite well that there were twenty-eight concealed knives

Jack Costigan leaned forward in his chair. "Here's the boss, lads," he announced. "You thought he wouldn't dare to come to you, but I knew him better. Spit it out like you do to me. Tell him your trouble."

"You've got too swell up at the West End," one voice growled. "Why don't we get more work?"

"That's Jack Costigan's job more than mine," Grant answered quickly. "We use you when we can, and you get your share then of everything we touch."

"Your jobs are all too high-class now," another voice squeaked out.

"My lads," Eustace Grant enjoined, "listen. Crime ten years ago was the work and pastime of the scavengers, such as you. Today it has become a hard-learned profession. The drinks are free, Jack. Tread on the bell."

A surprisingly smart-looking barman from upstairs brought whisky and served everybody. Those who had been drinking beer poured the whisky boldly into the pewter mugs. To Grant he presented a tall tumbler of thin glass, with ice in the bottom, poured in whisky from a squat bottle, and added Schweppes soda water

"Cigars and tobacco," Grant further ordered, and cigars and tobacco were served Then their old leader addressed his Hornets.

"Now, lads," he began, "you couldn't have a better example of what I mean than the barman who has just served you. Five years ago Jimmy Craske was good enough for us—Jimmy, his trousers tied up with a dirty handkerchief, no collar and a filthy shirt. And as for the muck he served us, I wonder we lived after drinking it. Today you have a clean, smart fellow to wait upon you, and good liquor. Why is that? Simply because times have changed, and you've all got to change with them if you mean to do any good. You earn big money still. Don't spend it down here with riverside trollops, and gamble it away with Chinks. Prowl up into the West End, buy decent clothes, pick up the tricks like Jack here has. Leave the fag end of you, who have no ambition, to deal with drunken sailors and shop burglaries, and knifing a man you think has welshed you for a bob or two. Stick your noses up and buy patent shoes. Jack's done it, and he's free of my West End headquarters whenever he likes to come. You can do it when you want to, but I'm damned if you come up to my haunts regularly, or if I pass you any high-class jobs till you can come up looking like human beings."

An older man from the end of the table knocked out his pipe and voiced the general murmur of tepid approval. "That's not such bad talking," he declared. "The boss has scored against us all right. The only thing is it will take some time to alter our ways, and meantime we want work."

"How's this to start with then?" Grant demanded. "I want the whole lot of you on Saturday night for serious business. It will be Covent Garden way, all particulars from Jacky. I'm the man who's doing the job. It will be a hundred quid if things go wrong, and a thousand if you get me out safe. If you don't I'm for the next world, so sharpen your knives before you come, lads. That's all I've got to say to you for the present."

There was a definite murmur of applause now, in the midst of which Grant took his leave, beckoning Costigan to follow him. They stood outside in the squalid street, a short distance away from the main thoroughfare, while Grant's car was being fetched from a place of security

"At four o'clock tomorrow afternoon," Grant promised, "I'll give you a time-table, Jack. It will be worked out to the second. I'll pledge my word to that. See that they've had a drop to drink, but not too much, and let them remember they must clear my way and throw a ring round my car till I am well forward, or they'll have to look out for themselves in the future. It's a big do, Jack," he added, resting his hand for a moment upon the youth's shoulder, "and if ever I felt nervous in my life I do now."

"You'll pull it off all right, major," the young man predicted confidently. "We'll see they don't get at you anyway. Our boys are spoiling for a fight, every one of them, and there isn't a slinker in the lot."

They stood in silence, watching the gently falling rain. From end to end, Grant's eyes swept the irregular line of shabby houses, the backs of the warehouses with their side entries, famous bolt holes in the old days, and his thoughts traveled backward. He, too, notwithstanding a different education, had felt in his younger days much the same spirit as those ruffians below—the tedium of inaction, the itch always to fight. Many a time he had prowled out, generally alone, for it was before the days of gangs, sometimes with a set plan, sometimes merely seeking prey, but always with the thrill of excitement in his blood, so hard now to recapture. And then—the war! He found himself wondering in those few minutes of waiting whence had come the lure of the distant thunder from across the seas, which had made him one of the first to enlist, had sent him into battle with the courage of the born fighter. Corporal, sergeant, a commission, a D.S.O., a certain V.C. if all his

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There Was a Common Quality in All Their Faces—Savagery. They Looked Like Killers, Every One of Them

RAFFERTY—WARD HEELER

VIII

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

IT IS often true that just when a fellow is most contented and most prosperous he is in the greatest danger. By that I mean that things can come too easy for a man and he is apt to take them as they come.

It is a queer thing how storms can brew, so to speak, right out of a clear sky. Here I had a lovely home, a beautiful wife and a steadily growing bank roll, to say nothing of the prestige I was gaining in the district and, in fact, the whole city; and all the time, right where I should have noticed it first, right in my own home, the very deepest sort of trouble was in the making.

When I walked along the street men met me and shook my hand cordially. My old associates all looked up to me as an outstanding success. My credit was good everywhere. No matter what happened in the district, whether it was business, political or social, I was one of the first to know about it. People came to me for advice. Maybe all that made me too confident—too sure of myself and everyone else.

I was called on for a lot of favors, and there were several times when I got real happiness out of doing things for other people. For instance, there was Mrs. Brophy, who came to our house one night when trouble surrounded her. She sat in the parlor with Nellie and me and tears trickled through the wrinkles on her face while she told me about her son. She did not have to tell me much about him, because I had known Jimmy Brophy ever since he was a kid. He had run with one of the gangs that hung around pool rooms and I had seen from the time he was ten years old that if somebody did not do something about it, Jimmy would find himself in a bad jam by the time he was twenty.

Mothers are pretty much alike. They are great martyrs in sticking to their boys after they have gone wrong, but they are awful fools about not stopping them from going wrong.

Jimmy was one of three boys who had broken into a store and stolen some clothing and shoes.

"He ain't really a bad boy," Mrs. Brophy sobbed, just as every other mother has sobbed ever since there have been clothing and shoes to steal. "He is just mischievous an' easily led. You know everybody, Eddie, an' you have lots of influence with the policemen an' the judges. I want you to get Jimmy out of this trouble. He's learned a lesson."

Well, I knew that Jimmy had not learned a lesson. I felt that probably the worst thing I could do for him was to show him how easy the law is to beat if you tackle it from the right angle. But I lacked the moral courage to deny his mother what she asked. To tell the truth, I got a selfish kick out of the chance to do something for the old lady, and it did not hurt me any, to be equally frank, to look like a big fellow before Nellie. So I told Mrs. Brophy I would see what I could do.

I went to Mike Glavin, the judge, and put it right up to him. "After all, Mike," I said, "it won't be the first time or the last that things have been fixed, an' when this kid shows up in your court I want you to remember he's a friend of mine an' give him a break. You can pull that well-worn gag about temperin' justice with mercy an' throw this kid out of court. There's none of us that are goin' to sprout any wings during the next twenty-four hours."

Glavin just laughed. I guess he was used to hearing such things from Dan. "All right, Eddie," he said, "I guess we can handle it. But you want to remember that if the kid gets as far as my court, even if I throw him out, he's in a bad way. The charge is illegal entry and that's a felony. I'll fix him up all right so that he won't do time for this job, but if you play my hunch, you'll go down and see Miller, the assistant district attorney. He can fix it before the kid is indicted. Then there won't be any criminal record. . . . Is there any dough in it?"

"Not a dime," I answered. "His old man is a dock walloper an' they're livin' from hand to mouth."

"Well," Glavin continued, "you'll find Miller a pretty good guy, and if you put it up to him as coming from me, I think you can work it out O. K. I wouldn't go to the D. A. himself if I could help it, because the higher you go, the more you'll have to pay in favors later on."

I played Glavin's hunch and went to see Miller. I told him just what the situation was and I found him a reasonable fellow, perfectly willing to play along with his friends.

There Were Two New Fifty-Dollar Bills Inside It, Which I Slipped Into My Pocket

"The big trouble with these things is that convictions are already too scarce," he explained. "When we get a smash case on a man, as we have in this instance, it makes good ballyhoo to see that he gets a stretch. However, if he's a friend of yours, I suppose we can fix him up. I'll see what I can do. But take my advice and let this little rat know that he's getting a pretty big break."

It wound up by having the case against Jimmy Brophy nol-prossed. After that I went and had a good talk with the kid. His mother did some more crying, which mothers often did around our district. His old man walked up and down the room, spitting curses through a stubble of beard that still carried the dust of the piers where he worked. Jimmy himself made a lot of promises and did a lot of thanking, but I had sense enough to know that he was just naturally bad and sooner or later would go over the jumps again. So when I got him in the hall on my way out, I pulled him aside and said to him:

"Jimmy, all this sob-sister stuff of yours don't click very big with me. I think you're a little rat an' never'll be anything else. I didn't do this for you—I did it for your mother. I hope you mean all these promises, but I don't think, in your heart, you do. I just want to tip you off right now that I will never go to the front for you again. If you ever get yourself into another jam, take my advice an' get on the lam out of town, because they got your number at headquarters. If you slip again, they'll send you up on both charges."

He swore through his tears that he had learned his lesson and began to talk to me about getting him a good job somewhere so he could quit his bad associates and live straight. I laughed that off. I was right too, because he is now doing eight years in the big gray house.

All this is somewhat beside the story, except that it shows the sort of thing I was constantly mixed up in by reason of my association with Dan. It also shows the sort of home life I had, because, naturally, Nellie knew of all these things when people called at the house to see me.

I have got to say for Nellie, though, that she was less sentimental than most women I know. She had the knack of reasoning a thing out for herself, and though she was ready to do nice things for people, it was mighty seldom that she was ready to do foolish ones. But once her mind was made up, she was obstinate—very, very obstinate.

However, it never occurred to me that there was anything between us that was not right out in the open and aboveboard. I was terribly dumb about that I should have seen it growing in her, but things were coming too easy for me. In fact, right after the Brophy incident, Nellie gave me as good an indication as a man ought to have required.

"How did you go about getting Jimmy Brophy out of trouble?" she asked.

"Well," I grinned tolerantly, "I just went to a few of the boys an' saw that he got a break." I guess I had always figured Nellie as a kid and not very worldwise. Perhaps that annoyed her without my realizing it.

"I don't understand exactly what you mean by that," she answered. "What's a break?"

"That's just slang," I explained. "It means that when things go right for you, that's a break. If they go wrong, it's a bad break. You know—it's just slang."

"But I don't see how you could change the laws covering burglary," Nellie insisted. That is the way she was obstinate.

I felt very tolerant toward her—felt as though she did not understand such matters and it would take a long time for her to master them. So I just said: "I didn't change the laws, Nellie. I just went down to the district attorney's office an' explained that this was Jimmy's first offense an' he was a friend of mine an' of Dan's, an' we would appreciate it if they would give him a break."

I paused there and glanced at her, and she was looking at me with a very funny expression on her face. I stopped short and she did not urge me to continue, so we let the matter rest there. I promptly let the conversation slip out of my mind.

About a month after that, Dan collected something better than sixty thousand dollars on a land deal. When that came off I got five thousand dollars cash. With half my money I bought a new sedan as a surprise for Nellie. She certainly got a big kick out of it and I enjoyed taking rides with her. It was pretty nice to ride down past Rourke's place in the new car and see all the old boys around there and know that they were staring after me and saying things about the success I had made of life. I might see Flatfoot peeking over the wooden curtain by the window when I went by, and I knew it would not take him long to spread the word.

The deal that got me the five thousand dollars was a cinch too. There was a big factory down along the water front which had been in disuse for a number of years. The owners of the place had tried to lease it or sell it, but the buildings were so far gone that nobody fell for that. However, they still kept the buildings insured through Dan. The premium was pretty high, and one day, when I went to collect, the owners said that they did not think they would renew, because the structures burned down would be just as valuable as they were still standing.

I repeated this to Dan. About a week later he told me he had been in touch with the owners and they had set a

rock-bottom price on the property and would be glad to sell. It was quite a big place, so Dan started some commotion with the Board of Aldermen to buy it and make a tenement-house park of it. That was the way he got the sixty thousand dollars and I got the five.

One night while we were riding, Nellie asked me about this deal, because she wondered how I happened to get the car. But just the way she inquired left me faintly uneasy about answering.

"I tipped off Dan that the owners of an old factory building were anxious to sell," I explained slowly, "an' Dan sold it for them."

As nearly as I can recall, that was the very first time I ever lied to Nellie. Of course I really did not lie then, but I did not give her all the truth. I did not say how or where Dan had sold the property. I had a feeling that she would find in the deal we had made something to criticize. She did not answer, but I knew that she had noticed the way I dodged details. I tried to talk about something else, but I kept an uneasy feeling.

Jimmy Brophy

When we got home I sat in the parlor reading. Nellie came in and sat on the chair beside me. She put her arm around my neck. Her fingers rumpled up my hair and she kissed me two or three times on the forehead. I have learned that whenever a woman does that, she either wants something or wants to find out something.

I was reading the evening paper. There had been an accident on the elevated system and I immediately began to read about it out loud. I wanted to get her mind off what she was thinking. When I finished reading I said:

"You know, Nellie, people can't be too careful. What with all the automobiles an' subways an' elevated systems where they run trains fifty or sixty miles an hour an' carry thousands of people, you just can't be too careful. Some day when I have a chance, I'm goin' to start a campaign for safety in traffic an' on railroads an' subways an' places like that. Just think of all these poor people that are hurt. Lots of 'em will be unable to get back to work an' their families are bound to suffer. It's all right to talk about getting damages from the railroad, but going after that sort of money's just like pushing feathers through a brick wall with warm butter. You get just about as far with it."

Nellie just kept twining her fingers through my hair. "It is a terrible thing," she said very slowly. I could see that her mind was not on the elevated accident.

Finally I put the paper down and looked at her and said, "Well, what is it?"

She kind of smiled a little and got up and walked across the room to get that book, Politics in City, State and Nation. Without saying a word, she opened it to two or three different pages which she had marked. Every one of them was about graft. I read a few of the places where her marks were heaviest. They hit pretty close to home. There were remarks there about the graft in public institutions, buildings, highways, park systems, and the like. Nellie, without saying a word, ran her finger along these places for me to read.

I'm sorry to admit it, but I flew off the handle. I realize now that it was because I knew Nellie was right. I had no defense to offer other than anger. Dan had always told me that whenever you charged a man with anything and he got mad, the best thing to do was keep right after him, because you had him on the run. That is why all these people in the world who spend their time telling you how honest they are are really the biggest crooks. They offer the only possible defense. But right then I forgot his advice and got mad, because it seemed the only possible defense.

"What's the big idea?" I asked sharply. "Why hand me this stuff like a judge passin' a sentence on a crook?"

She did not answer—just pointed more with her finger. I could see that she had planned it all out and that made me even madder. "You'd think I was a crook!" I growled. "Me an' Dan too! Why don't you say what's on your mind? . . . After all, I'm workin' with Dan, an' who is there to criticize either of us?"

Still no answer. Just that moving finger there on the pages of the book.

"You'd be a fine sort of girl," I exploded, "to criticize Dan Rafferty after all he did for you an' your mother! Not even you can criticize him in my home! You seem to forget we wouldn't even have this home if it wasn't for him!"

Judge Mike Glavin

I went on like that for about five minutes, and still Nellie was very calm She just waited for me to run out of words, and when I had she said, "Did I criticize Dan, Eddie?"

Well, of course she had not, and that made it all the worse for me. "You might just as well of," I blustered

"Have, dear," she said, "not of "

"Well, all right," I grumbled, reaching again for the newspaper. "How can you expect me to use good English when you get me all upset over nothing?"

She took the paper out of my hand and laid the book on my knee. I picked it up and slammed it down on the table. I stood up.

Still without any show of anger, Nellie said, "Is that a nice way to treat a present from me?"

Of course that licked me. In fact I knew from the minute she sat down on the chair beside me in the first place, I was licked. But men will be fools; they will argue and bluster and storm. That is true especially when they are not exactly sure of their ground. I apologized to Nellie and picked up the book and held it in my hand. She pressed me back into the chair, but instead of sitting on the arm of the chair, she sat on my lap.

"Dan is a lot older man than you, Eddie," she said quietly. "His training has been entirely different. I love him very dearly, just as you do. I see in him a whole lot to be admired." She paused for quite a long time, then finished "But you can say that about anybody. Someone in the

(Continued on Page 102)

I Could See That Dan Was Just Crazy Examining Nellie and Trying to Knock Her Off Balance. I Sort of Hoped He Would Do It Too

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 5, 1929

Bank Failures

RECENT bank failures in different parts of the country have been sporadic and of little general importance, except as indicative of a number of problems which require attention. The character of these failures has not shown a prevailingly weak condition, but has again, for the thousandth time, disclosed defects of human character and institutions which only the millennium can remove. In one instance the explanation is ordinary rascality, in another case the promoters of a so-called investment trust, or security or holding company, evidently thought that the mere manipulations of such a corporation gave to them the Midas touch, while in a third series of failures—those in Florida—the cause or causes were more external—such as the combination of fruit fly, hurricane and aftermath of a great boom.

Institutions must always fail, to some extent, as long as human beings run them. Bankers do not as a rule so much promise the earth as have the earth promised to them by would-be borrowers. Bankers are reputed to be hard-boiled and inhuman; failures would be fewer if they possessed these qualities to a higher degree. Many bank failures are caused by a reluctant banker being wheedled out of a loan by a persuasive talker who in reality is not entitled to credit.

Simple facts like these need to be impressed upon the public to prevent, if possible, the heedless panic cry for more laws every time a bank fails. Laws are not so much at fault as their execution, and statutes will not cure the incurable. When the people of a whole state or section become mad with get-rich-quick mania, banks are sure to fail within the next few years, or sooner, just as night follows day.

It is not to be denied that bank laws can be overhauled now and then to advantage, provided a careful study is made by a commission. Such work is being carried on now in several states. Like the statutes affecting taxation, those in regard to banking require much expert attention and alterations from time to time. New definitions and additional safeguards should be thrown about thrift or savings accounts, and the regulation of private bankers is quite a problem. But these are highly technical questions, and there is no magic wand of easy legislation that can be invoked.

Banking, like so many other features of American life, is a rather free-and-easy business, open to anybody, open to amateurs. In European countries it is more of a hard-and-fast professional monopoly. There are merits and defects in both systems. The multiplicity of banks in this country and the ease with which one is opened make for growth and opportunity, but they also make for losses. We cannot have it both ways. If we want stabilization and security, we can have it; but there are costs attached. As things are, Americans seem to enjoy the variety of their banking institutions, but they need to exercise more discrimination. The ordinary depositor seems to make no distinctions. He does not care whether his bank is a member of the local clearing house or of the Federal Reserve. There are a great many strong banks outside these organizations, of course, but presumption favors those which are subject to additional supervision, from which additional expert reports are required, and which, through wise and intelligent coöperation, established over long periods of time, promote the maintenance of conservative standards of practice. Too many depositors fall for any sign with the word "bank" on it. To say that bank failures would disappear if all bankers were honest and intelligent is trite. Let us not forget, also, that if all borrowers were honest and if all depositors were intelligent, banks would rarely close their doors.

A Shift in International Policy

DISCERNING observers of British official policy, contrasting what seems to be the standpoint of the MacDonald government with what seemed to be the standpoint of the Baldwin government, are beginning to sense a change of attitude which is not casual but fundamental. A foreign policy, especially in Europe, is rarely stated in explicit terms, as far as the general public is concerned. Whatever the commitments in secret treaties, of which the day is supposed to be past, a policy is usually revealed in implications and is developed in a series of incidents of which the interrelation may not be apparent at the time. Thus judged, provisionally, a definitive change in British foreign policy seems in process of being established by the present British Government.

It was the policy of the Tory government to conciliate France and Italy and at the same time to protect Germany from such Continental pressure as would tend to endanger the economic well-being of Europe. Great Britain lent an ear to the Continental talk of European economic alliance against the United States. Whether the British people approved the doctrine or not, it is fair to say that the Baldwin government did not stress disapproval of it to the Continental countries and was apparently content to allow the idea to circulate. Possibly the desire to maintain London as the capital center of the world may have influenced British official opinion bearing on the proposal of European economic alliance against the United States, which the judgment of sound British economists would certainly not approve. On the other hand, the attitude of the Baldwin government toward the United States in the discussion of naval disarmament was hardly colored with cordiality toward the specific objective proposed and was indeed widely criticized in Great Britain as antagonistic. Combined, therefore, were a certain benevolence toward Continental Europe and a certain antagonism toward the United States.

The MacDonald government, on the other hand, has adopted toward France and Italy an attitude regarded by them as lacking in conciliation, though the attitude toward Germany remains benevolent, especially in respect to occupation of the Rhine. From the actions of the present British Government the countries of Continental Europe can derive no encouragement in furtherance of European economic alliance against the United States. Toward the United States the MacDonald government has indicated a change of policy in respect to naval disarmament. The attitude now is apparently one of cordial coöperation in the broad objective.

It would be going too far to suggest that the events give reason to infer that it was the policy of the Baldwin government to side with Continental Europe against the United States, and that it is the policy of the MacDonald government to side with the United States against Continental Europe. But it remains a fair inference that the MacDonald government occupies a detached position in respect to Continental policy toward the United States. This in itself implies a certain rapprochement with the United States in respect to our relations to Continental Europe.

The Meaning of High Stock Prices

ONE of the difficulties attending discussions of the state of the stock market lies in the attempt to find a single cause for a high level for stocks. If high prices for stocks and commodities could be reasonably and obviously explained as consequences of a single, massive, outstanding cause, the curiosity of investors would be satisfied, the responsibility of the banks made clear and the policy problem of the Federal Reserve System correspondingly indicated. But such is not the case. Few large economic movements are other than compounds or cumulations of various factors. The enumeration of the factors, their relative magnitudes and the intercurrent relations are the province of technical analysis. But such analysis is possible only after the event, not before. It is becoming clear that there is something new, or at least different, in the present movement. And any undertaking to explain it all in advance as a single result of a single cause, or as a single result of several measurable causes, carries the hazard attending application of economic arguments to business circumstances.

It is to be kept in mind that a stock exchange is different from a commodity market. Manufacturers make goods for sale, middlemen buy them for resale; except for a small but variable carry-over, all goods are sold. But not all bonds and stocks are sold in the same sense; only a fraction of the bonds and stocks are on sale within a given time. As stock prices rise, some holders for investment place their shares on sale, but other holders draw back. Most holders who have purchased bonds and stocks for income from interest and dividend will sell at a certain point. But it is a wide range, and when prices rise many holders feel encouraged to hold. When investment companies operating pools and merger promoters go out after shares, the situation resembles a corner, and prices rise to an extent that represents more than the value on the basis of current returns. In a word, buyers of stocks drive up stock prices in a manner that does not occur with goods except under circumstances of great emergency.

Leaving aside the promoters of mergers, the operating pools and the investment companies, what are the considerations that influence buyers of stocks at higher prices? With growth of population and elevation of standard of living, the volume of business must expand. Economies in operations are to be expected. Undistributed profits are in hand. Goodwill is expanding. Many companies have properties in cities that have increased greatly in value—in short, anticipated values and earnings. It may be that we are coming into an era of lower rates of return on bonds and stocks. A speculative wave is started on easy credit; it tends to swing too far and to persist despite development of scant credit and dear money. If all holders of stocks were to feel that the top had been reached and try to sell to cash in the paper profits, the market would collapse; therefore, most holders, recognizing this, tend to cling to their holdings for long-view values as they have envisaged them.

Stock-market speculation, in its present proportions, through its influence on interest rates, rediscounts, foreign loans, business costs and trade movements, exerts an economic influence that extends over the world. The situation is in some aspects unprecedented; caution is enjoined on interpretation and precaution imposed on business men. But as long as the level of commodity prices does not rise, production is not inflated and inventories expanded, on the basis of his recollections of previous booms and cycles, the average business man regards the gyrations of the stock market as largely a matter between the bankers and their clients. Time may develop that production, distribution and consumption of goods and services are entrained, but until that arrives most men do not feel that a certain degree of inflation of stock prices portends a business cycle.

REDISCOVERING AMERICA

By Gregory Mason

IN 1492, America discovered Columbus. On the morning of October twelfth of that year some fishermen who lived on an island in the outer fringe of the Bahamas saw three strange vessels lying off the sandy beach of their green isle. Although two of the peculiar ships were not much bigger than some of the largest sailing canoes used in America, the first vessel was easily the greatest the Americans had ever seen. She was the Santa Maria, and she carried the chief of these extraordinary men who had come out of the eastern sea.

Dressed in scarlet, this chief came ashore in a small canoe propelled by paddles plied horizontally, instead of vertically in the American manner. Upon landing, he planted in the beach a splendid banner, whereupon he and his followers engaged in ceremonies that were altogether curious and bewildering to the natives, who little realized that they were about to be robbed of their homeland.

The strangers were armed with swords of a very hard and very sharp material, never before seen in America. It is said that one of the fishermen, approaching one of the new arrivals, grasped the latter's sword out of curiosity and cut his fingers. In this incident we may see a tragic symbol of the whole conquest of America. Europe accomplished that conquest not by superiority in the arts of peace—which she did not possess—but merely because Europeans were more skillful than Americans in the art of killing men.

These rude fishermen were not the most cultured Americans. They themselves were probably ignorant of the high achievements in art and science which had flowered on the two continents behind them. They could not have told the Spaniards of these things had they wished, and the Europeans would have been little interested to hear. The latter were rude men of action, concerned mainly with the pursuit of gold and precious stones. They came to America with a tremendous confidence in themselves, which alone had made possible the crossing of an uncharted ocean. They saw that the natives' spears and arrows were no match for their swords and cannon, the very glint and boom of which filled the Americans with terror. They were satisfied to see that they had gone much further than these brown barbarians toward the mastery of mechanics, and for them the mastery of mechanics was synonymous with civilization. We, their descendants, have persisted in the error of this view.

Even fourteen years later, when Columbus lay dying, the idea had not entered his head that the ancestors of the people his followers were about to conquer in America had created a painting, a sculpture, a mathematics, and an astronomy worthy of comparison with the best art and science of Europe. It was obvious that stone could not cope with steel or bowstrings with gunpowder. So the Genoese navigator, who had thought his Bahama island was a piece of land lying somewhere off the coast of India or China, easily assumed that the civilization of Europe was superior to the civilization of the New World which he had sighted that morning of October 12, 1492, from the castle on the high poop deck of the Santa Maria.

Today we live in an age of machines. And because of that fact we are too much inclined to take it for granted that a mastery of mechanics spells civilization. Yet there may be some among us who take time to wonder now and then if the age of Marconi and Wright actually exhibits a higher culture than the age of Socrates and Praxiteles, or the age of Dante and Leonardo da Vinci. And if not, it may be said that the early American astronomers and architects were more civilized than the rough European men at arms who conquered them.

However, in the twentieth century Christopher Columbus is more of a hero in the Americas which he accidentally discovered than in the Europe from which he sailed. This is because we who rule North and South America today are still in a subconscious way wistfully European. We are grateful to Christopher Columbus for having discovered the two great continents in which we live, and in which millions of civilized beings had lived before Columbus was born. We are aware of a great deal of what we owe to Europe, but we appreciate very little of what we owe to America.

The very vastness and diversity of America may be one reason for our failure in appreciation. But the chief reason is that we people of North and South America,

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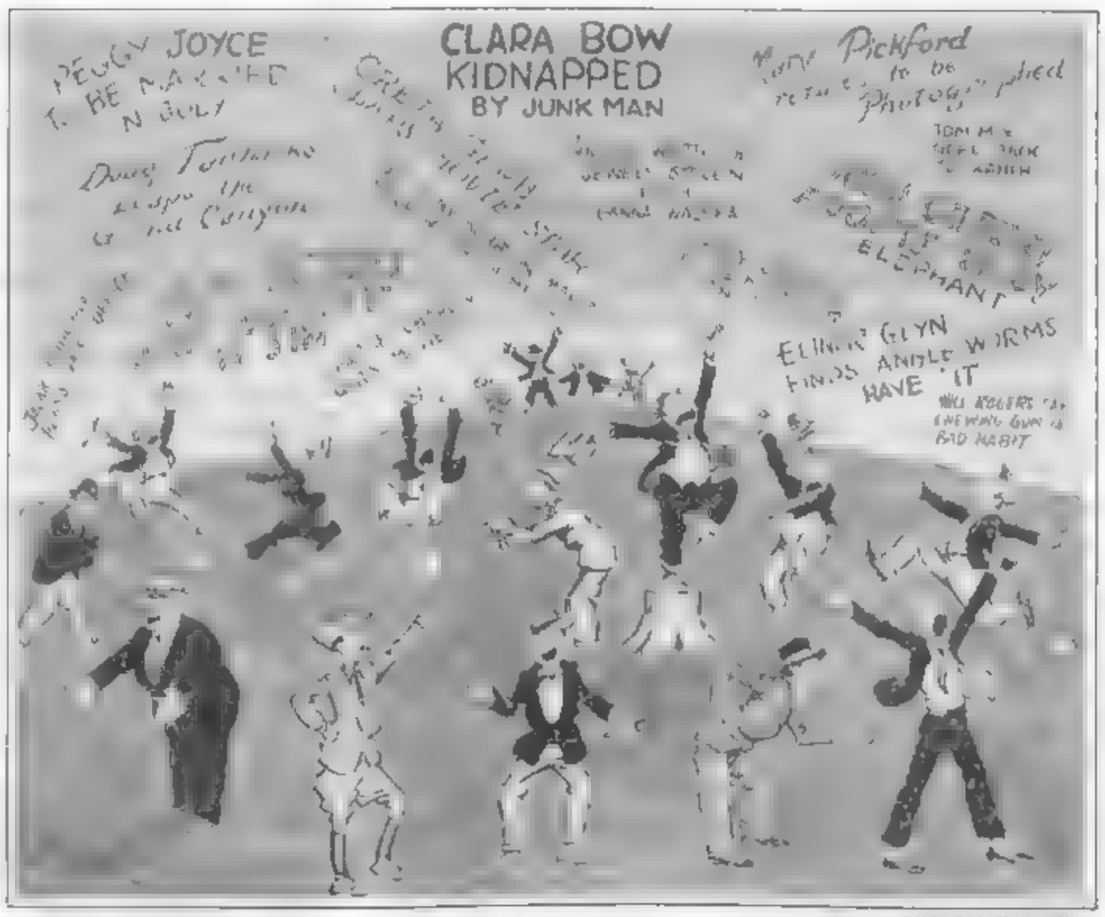
If You Can't Go Through a Stone Wall

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"He Was a Big Husky Upstanding Chap. Like This, You Know"



Annual Get-Together of the Amalgamated Press Agents and Publicity Men of America

Down to Date

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
And had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She really had only one youngster, you see,
But often she sighed, "He's too many for me!"
—Strickland Gillilan.

Our Paris Letter

SKIRTS get fuller all the time.
They smoke more too.

Lines to a Lowbrow

LET fools delight to bark and bite
At savant and at seer:
There's one sweet thought that sets at naught
The cynic and his sneer.
Bill Wordsworth wrote the lines I quote;
His statement I believe:
"Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive"
—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

"Thomas, There's a Yellow Hair on Your Coat! If This Happens Again I Shall Go Home to Mother!"

Heredity

ON COMMON clay he looks with proud disdain:
He traces his descent to Charlemagne
And Hugh Capet and Charles the Fifth of Spain,
The princely lines of Burgundy, Champagne,
Of Normandy, Provence and Aquitaine,
The northern sea kings' death-defying strain
And many a warlike duke and hardy thane
And all the valiant killers back to Cain,
Yet still remains—why, no one can explain—
A puny runt of neither brawn nor brain.
—Arthur Guiterman.

The Last Time

MARGE had to have another wisdom tooth drawn the other day and spurned my offer to accompany her and cheer her up. I was a little surprised, and unable to think why. The last time she had one drawn I went with her to cheer her up, and had flattered myself I'd carried the job off splendidly There is no doubt about

(Continued on Page 126)

Pessimist: "My Rich Uncle Has Died and Left Me Six Million Dollars. Think of the Inheritance Tax!"

Famous Conjuror Who Became a Customs Inspector

Luncheon

Select a different soup for it each day. So convenient!

Your choice of these different Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
	Tomato
Clam Chowder	Tomato-Okra
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef

After a busy morning's work, you're in no mood to spend a lot of time in the kitchen fussing with luncheon.

You want real food to replenish and sustain you, but you don't want to take the heart right out of your day to get it.

Campbell's Soups are the delightful answer to your needs. They're already cooked—on your table in next to no time. You have no less than twenty-one different Campbell's Soups for your daily choice. And in Campbell's Vegetable Soup there's a meal in itself—it's so hearty. 12 cents a can.

My tummy is calling
For Campbell's; it's noon
And I'm glad to surrender
The sword for the spoon!

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

IMPROMPTU

By HAROLD MacGRATH

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The Voice, the Voice! She Cried Inwardly. If Only She Could Get Away From This Voice Which Seemed to Disintegrate Her Will!

XII

GERRY OWEN paced the room while Willard sprawled in his chair, his face thin and haggard.

"Chick, I can't stand this inertia any longer. Every hour wasted is the other fellow's advantage. You did not kill Hood, but someone did. You can't stay cooped up here all the rest of your life."

"I can't think, Gerry. The old bean isn't working."

"You can go abroad."

"Why should I? I haven't hurt anybody."

"Let me do what I want to do."

"What can you do but become involved as accessory to the fact?"

"Look here, Chick; I have the detective instinct just as you have the flying instinct. There are two niggers in this woodpile—the man who sent you that anonymous warning and Roger Berks. My work in the secret service has trained my mind for sleuthing."

"But this fellow Berks—there's no motive. He merely came to warn Hood."

"Berks swore he got lost up a dirt road for hours. The statement was never thoroughly checked up because everything pointed to you. Of course he could get lost that way, but was he?"

"What purpose had he in lying?"

"That's it. On the face of it he had no purpose, just as you had every purpose according to the evidence. The man who sent you that note. Was he friend or enemy? He might have framed you."

"But nobody except Hood and I knew the story."

"Not so sure of that. There might have been a leak somewhere. I want to dig into Berks' testimony and learn something about this butler."

"That poor old gargoyle came rushing down with the others when Elsie screamed. Van Cleve in his testimony stated that."

"Elsie?"

"Yes, Gerry."

"Can't get her out of your head?"

"No."

"Now think. You were close to Berks for several days. Do you recall any striking fact about him?"

Willard rumpled his hair. "Nothing, except that he smoked cigarettes incessantly."

"Notice the brand?"

"Why, yes. That's what makes the picture stick. Smoked Laurens. Imported them from Switzerland, though I believe the company is owned by Germans."

"Chick, I caught a spy in Geneva because he used an unfamiliar brand of matches. Laurens—that's a starting point. Anything else?"

"No. But if you go, how will you get in touch with me? The telephone is off."

"You'll hear from me only when I've brought down the bird. I'll get Arnold, my chauffeur, to cook for you. You can trust him with your right eye. So there's Elsie."

"Yes. Two blows that utterly bewilder me. No use dodging it. A perfect crime. And a girl like that has to step into the picture. The cart's upset and the apples are all over the lot. But go, and God bless you, old-timer!"

"All right. I'll toddle over to the grocer's. Sugar and coffee's given out."

Alone, Willard began to pace. Memories. Jonathan Willard and Marcus Hood, friends from boyhood. They had taken the grand tour together, and during this voyage the collecting mania had struck them both. For years after there had been friendly rivalry, till the Blue Rajah, cobra-like, had lifted its sinister beauty into their gaze. Jonathan outbid Marcus, and Marcus became secretly obsessed. The man he had once loved he now hated. Pretending that he was writing a history of his gem-collecting adventures, he had prevailed upon Jonathan to lend him the stone and the documents. Neither the registered history nor the bill of sale had come back. There had been a fire. But the Blue Rajah had been returned later, to be discovered as paste.

"Never take the affair into court, my son," Jonathan had said on his deathbed. "His conscience will punish him as the law never will be able to. For he will always remember that I loved him."

The son had promised, but with reservations. He would never trouble Hood unless he offered it for sale. The son now remembered having written at the time a passionately angry boy's letter. No doubt, long ago destroyed.

Willard stopped his pacing suddenly. The butler! The butler had written that anonymous note. Henry had known the truth. And Henry had suspected his identity! Why, then, hadn't he denounced the pseudo Berks to the police?

Willard moved over to the piano and sat down.

On Gerry's return, in the act of entering the area door, a policeman hailed him:

"Hey, there! What a' yuh doin'? That house is vacant."

Gerry Owen took one deep breath. "Mr. Willard has just returned from abroad. He hasn't had the telephone connected nor has he informed the precinct. He is a great musician, sir, and is preparing concert work and does not wish to be disturbed."

"That's all right, but I'll have a look inside," replied the policeman.

"Follow me."

The policeman stalked into the basement. From somewhere above came the thundering chords of the Brahms Rhapsodie in E flat. Owen held a finger to his lips to

(Continued on Page 32)

When you want only a small quantity of lard, get Swift's "Silverleaf" in the new half pound size, now on sale at your dealer's. The package is like the pound one—but just half as large. The same time-saving marks for cutting, and the same sweet, pure lard. Enough for a pie, and some biscuits, with a little left over for pan frying.

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

IF yours is a family of pie eaters . . . if a mound of fluffy biscuits, presented unexpectedly, brings sighs of delight . . . then frequent pies and biscuits are undoubtedly the thing! And when you use a lard that's famous for the extra rich goodness it brings, you'll probably want to launch forth into other tempting cooking fields. Doughnuts, perhaps . . . and fritters . . . slim slivers of potato, popped into deep fat . . . and patty shells that have a positively professional air. Using "Silverleaf," timid cooks brandish a bolder spoon, and experienced ones get airier than ever. Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard is rendered sweet and pure from choice pork fat. That's why it gives results you've always longed for.

Swift & Company

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

(Continued from Page 30)

command silence. He laid down his grocery bundles. When the music stopped, Owen shouted up the stairs·

"Mr. Willard, a policeman wishes to see you. Shall I send him up now or wait till your practicing is over? I've told him you were preparing for concert and had given orders ——"

"Oh, send him up!" called Willard, snatching his cue.

He was a good guardian, this policeman. "You're Willard, the owner?"

"Yes"

"Got any proof of it?"

Willard showed him a passport.

"All right, Mr. Willard. We have to watch these houses where the folks 've gone abroad. You ain't been here in a long time. But y' oughta called up the precinct. I'll report your return before I go off duty."

"But promise me the newspapers won't get hold of my return to America. My friends will pile in on me, and I'll have to clean house."

"Sure. That'll be all right. The women—they drive you fellahs off the Carnegie stage. Play me a tune."

Willard sat down at the piano and played one of Grainger's rustics. The policeman kept time with his head and foot

"You sure know your ivories. Thanks. That's my kind of music. I don't get this highfalutin stuff like you was playin' when I came in."

"Gerry, the cigars."

The policeman helped himself. "Thanks. I'll smoke it after supper tonight."

"And be sure and close both the basement and area doors as you go out," reminded Owen.

"Trust me, sir."

The policeman went downstairs.

The two young men stared at each other. They waited in suspense till they heard the doors close.

"Pretty close," whispered Owen.

"Get your man to me tonight, and you go north. You're right. You're all the hope I have. The irony of it! I didn't even see Hood again after I went to my room. Check up Berks. And God be with you! I never thought of death during the war save as a fierce and glorious adventure. But death by the state, my name dishonored ——"

"Hush!" whispered Owen.

Willard's body became tense. Steps -light steps on the basement stairs! His hand went into the pocket where the automatic lay concealed

As the policeman opened the basement door to step into the areaway, he stood stock-still. And well he might. A young woman, regal and beautiful!

"Sh!" she whispered. "Let me in. I know. He's probably given orders to admit no one. But that would not include me, for he doesn't know I'm in town. Please!"

The policeman pushed back his cap and scratched his poll perplexedly. Sure, he had read about it—the women mobbing a famous pianist. If he turned this one loose on Willard—well, well; if he had been in Willard's shoes! Well, one of 'em couldn't start a riot call. So he winked and stepped aside for the young woman. He gently closed the area door. He recognized the type. They used to live on Fifth Avenue, now they lived on Park or on Long Island. There wasn't a good-looking fellow living who'd report a poor cop for letting in a queen against orders.

So it came to pass that Elsie suddenly confronted the two young men. There was no reading that calm, pale face of hers.

XIII

FOR three days and nights Elsie had watched the house. She had seen the red-haired young man depart and arrive with supplies, so she knew that Willard was hiding within. This was her affair; the police could enter it later.

Her obsession led her about in a kind of nightmare. She knew exactly the meaning of each move she made, her thoughts were diamond cut; but she could not have turned away from her project even if she had tried. There were little bursts of fury, each leaving her colder. She must confront the man alone, empty her mind of such scorn and loathing as would shrivel him; then she would force him to precede her to the nearest police station. Like the script of a play, all the lines and cues. The obsession was that this scene had to be enacted or she would never again possess herself.

She was not conscious of any excitement when she saw the policeman follow the young red-haired man into the house. Here would be her chance perhaps. If the policeman came out alone. She got out of the limousine and crossed the street. Luck was with her. As she slowly mounted the basement stairs she could hear the voices of the two men—sounds without meaning.

She held the tableau for half a minute. Her appearance was mesmeristic. Neither man had the power to move, his mouth loose with astonishment. She carried a capacious needle-point hand bag. She broke the spell by drawing from this hand bag a long envelope. This she calmly sailed at Willard's feet. He did not stir.

Still gazing at her, he said: "Leave us, Gerry."

Owen tiptoed from the room. There was no reason why he should tiptoe, but he did.

"That," said Elsie, referring to the envelope, "contains the documents which establish your inalienable right to the Blue Rajah."

She was here? What had happened? How had she found him? The hypnotic phase was gone out of him, but his astonishment had lost nothing.

"When did you learn the truth?" he asked.

Calmly and in level tones she freed her mind of its flaming diatribe. He did not interrupt her by word or gesture.

"Were you a prisoner," she concluded, "I could not say these things to you."

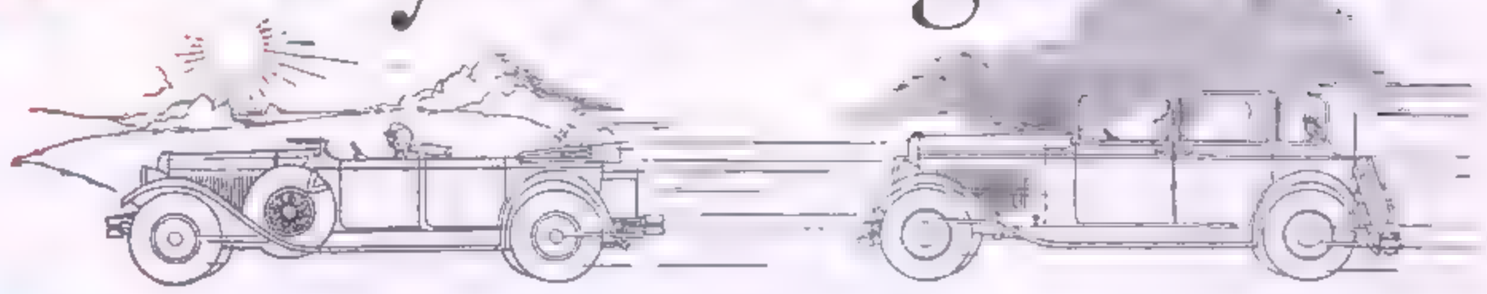
"I am a prisoner so long as I live. I did not kill your uncle," he said. "I never saw him again after I went to my ——"

"No? Well, there is a court in which you may try to prove your innocence." Out of her hand bag came a pistol. "I am quite expert with this. If your friend appears I will shoot and disable him. Put up your hands and come toward me."

(Continued on Page 86)

"Here!" He Cried. They Found the Spot Where Berks Had Hidden His Car. The Tracks Were Still Visible in the Muck

The time: Day and night



The place: Atlantic City and Paulsboro, N. J.

The results: Proof that the New Mobiloil will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles

We say very definitely that the New Mobiloil will keep the first-year feel in your engine for at least 30,000 miles.

We can say with equal definiteness that this figure is based on results obtained in thousands of miles of test driving in practically every type of car. These tests have taken place on the Atlantic City Speedway, on dirt roads and paved highways, and in our Paulsboro, New Jersey, laboratory. The tests cover hours of steady driving at all speeds—snail's pace, breath-taking spurts and long sustained grinds at high speed.

By checking the results obtained with the New Mobiloil against those obtained with other well-known oils we found that the great difference in lubrication at modern driving speeds plays an all-important part in whether your engine keeps or loses its first-year feel.

Our statement that the New Mobiloil will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles is really an *understatement*. Actually the New Mobiloil kept the first-year feel in many test engines for more than twice this distance!

Keep your engine from growing old before its time. Ask the nearest Mobiloil dealer to drain your crankcase and refill with the correct grade of the New Mobiloil as prescribed on the New Mobiloil Chart.

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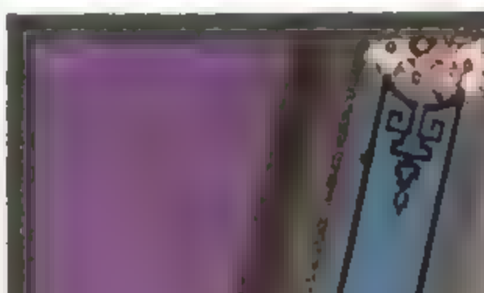
"What a cozy room!" "But all we added was a new rug."

YOU know the room. Perhaps it's the spare room. Maybe the extra bedroom. Or the storeroom. At any rate it's the room you've never done much about—well, partly because you didn't feel like spending much money on it.

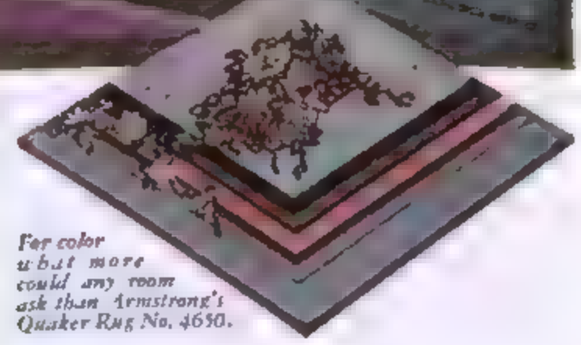
Surprising, though, how little it costs to make the room presentable. Imagine, for instance, this blue, rose, and green rug on the floor. Wouldn't it add color, sunshine, neatness? Easy cleaning, too. For Armstrong's Quaker Rugs have the special Accolac Process surface. This feature of manufacture provides a lacquer-smoothness that discourages dirt. Ordinary dust and soil wipe right off. Stains, spilled things, grease spots are removed quickly by a damp mop or cloth. And there lies the rug fresh and new-looking again—because the pretty pattern is *under* the waterproof surface.

And as far as cost is concerned—don't worry. Even the large 9 x 12 ft. Armstrong's Quaker Rug costs no more than many women spend for a hat.

Furthermore, a written promise of satisfaction is given with every Armstrong's Quaker Rug. It is in the form of a Quaker Girl Certificate pasted right on the face of every Armstrong's Quaker Rug—and *only* on Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. A new rug free, if you are displeased.



For the spare room, the bedroom, the children's room—any room. So pretty, so moderate in price. Ask for Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4620.



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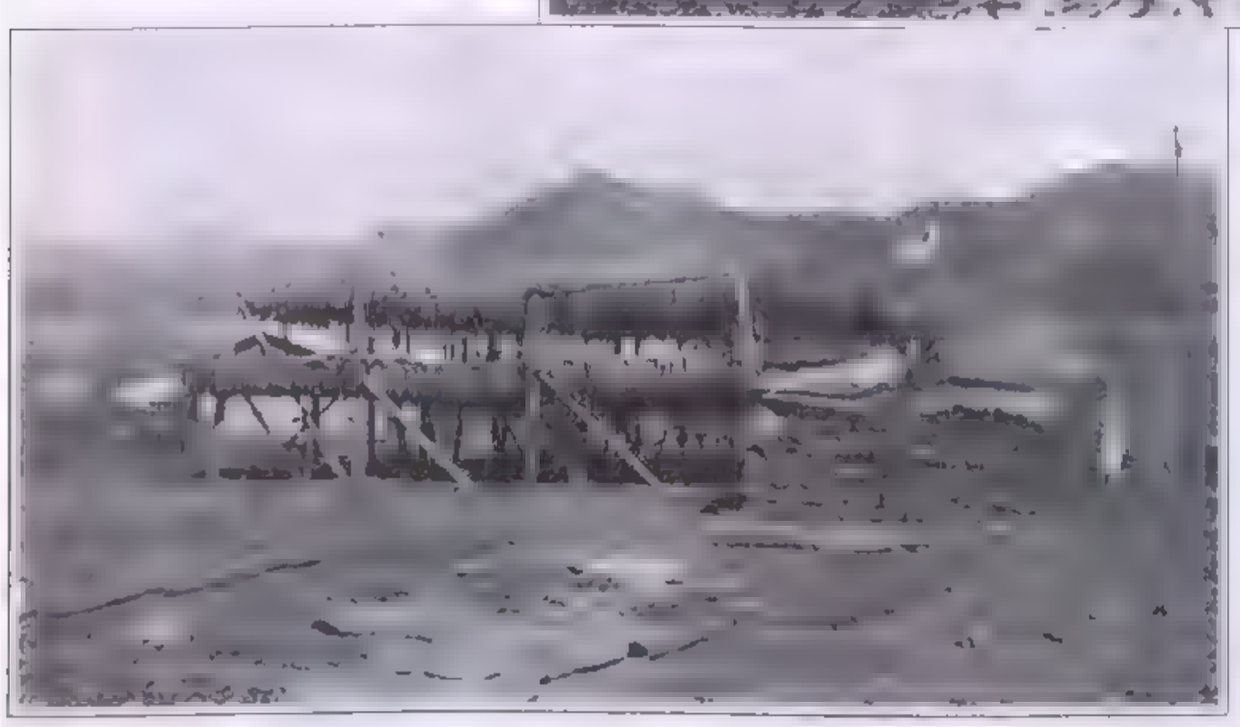
ENDS OF THE EARTH

By Roy Chapman Andrews

Men and Women Taking Fish From the Nets



Fish on Drying Frames in Korea

IN THE middle of March I went up to Seoul, the capital of Korea. Seoul resembled nothing so much as an American mining town amid Oriental surroundings. Sontag's Hotel was the gathering place for dozens of men in from the gold mines. Most of these were operated by Americans. The club occupied a building of the former king's palace, where there was a fascinating air of ruined splendor. One did very much as one pleased, for the Japanese had taken over the country so recently that there were very few restrictions.

The government authorities were cordial to my proposed trip and offered to furnish me with a Japanese interpreter who spoke Korean and a little English. For obvious reasons it was wise to accept, but when he turned up at the hotel I was rather astonished. He was dressed in a frock coat, much too big, and a badly ruffled silk hat. I explained that we were going on a trip of real exploration into an unknown region; that we would wear rough shirts and high boots, not frock coats and silk hats. That did not deter him. As a matter of fact, he proved to be an excellent man. He stuck by me when things looked pretty black and I developed a real affection for him.

In Seoul I learned all I could about the border scouting, but it was almost nothing. No one had been in the great forests, or even seen them. With a little cook, named Kim, and my Japanese interpreter, I sailed up the east coast of Korea to the village of Leshin.

There the natives were catching and drying fish for the favorite Korean dish, called *kimshi*. It is pretty awful. I have yet to find any native concoction which approaches it in general undesirableness. First, a fish is soaked in water until it smells to heaven; then onions and garlic are added, with a great quantity of red pepper. When a Korean has been eating *kimshi* the only place for him is far, far away in the great open spaces.

Far From Home and Mother

AT MU-SAN I engaged eight diminutive Korean ponies and four men for the trip into the border wilderness. The Koreans did not want to go. They never had been there and were frightened. It would have been impossible to obtain a caravan without the assistance of the Japanese gendarmes. They ordered the men to go. The ponies carried our camp equipment and food; all of us walked.

It was only fifty or sixty miles to the edge of the forests. There I camped for a few days, trying to get information, but it was useless. None of the natives had been more than a few miles into the wilderness. My Koreans were sad-looking men when we started northward. Every few miles they stopped to build tiny shrines of birch bark, leave little offerings of food, and pray to their own particular gods for protection from the unknown terrors which awaited them. I took compass directions, laying a course straight for the Long White Mountain—Paik-tu-San, the Koreans call it. The first day's march was fairly easy, up a broad valley through a thin larch forest. The second not so good. By the middle of the third afternoon we were fairly in the wilderness and making slow progress. The forest was dense, the ground littered with moss-grown logs and spongy from underground water. At the end of the fourth march I camped two days, for the men were very tired and much depressed. I thought a rest, fresh meat, if I could find game, would revive their spirits. Luck was with me and I killed a bear. That bear haunts me yet, for I did not give the poor brute a chance. It was almost murder. He came ambling along while I was resting on a fallen tree. Totally unconscious of my presence, he walked to within thirty feet of me. The bullet caught him squarely in the heart, and my one consolation is that he never knew what happened.

The bear did much to improve the morale of my men. The paws are a great delicacy and they feasted like children, forgetting for a time that they were far from home and mother.

For many days we did not see another sign of life. The forest became denser at every mile, with more swamps and surface water. Time after time our ponies were mired and had to be lifted out of the mud. Lush ferns and rank grass made walking dangerous. The trees were interlaced with great festoons of gray Spanish moss which formed a thick canopy overhead. Down where we were there was only a gloomy half light, occasionally shot through with patches of thin sun. No sounds broke the stillness except the calls of the men. No birds or animals, not even a squirrel. To make matters worse, it began to rain. Not a hard refreshing rain, but a dull drizzle which continued for a week

The men were completely disheartened, frightened at the gloomy stillness of the forest and exhausted by strenuous work. They began to talk furtively among themselves and when we camped were ominously silent if I passed their fire. The interpreter told me that they were planning to desert that night with the ponies and food, leaving us to die or get back as best we could. He had overheard their talk the previous evening. It would have been fairly serious to be left without the caravan. I could find my way out easily enough, but no game meant probable starvation.

We were only two days' march from the base of the Paik-tu-San and I had determined to complete my traverse against all odds. To leave it in mid-air meant that all our efforts were wasted. I told the men that we must reach the mountain; that I would give them double wages; further, that I should watch at night and if anyone touched a pony he would be shot without mercy.

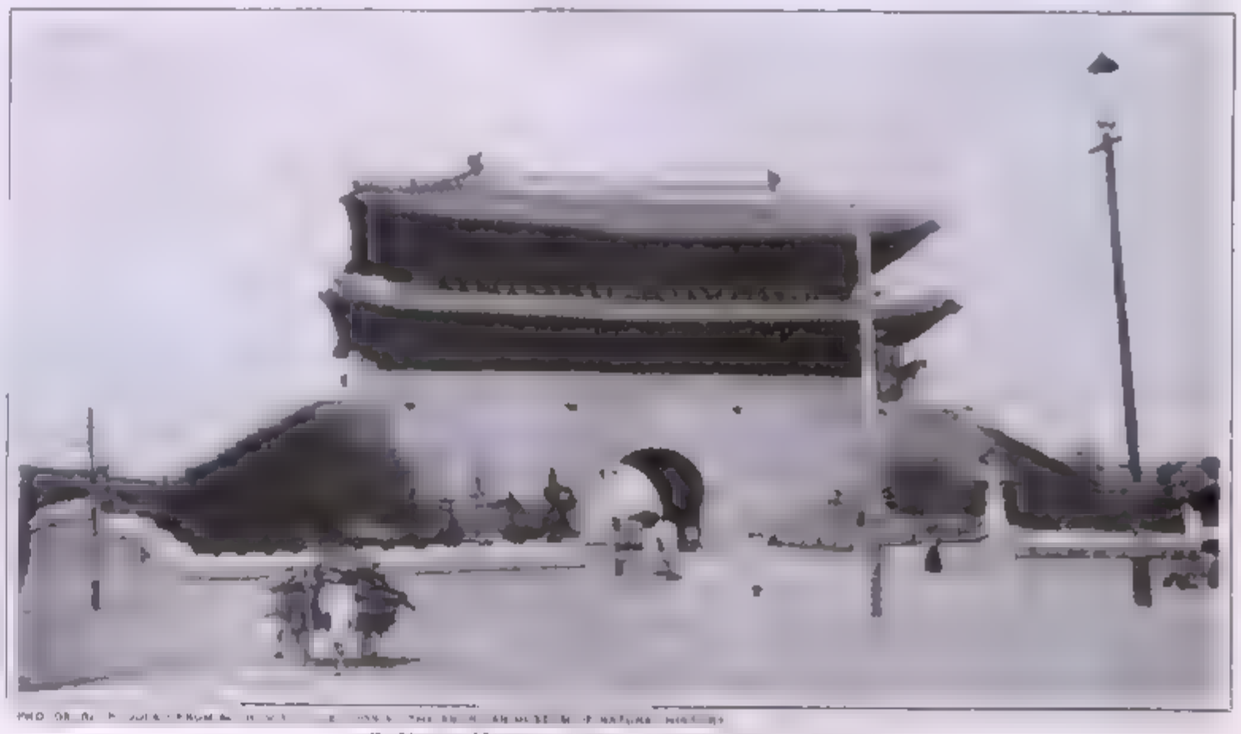
In the Shadow of Long White Mountain

THEY did not like it much. My ultimatum was received in silence. The interpreter and I watched by turns through the night. Now and then one of the men got up to replenish the fire, but they made no move to leave the camp. The next night was a repetition of the first. Both the Japanese and myself were utterly exhausted from lack of sleep and hard work. We wondered if we could stick it out another twenty-four hours.

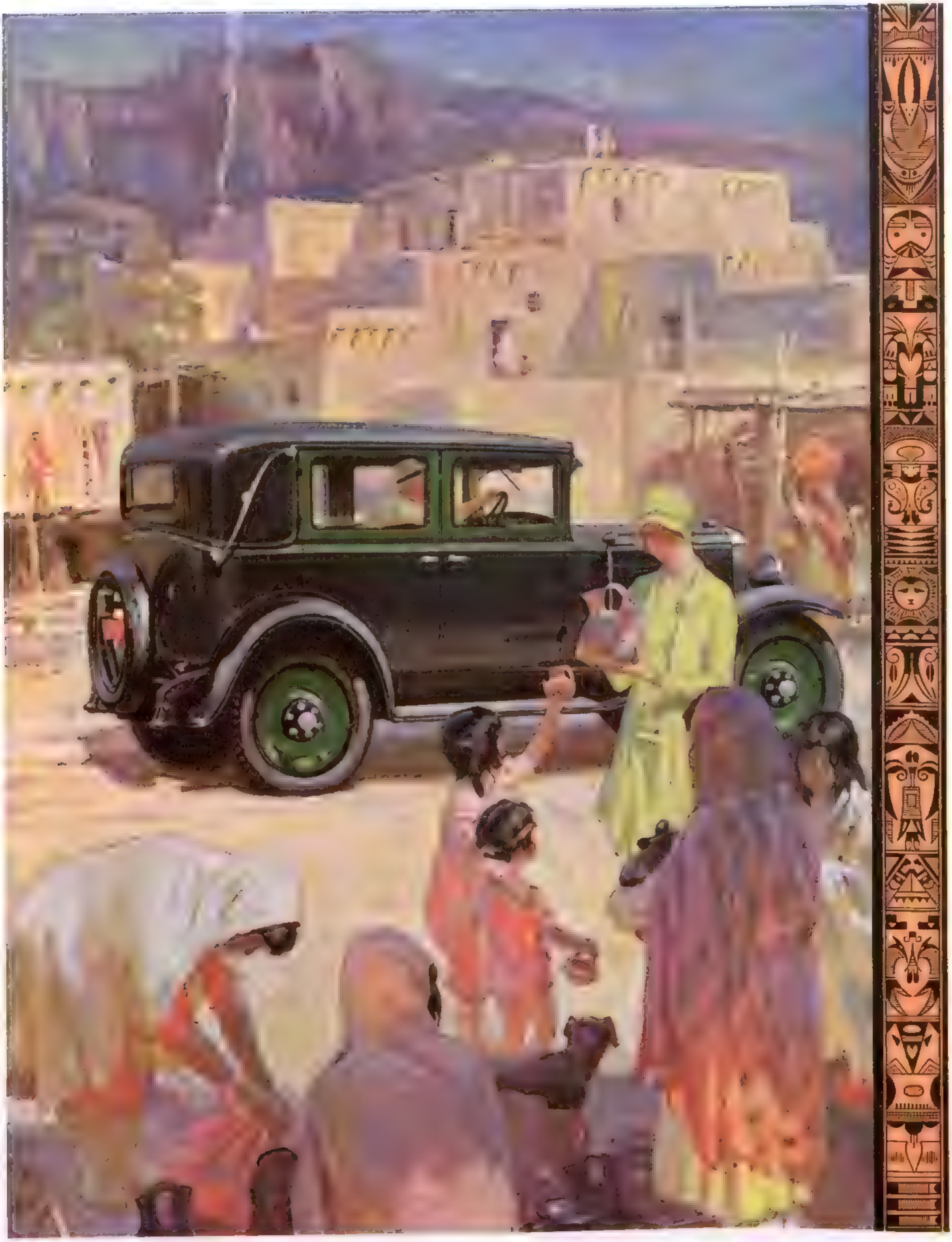
In the late afternoon we emerged into a great burned tract and the mountain rose majestically right in front of us. Banked to the top with snow, it looked like a great white cloud that had settled to earth for a moment's rest.

The open sky and the mountain acted like magic on my men. They began to talk and sing and call to one another in laughing voices. I knew then that the strain was over; they would not desert me. That night we camped in the shadow of the mountain, well out in the burned area, beside a pond of snow water. I slept for fifteen hours, for I was utterly exhausted.

(Continued on Page 39)



A Near View of the South Gate, Seoul



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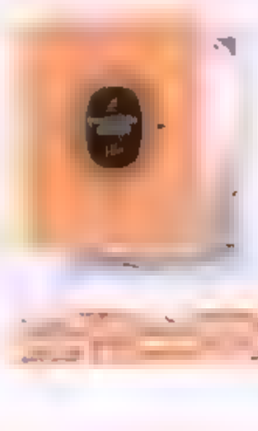

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(Continued from Page 35)

In the later afternoon I shot a roe deer, and that completed the contentment of our party. One cannot wonder at the fears of the men. They knew that our objective was the Long White Mountain, but it seemed hopeless that we could get there. They had never seen a compass. To them we were merely wandering aimlessly through the forest. When we actually arrived, and all by means of that little disk with the turning needle, their admiration knew no bounds. Of course they did not understand how it worked, but it had brought us to the Paik-tu-San, and that was good enough for them. They would follow anywhere I wished to go; now they had complete confidence that I would not leave them to starve in a gloomy wilderness.

Four days at the Long White Mountain were sufficient. It was futile to attempt the ascent, for the snow was piled in great drifts from base to crown. But in any case there would have been little to be gained, for James and Younghusband had reached the crater from the Manchurian side. My object had been to find what lay within that Korean wilderness over which they had looked thirty-three years before. I had a compass line straight through the forest to the base, and a rough map of the surrounding country.

I determined not to return by the way we had come, but to strike through the forest to the headwaters of the Yalu River, which could not be far to the west. It was a difficult trip; just about like what we had experienced on the way to the mountain. Dense forest, swamps and drizzling rain. But the men pushed on with light hearts, laughing at difficulties and hard work, supremely confident that my little compass knew the way.

We discovered a beautiful lake set like a jewel amid the green larch forest, its shores a gray line of volcanic ash. Near by were two large ponds swarming with mallard ducks. I shot three roe deer, a wild boar and trapped many small mammals. Birds were everywhere; flowers made a brilliant carpet in the parklike openings of the forest. I should have liked to spend a month at this delightful spot, but food was running low.

The Way to a Brigand's Heart

A DAY before we reached the Yalu, while hunting roe deer, I stumbled into the camp of eight Manchurian bandits; tall, brown, hard-bitten fellows armed with long flintlock rifles. I suspected immediately what they were, but they saw me as quickly as I saw them. My rifle did not help any. They had me covered from several directions. There was nothing to do but bluff it out. Fortunately I knew a little Chinese. I said I was a friend, laid down my rifle and advanced.

After a little they resumed eating and offered me tea and millet. Then they went to my camp. They looked over all our stuff, but there was absolutely nothing they could use except my rifle. I told the cook to get busy as he never had before and prepare a dinner of roe-deer meat. The bandits were pleased and accepted the invitation to eat with alacrity. My interpreter could speak Chinese very poorly but he knew enough to tell them all about us.

After dinner the brigands became most friendly. They admitted that they were part of a band which held this region near the Yalu. All merchants sending goods between villages must pay them taxes. As we were not merchants and had been so hospitable, they would charge us nothing. Moreover, they told us how to avoid others of the band who might not be so friendly.

The next day we camped on the bank of the great river, which at that spot was less than thirty yards across. Following down the stream for two days we came to a Korean settlement. There was great rejoicing among my men, for they were heroes. Had they not been to the Long White Mountain, faced the terrors of the unknown wilderness, and all with the aid of a tiny compass? If I had given it to them they would certainly have placed it in a shrine to worship as a god. Every villager came to see it. Reverently they passed it about, the old men wagging their heads and saying little, the younger explaining volubly how it worked.

Farther down the river we came to the first logging operations conducted by the Japanese. Here I dismissed my caravan, for I intended to float down the Yalu on a log raft. It was very comfortable on the raft. The men made me a little house of bark. Sometimes at night we tied up to a bank, but usually the raft floated on, guided by two men with huge sweeps. I shot ducks and geese for specimens, retrieving them in a small boat towed behind the raft.

PHOTOS REPRODUCED FROM AUTHOR'S COLLECTION AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Seals in the Surf at St. Paul Island

I watched the Yalu grow with every mile, for we passed dozens of small streams, each of which contributed its share to swell the giant river. The trip was very restful after the strenuous days of continued travel which we had undergone. With plenty of birds and fish, I lived like a king.

But I was a sorry sight in the way of garments when we reached An-tung at the mouth of the river. My shoes and trousers had completely gone. I was dressed in Korean clothes except for coat and hat. In this garb I reached Seoul and registered at the Sontag Hotel.

A cable to the museum elicited a delightful reply. For nearly five months I had dropped out of the world and the usual reports of death in the Korean wilderness had been cabled far and wide. I have died so frequently since that now I am quite accustomed to it; it seems to be the best little thing I do.

A Female Seal in the Gorbatch Rookery

The museum was pleased with the results. I had explored and mapped a considerable area of unknown country and brought out a large collection of mammals and birds. Many of them were new to science. I felt that I had a sufficiently good excuse to wander for a while and travel very slowly homeward.

I tore myself away from Seoul, Korea, with difficulty. It was a most attractive community. The life was absolutely free, a trifle wild at times, but still had a strange tinge of formality as a left-over from the court days. The world was in front of me. Where should I go?

Peking first, of course. My previous visit to the city had given me a great desire to return, as it does all visitors. The revolution of 1911 had just ended the monarchy, and the country was heaving with unrest, like a boiling caldron. Perhaps I could see a bit of looting and street fighting, which would be interesting.

A little Japanese vessel from Chemulpo, Korea, took me to Port Arthur. There I went over the battlefields with a Japanese officer who had been through the siege. Hill 203 must have been a shambles. Probably in modern history there never was a more stubborn resistance or greater individual valor in attack than at that terrible spot. How quickly it would have been ended had the world then known the use of airplanes!

Sealskin in the Making

I DECIDED that I ought to go to Australia. I wasn't very keen about it, but it was far away and I had not been in that part of the world. So I went to Shanghai and thence to Hong-Kong. In the club I met a man I knew. He was going across Siberia and wanted my company. "Can do," said I. Russia seemed more amusing than Australia, and I have always been glad that I saw it before the revolution.

In Moscow we parted; he to go to London, I eventually to Finland. A month in Sweden, Norway and Denmark, and I sailed for New York. I had had no mail for weeks, for I never could wait long enough for it to catch up to me, and I had no plans. I was just wandering happily, drifting with the current of youthful desires until my money had disappeared.

The winter in New York passed in hard work. I wrote a monograph on the rediscovered California gray whale, offered it as a thesis at Columbia University and took my degree in June. That was 1913.

A few weeks later I went north on the yacht Adventuress, belonging to John Borden, of Chicago. It was to have been a sporting whale hunt, but the vessel was delayed in getting around the Horn to San Francisco. We were too late to go into the ice and the trip became a shoot for caribou and bear along Alaskan shores.

But I did one job that was interesting and worth while. The Director of the United States Bureau of Fisheries had requested me to take motion pictures of the valuable fur-seal herd in the Pribyloff Islands in the Bering Sea. No one with a movie camera had been allowed on the islands.

It was a real opportunity.

We dropped anchor off the rock-bound coast of St. Paul Island, and a few days later the Adventuress sailed away, leaving me with the hospitable government colony. Those two little islands way out there in the Bering Sea have yielded much more than the entire purchase price of Alaska, and all from the skins of the fur seals. I believe, too, that I am right in saying that they have been the subject of as much debate and governmental literature as any other international question.

The seals, you must know, are divided into two distinct groups—fur seals and hair seals. The latter have comparatively little value commercially, but the former yield the rich soft fur which makes a sealskin coat worth hundreds of dollars. Perhaps thousands now—I haven't bought any lately!

All winter long the black rocks of the Pribyloffs lie deserted, stark and cold. But in early spring come the old bull seals up from the south. Great hulking fellows they are, rolling in fat. When the females have all arrived, the beach is turned into a maternity ward. Almost every lady seal gives birth to a little black squalling baby within a week from the time she lands.

I never knew that seals had to be taught to swim. I thought they knew how to paddle instinctively, like a duck. Not at all. I used to watch the mothers giving swimming lessons in the tide pools. The babies were afraid of the water. Slaps and vigorous cuffing were required before they would even get their flippers wet. Sometimes the mothers had to throw them bodily into the pools. But once in, they learned the motions quickly enough.

(Continued on Page 149

AD LIBBING—By Jack Donahue

AD LIB, from the Latin "*ad libitum*," meaning, freely translated, "Go as far as you like." And, to the comedian, the ability to ad lib determines just about how far he will go. It's a far cry from Doctor Zurega's traveling medicine show to Mr. Ziegfeld's front yard, but I always had good lungs, and eventually they heard me on Broadway. And for any success I may have had, I must give the credit to the ad-lib remark, that bit of spontaneous comedy not in the manuscript. Nowhere in the world of business will you find as keen competition as exists between two or more people doing comedy in the same theatrical troupe. The young comedian is faced with so many obstacles to overcome that one could hardly blame him if he drifted quietly away into the delicatessen business, where he could at least cut himself a slice of Bologna and carry on when everything seemed blackest. Standing directly in his path, like Gibraltar, is the featured comedian, guarding eternally each precious laugh which is his, seeking always to crush out any stray laugh that may have fallen by mistake to some other player.

What can the boy do? He's funny, and he knows it; he laid them in the aisles in Wilkes-Barre with his single, but here he finds himself doing a straight for a not too funny comic. He has his lines to speak and the other has all the answers. And then one night he has an inspiration. The comedian is leaving the stage after having received his usual quota of laughs; well pleased with himself, he exits with the line: "See you later."

"Not if I see you first," our boy friend answers. The line was not in the script, but they are laughing out front. That's ad-lib comedy. The older comedian complains that it was uncalled for, a bad spot for a laugh. But laughs are precious in the theater, and in it stays.

And of late years the public has come to recognize this ability of a comedian to inject a little unrehearsed comedy into a scene. You can always tell when it occurs, if you are observing. The line is spoken, the laugh is over, and the player to whom the line was spoken is at a loss for a line; so he, too, must ad lib. Instead of being asked a question, perhaps he has received an answer. The other players are probably trying to cover their own amusement. This is something different; the theatergoers feel closer to the people on the stage, and they have come to like and expect a dash of this impromptu comedy with their evening's entertainment.

My parents decided that I should be a comedian when I was still a babe in arms; they had always heard that real comedians were very sad fellows offstage, and since I seemed to cry all the time, they thought I might be very funny on the stage. My father wanted to sign me with a now-famous theatrical firm, but they wanted to hold options on my services until my fortieth birthday, feeling that if I clicked they should get some advantages for having given me my start. But my father was a hard-headed business man—I'm sure of the adjective—and said that if the job wasn't permanent he'd have to make other plans for me. As soon as I was able to toddle, dad took me to a fashionable Boston dancing school, in the Charlestown section, and got me a couple of hot buck routines. He figured that, no matter how hard the days to follow, I would always have a dance to go into.

Peter the Marble-Hearted

AND now let us skip lightly over a few lean years and pick up young Donahue at a wide place in the road, masquerading under the name of Pleasantville. And when I say "Pick him up," I do not mean that he was a flop; he hadn't got that far along yet. The attraction was the Pretty Daisies Company. A member of the troupe having been left behind at the last town, suffering from malnutrition, I had come on to take his place. I introduced myself to the owner, who had established quite a reputation in the Middle West as the only man in that section with a diamond filling in a front tooth. I was told to join the company in rehearsal at the schoolhouse, where I met the stage manager—one Pete Marbleheart. It has been said that hard times make hard men, and poor Pete must have lived an awful life up to the time I met him. Today, when a show goes into rehearsal, each actor is handed a typewritten part, but this was in the good old catch-as-catch-can days. Pete had no such properties. He immediately proceeded to insult me by offering me a drink from a pocket flask, but, thanks to my early training, I was able to swallow the insult. Then Pete proceeded to put on the show in what I think was world-record time.

PHOTO BY WHITE STUDIO, N. Y. C.

The Author, in One of His Greatest Successes, "Sunny"

Turning to a young lady, he said, "You play Julia O'Brien, the ingénue. You are in love with Milton Schultz. . . . That's you"—pointing to the juvenile man. Then, to two elderly actors, he continued, "You are Old Man Schultz and you are Old Man O'Brien. You don't want your children to get married. You fight and argue all the time. . . . I have some scenery," Pete went on. "It isn't here; it's in Pueblo, where we open next Monday night. All you need to know is that there are doors right and left of the stage, and a door off center. That's O'Brien's house, and over there is Schultz's." To the two remaining members of the cast he gave the parts of Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Schultz. They wanted to know if they were to play their parts with the same hatred that the husbands were to show for each other. At which Pete was somewhat annoyed.

He said, "What do you want me to do—live your lives for you? Ain't you got any ingenuity at all? Just go ahead and get up in your parts. I'll give you plenty of time; I won't be back till tonight."

I was told that they would fix up some kind of a bit for me and that I was to dance in the oleo, which is between full stage scenes. And Pete exited with the injured air of a great director who has given all and asked nothing of his ungrateful puppets. And scarcely had the door closed on his retreating form when I was seeing an entire play ad-libbed before my very eyes. The two wives started hurling venomous lines at each other; the Irish comic was putting the curse on everything that might be of Teutonic origin, and the Knights of Columbus would have stopped the performance if they could have heard some of Schultz's comebacks. Even Pete, on his return, had to admit that the piece was shaping up nicely; his only suggestion being that the argument between the two women out of their windows should run a little longer. They were all instructed to memorize the lines as they had rehearsed them.

"That's all for tonight, folks," he said. "It's twelve o'clock now. Go home and get a good night's sleep. I won't want you back here till eight o'clock in the morning." Good old Pete! When he died many years later from enlargement of the heart, I sent on a beautiful cactus bush; it seemed so appropriate. The next day they used a complete new set of lines, always ad libbing, and I began to practice every chance I had.

There is No Justice

ON ANOTHER detour on the road to success I was playing with a burlesque show—"Clean Stuff For the Entire Family, Bring the Kiddies." We were routed up in the Great Northwest, and in many houses we played the first four rows were reserved for woodchucks. When the management wanted to clear the house they would open the back doors and let the wolves run through. The show already had two comics; I was engaged for my hoofing specialty, but was ever on the alert to sneak in a laugh. However, I had only one line, which gave very little scope to a lad of my ambition. I tried stammering the line, and later, a dancing entrance and exit which proved good for a mild laugh. Later I was rewarded with an additional line—"How do you like it?" after my dance, to which the comedian would reply, "Sit down and I'll show you how to dance." He saw an opportunity in my question for a laugh, and changed his line to: "If you're doing it for my benefit, you can stop." With a smile which belied my inward rage, I waited until he had finished his routine. Still rubbing it in, he turned to me and asked, "How did you like that, son? My friends tell me I'm pretty good." And then I had him. "They are not your friends," was my retort, and it not only got a laugh but led to a nightly battle of wits between us, with me generally coming out a good second. Everything went in our little war, and I'm afraid that if it had continued for long, the frail thread of the story would have been broken. So they took my name off the pay roll, and, being independent, I quit on the spot.

Time passes, the boy grows bigger and funnier, now completely weaned and with a full set of molars, but not enough opportunity to use them, for the intervals between the buckwheats are becoming lengthier. I needed work in the worst way, and sure enough, I got it in the worst way—a stock company in Muff, Utah. They had no theater in Muff at that time; rumor had it that the woodpeckers had eaten the old building, forcing them to take over the local church. This had been a losing proposition, anyway, and it was a simple matter to make the necessary changes, the janitor becoming house manager.

I was first cast as a policeman in an afterpiece called Irish Justice; the manager, having engaged an Irish comedian, was faced with the task of finding suitable vehicles for his talents. Otherwise it might as well have been Dutch Justice. After the first performance the audience decided there was no justice.

However, this comic was a past master in the art of ad libbing. I tried every day for an entire season to do something he couldn't follow with a laugh, but never succeeded. There was one time when I thought I had him in the big court-room scene. I brought in an extra girl prisoner and told the judge she had disturbed the peace by singing in the streets. Not in the least disturbed, he asked that she sing a number so he could see how much disturbance there was in it. I had instructed the girl to open her mouth as though singing, but to let no sound escape her lips. It looked as if the zero hour had arrived for the judge, but he rallied with the line: "I know this girl; she used to work in the customhouse. She has an invoice." The bit was kept in the show and I gave up in disgust.

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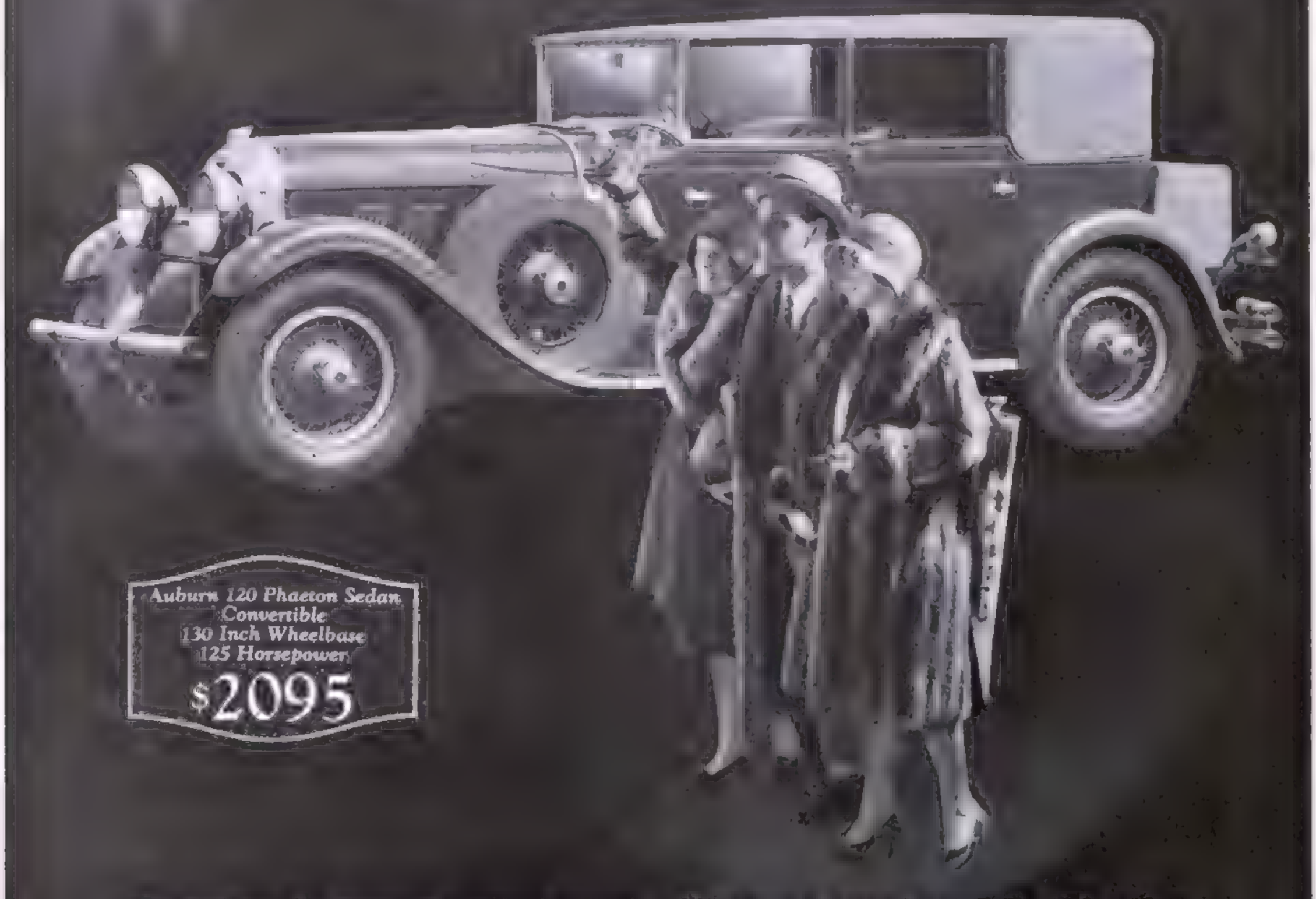

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THE TERRIBLE TENDERFOOT

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

EVERY man is a tenderfoot when he steps for the first time into the wilderness and finds himself at last in the environment of his dreams. It is the land of romance—prospectors and killers and picturized heroes of a thousand movies. All his life he has thrilled to the thought of this—and now he is here!

He may be more than ordinarily sophisticated and level-headed out in the cities and on the humdrum level of the plains, where, it is true, men are men, but don't look it. But there is something about the mountains that wraps him in glamour and makes him do remarkable things. No matter how hard his head, the moment he steps inside the magic circle of the broken hills he becomes Alice in Wonderland.

There is no accounting for this. In later years, when the man is no longer a tenderfoot, he looks back and wonders if it can be possible that once upon a time he could have been such a complete and amazing jackass. But that is long after he has become mentally acclimated and able to see the wilderness as it is.

The thing is as mysterious and elusive as buck ague. I have tried to forget my own exploits as a tenderfoot, but such things refuse to be forgotten. It is many years since I sprang from my blankets, my hair on end and every nerve quivering at the sound of a wood rat playing among the dried madroña leaves, but the recollection still comes back to leer at me and make me blush. A wood rat, let it be explained, can make more noise in the stilly night than seven drunken elephants doing the black bottom in a china store. But I learned. It is often bitter, this learning, for no man loves to hear the ribald laughter of the old-timers echoing from the canyon walls.

Safety First, Second and Third

I WAS fortunate, however, for my own education was fairly easy, and involved no very serious consequences. I had reasoned some of the glamour away in advance, and this helped—a little. A very little. But one of the things that refuses to listen to reason is that same buck ague.

To the understanding Californian fire is the constant menace that haunts him, waking or sleeping, and will not let him take a chance. He drops no match heedlessly upon the ground. Usually he first makes sure that it no longer blazes. Then he gives it a few careful wipes along the fabric of his overalls, following which he breaks it in two, the charred head between thumb and finger. If it does not sting him, he is pretty well convinced that it is out. If he is walking along a trail he drops the pieces into the dust, steps on them in passing, with a grinding of his foot. He does all these things more or less mechanically, for he has done them so often that they have become habitual.

My first experience occurred when I was on my first prospecting trip. I was camping with a dozen other young fellows at Chester King's old cabin in the Piru River country. I knew that fire was dangerous, of course, so one morning I made my breakfast fire in the middle of a plowed garden. There was no inflammable material within two hundred feet, and besides, my fire was out, so I went away for the day, perfectly comfortable in my mind.

But here I learned that a dead fire is the most dangerous of them all. It happened to be wash day in camp and the boys had hung their laundry on a rail fence that bounded the garden. Sometime during the day there came a mischievous little whirlwind which decided to play a joke on the tenderfoot. It picked a live coal out of my dead camp fire, whirled it across the garden and into a brushy fence corner, burning up every clean shirt on the Piru River.

That was more than a quarter of a century ago, but the lesson stays with me to this day. I will not burn brush on my own land as long as the dry season is on. I pile it and wait for the fall rains. It is a fearful job to make soggy brush burn, but my peace of mind is worth a lot to me. You cannot take liberties with fire. I remember a neighbor who found a nest of yellow jackets in the roof of his cabin, and when they all came home to roost he squirted kerosene on the nest and burned every son of them. But he burned down his cabin in the bargain, which took much from the zest of his victory.

It is in starting forest fires that the tenderfoot displays a fertility of invention that goes far beyond the limitations of mere genius. He rolls blithesomely along the winding highways through the mountains and flings his cigar butts into the edge of the forest. Perhaps he is a hundred miles away before the forest fire begins; probably he never hears about it. He loves to build his camp fire against a rotten log. Why, I do not know. The other end of the log may be in a deep mass of dried brush and pine needles, ready to burst into flame at the merest touch of a spark, but apparently the tenderfoot's imagination does not see the length of the log. His imagination, too, fails to remind him that a rotten log will smolder for days—often weeks—then begin to blaze when nobody is near to fight it.

Sometimes he varies this by building his fire against the foot of a tree. The bigger the tree, the better, and if it is running pitch clear to the crown, better still. Again he is far away from the place when at last the tree burns through and falls to the ground, blazing its entire length and scattering fire in every direction. Perhaps a thousand acres of beautiful woodland go up in flames and possibly a fire fighter loses his life in a gallant battle with the tenderfoot's breakfast fire, but the tenderfoot's imagination never goes on ahead and sees these possibilities.

It is hard to guard against all fire contingencies. What can you do about the tenderfoot hunter who lights his cigarette in the midst of a primeval forest where nobody but God can possibly see him toss aside the match? The forest guardians plead and reason; they tack warnings all along trails and highways, begging people by the love they bear for beauty and the future of the forests to be careful. But though many respond to this kindly education, there are many also whose reactions are the same that move other people against the Eighteenth Amendment. Theirs becomes the perversity of the small boy who does a thing merely because he has been told not to do it. Children. For the first time in the mountains, and they have gone back to their stubborn childhood.

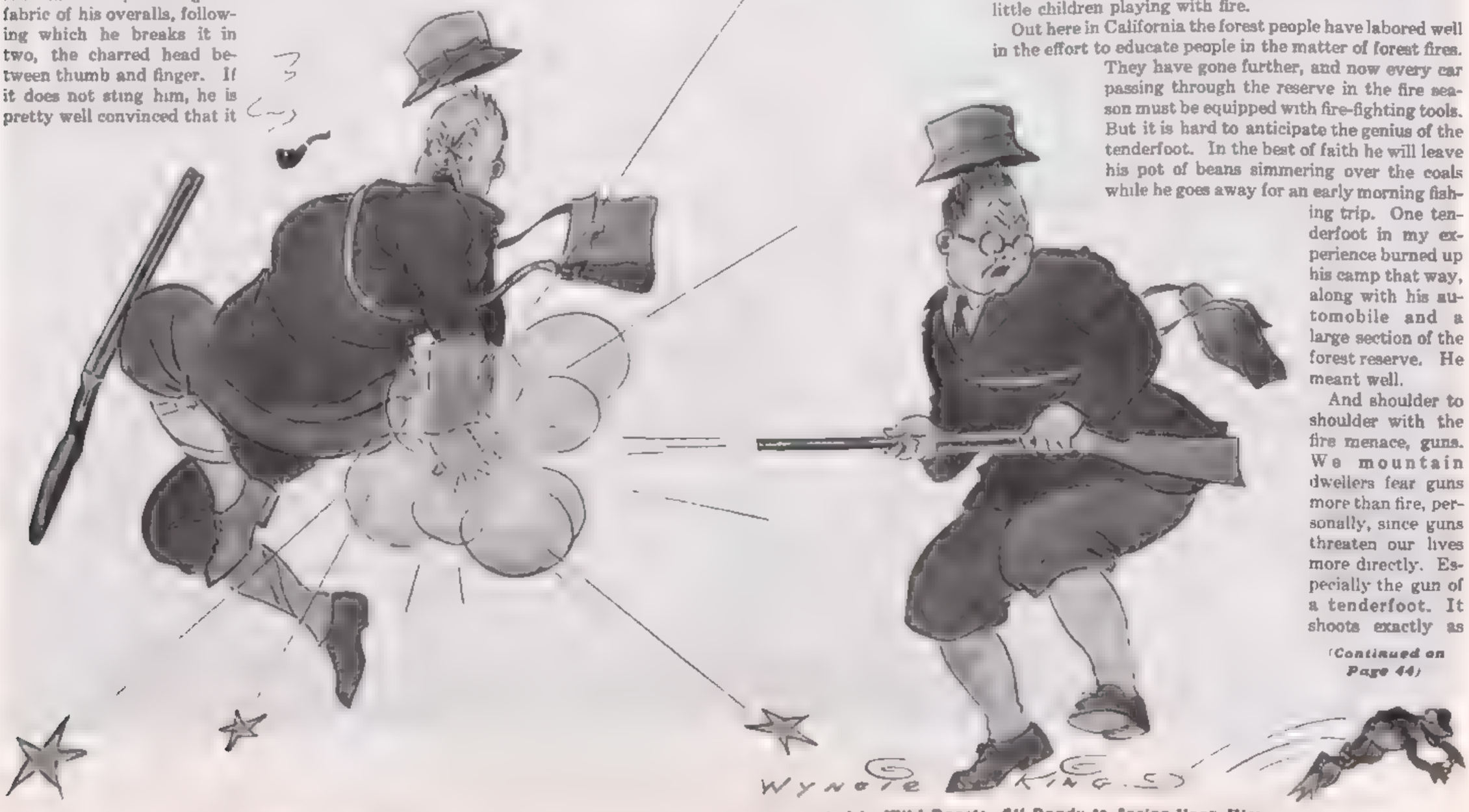
A Positive Genius for Setting Fires

I THINK that most tenderfeet mean well, but now and then their lack of imagination is almost unbelievable. I recall several instances when otherwise sane people built their camp fires in the midst of a thick carpet of decaying pine needles. True, they scraped a ring around the fire and apparently were trying to conform to the regulations. Too, before leaving the place they covered the fire as prescribed by law, but the covering they used was full of half-rotted pine needles, full of pitch and bound to smolder for days, the sullen spark creeping along underneath until it reached the surrounding blanket of fresher needles. Had they pondered the matter for years they could not have evolved a more perfect fire menace! No imagination; little children playing with fire.

Out here in California the forest people have labored well in the effort to educate people in the matter of forest fires. They have gone further, and now every car passing through the reserve in the fire season must be equipped with fire-fighting tools. But it is hard to anticipate the genius of the tenderfoot. In the best of faith he will leave his pot of beans simmering over the coals while he goes away for an early morning fishing trip. One tenderfoot in my experience burned up his camp that way, along with his automobile and a large section of the forest reserve. He meant well.

And shoulder to shoulder with the fire menace, guns. We mountain dwellers fear guns more than fire, personally, since guns threaten our lives more directly. Especially the gun of a tenderfoot. It shoots exactly as

(Continued on Page 44)



He Imagines That as Soon as He Enters the Mountains He Is Surrounded by Wild Beasts, All Ready to Spring Upon Him

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Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

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Forrest Stanley Gladys Brockwell Robert Frazer

Who gave particularly distinguished performances in "The Drake Case."

THE greatest season in Universal's history is just beginning, and the results of many months of feverish activity are being revealed to the nation's millions. Tremendous sums of money have been expended in perfecting Universal talking pictures, and the results are nothing short of amazing. I believe I can say without the slightest exaggeration that the human voice and sound effects have never been reproduced in such a pleasing and distinct and lifelike manner. —C. L.

As a perfect example of the new talking pictures there is "*The Drake Case*," a gripping mystery melodrama. When GLADYS BROCKWELL, as the accused woman, FORREST STANLEY as the district attorney, or ROBERT FRAZER, as the attorney for the defense, speaks, you can hear every syllable every sound. You can close your eyes and think that these players are taking a part in real life, so clear are the voices, so perfect is the recording.

Another innovation in talking pictures is "*The Wagon Master*," a great outdoor story in which KEN MAYNARD makes his talking and singing debut. REGINALD DENNY'S first 100% talking picture is "*One Hysterical Night*." Other new and timely Universal pictures are "*Barnum Was Right*," starring GLENN TRYON and MYRNA KENNEDY, and "*Tonight at Twelve*," made from Owen Davis' stage play of the same title, starring MADGE BELLAMY, MARGARET LIVINGSTON, NORMAN TREVOR and VERA REYNOLDS.

The bookings for "*Broadway*," "*Show Boat*" and "*College Love*" indicate to us that they will reach the full success this season to which they are entitled. In other words, these three very pretentious productions have only just begun and can easily be regarded as the leaders of 1929-30.

I am anxious that some one in every town should take it upon himself or herself to act as correspondent to me. It requires someone who is deeply interested in and familiar with moving pictures. Who will be the volunteer in *your* town? Write to me personally today. I want to keep thoroughly posted on moving picture activities in every city, town, village and hamlet in America.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

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hard as that of an old-timer and usually is more deadly. Bob Watson used to say that he never knew a single tenderfoot who could hit anything if he really aimed at it, but that he never missed a man if he shot at him accidentally. Which is a trifle involved to the casual glance, but upon closer inspection there is to be found much truth in it.

Bob Watson was a pioneer on our river; for twenty-five years before I went into that country he had trapped in the winter months and guided parties of tenderfoot deer hunters in the season. He and I were the only men on our river one winter, and we used to spend the evenings in front of my fireplace, talking. Especially Bob loved to talk about tenderfeet, for the subject always wrought in him a pleasant rage which was like a mental pick-me-up, following a long period of monotonous good nature.

"Tenderfeet are all crazy," he said to me once. "Nine-tenths of them ought never been allowed to pack a gun into these hills, and the other tenth ought to 've been shot when they were young!"

I did not hold with Bob's dictum, for I thought it too sweeping. I argued the point and at last he grudgingly conceded that perhaps not more than seven-eighths of them were absolutely crazy, the rest being merely feeble-witted. And then he went on to prove his point. He had guided parties, every individual of which was so dumb he dared not allow them out of his sight lest they get lost. Finally he hit upon the expedient of hanging cowbells about their necks. When one of them strayed out of sight of camp, he would ring his cowbell and Bob would go out and lead him back to safety. This may sound like an exaggeration, but I believe it to have been true. The utter helplessness of some otherwise intelligent people when out in the hills is incredible. Imagine, if you can, such an individual wandering about with a gun in his hands.

Babes in the Wood

"What do they do?" Bob said, on another occasion, when he was particularly bitter in recounting his wrongs. "They do everything you would imagine a chicken doing! Not a normal chicken, of course, but one that had been stepped on by a cow, along about the time he was comin' on to pip. Know what one of my tenderfeet did one year when we were camping up on Wilcox Ridge? He was fooling round about two hundred yards from camp and saw the old jackass browsing in the brush. He thought the jackass was a bear, and when we found him next day he was away up in the top of a madroña tree, nearly exhausted!"

Perhaps the hysterical tenderfoot has done more than most of his kind in the matter of making the species feared in the hills. In this case he goes to the other extreme and brings with him an overdeveloped imagination. He imagines that as soon as he enters the mountains he is surrounded by wild beasts, all ready to spring upon him at any moment and tear him limb from limb. That other people live there and go about their business unharmed from year to year does not seem to impinge upon his reason, if any. To him, his jaunt into the California pleasant places is a feat worthy of record among the exploits of Buffalo Bill or Daniel Boone or Lindbergh flying across the Atlantic.

I have a summer friend who lives at the edge of our village. Not long ago a city acquaintance came to visit him, and as it began to grow dusk the tenderfoot friend saw his host's dog trotting across the yard, knew immediately that it must be a mountain lion and shot it! Right in the old dog's own front yard! No, don't blame the poor chap; he couldn't help it. His was simply the kind of mind that can't stand the glamour of the high places. But nevertheless, we are bound to think that it was a tough break for the poor pup.

Worse still is the case of a chap I used to know in Southern California. He was born with a love for the back country, and so he settled away out in the wilderness and specialized in summer people hunting parties and the like. Everybody liked him and his place grew to be very popular. But one morning he went out of the house and was fooling round in the garden when one of his tenderfoot hunters saw him, thought he was a wildcat, and shot him dead.

Can you imagine yourself looking in any way like a wildcat? What, I wonder, caused my friend to resemble a cat in so striking a manner as to justify a hunter in taking a shot at him? How do you account for these things? How account for the condition of the man's mind who saw the top of a little boy's head showing above the rock where he was playing, thought he saw a coyote, and killed the boy? Or what was there about a man wearing a straw hat and standing on top of a high rock that made another hunter think he was a moose? In the first place, there are no wild moose in California. In the second place, by the most of us a man in a straw hat would not be mistaken for a moose in a thousand years. Why, a moose has horns, and there are many other points of difference. But this hunter was deceived to the point where he felt justified in turning loose the fatal shot

See Their Horns Before You Shoot

Another fellow I used to know was lying on his back, watching a squirrel hole. His companion came along, saw the recumbent one's red head, was naturally convinced that he was a fox, and sprinkled him nicely with quail shot.

Two brothers were camped a short distance down our river and one evening they came in from a hunt, one along a high ridge and the other along the bottom of the gulch. The latter was struggling through some heavy brush when the one on the ridge saw him and knew at once, with the unhesitating sureness of the hysterical tenderfoot, that this was a bear. He shot his brother, not once but several times, killing him. Under ordinary circumstances it would be difficult to hit a bear in the thick brush, but this was tragedy, and every one of his bullets went true.

It all comes back to Bob Watson's saying: Why do accident shots never miss?

I have always been careful with a gun—any kind of gun, for they are all dangerous. When deer hunting, I have always made it a habit to insist upon horns before pressing the trigger. It has cost me a few deer, one time and another, but once it saved me a lot of trouble.

My wife and I were hunting in an unusually wild district, some ten miles from home, and in a remote spot we came down through some open timber and struck the head of a draw which sloped down to the dense forest at the bottom of Cable Creek. The draw was full of high brush, and about a hundred yards down, a little thicket of young firs stood in the midst of the brush. An ideal place for an old buck to bed. We sat down, discussing the possibilities in whispers, and presently we heard him begin to stir uneasily.

Mrs. Reese had left her own rifle in camp, so I suggested that she slip round the shoulder of the left-hand ridge and get into the brush below him and make a demonstration. I would lie low, and hearing her, he probably would get nervous and try to slip out. As both sides of the draw were comparatively open ground, I most certainly would get him.

I heard him again, shortly after my wife left me. Then he was quiet again. But after about fifteen minutes I heard him once more. This time he left the fir thicket and began stealing toward the top of the draw, and seemed to be making for a point some fifty yards to my right. Presently I glimpsed his tan coat through a rift in the brush, and so I laid my sights on him.

Several times I caught glimpses of him and frequently he stopped a moment. At any of those times I could have tucked a bullet nicely through the brush and he would have been my meat. I had but to twitch my trigger finger gently, and he would be my meat. But that old habit of mine persisted and would not let me do it. Horns—I must see horns.

Just a few yards farther on was a narrow opening through the brush. I would drop him there, sure. Just as soon as he set foot in that little lane I would let him have it. I kept my bead steadily upon him and my finger began to press ever so slightly. The bead was dead on him when he stepped out into that opening, but he wasn't a buck at all. It was my wife.

I could not believe it. You see, from the very first I had been so sure it was a buck. There had been one in the fir thicket at the beginning. That was the fact upon which I built the structure of all the rest of it. But he had slipped out somehow and my wife came along and substituted for him. Why, it had not even occurred to me that it was my wife, for I had told her merely to get into the brush at the foot of the draw and kick up a fuss there. But—I must see horns! Tenderfeet, this habit was the only thing that kept me from killing the only wife I ever expect to have in this world.

Yes, it was a tenderfoot trick—sending my wife into the brush. I admit it frankly, but at the same time I point out that I am only mortal. All mortals make fools of themselves once in a while, even after they have thought themselves full of all wisdom.

The average tenderfoot means well. It is not his fault if he does queer things, and the majority of them finally come out of it and become sane and understanding. We graduates have all been over the same road that he is traveling so painfully, and so we sympathize with him and wish him an early convalescence. He loves the hills, and this warms us to him, even while we laugh at him. He has come to the wilderness to bathe his soul in its glamour, reverent and appreciative.

A Tenderfoot, a Gun and a Bottle

But the whoopee tenderfoot's idea of a good time is to get into the wild and raise hell. We dwellers in the hills observe his advent much as we would contemplate the arrival of an epidemic of smallpox, and we live a life of unease until he has gone away again. A tenderfoot and a gun we view with alarm, but a tenderfoot with a gun and a bottle poisons our rest and causes an apprehension to settle over our river like a constant miasma.

South Fork Mountain stands five thousand feet high, and for nearly a day's march its summit is a narrow backbone, level and with a ranger trail running its length. I have never traveled this trail without a feeling of awe. To the west one looks out over the hill waves to the place of the setting sun; to the east, old Shasta lifts his venerable white head into the sky. By day I have seemed to be walking just under the sky, and at night I felt that I had but to reach up and gather a handful of stars.

Oh, well, my partner and I were hunting one day, just under this trail, when a party of whoopee tenderfeet rode by overhead, going home. There seemed to be about a dozen of them, and they were filling the air with maudlin yells and shots that sent bullets over our heads, so that we crawled behind a big rock and waited for the visitation to go by. Directly above us it sounded like a collection of lunatic asylums marching to join the colors. But it wasn't. It was merely a lot of whoopee Nature lovers expressing themselves. As I lay behind my rock Bob Watson's quaint philosophy came back to me:

"Not a normal chicken, of course, but one that had been stepped on by a cow, along about the time he was comin' on to pip"

I do not know how many people are shot by drunks, but I incline to the belief that many killings could be traced to the hip. Most any well-trained whoopee hunter can see a pink elephant where there is nothing but another deer hunter, but proof is hard

(Continued on Page 46

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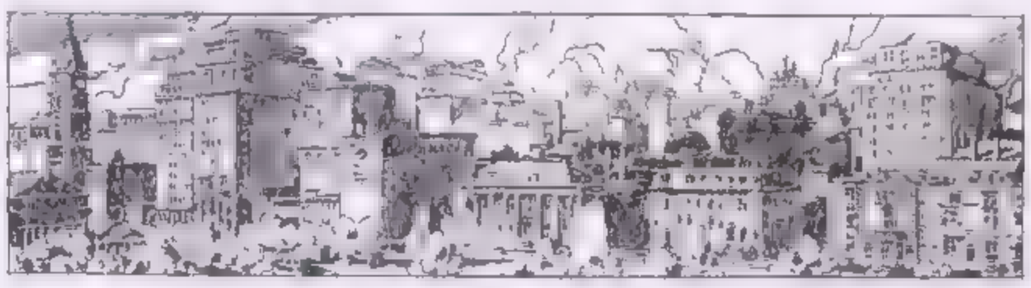
The important thing to consider in purchasing a car is the cost of *owning* —not the cost of *buying*.

Operation and maintenance costs are not less because first cost is less. Even if first cost is twice as much, final cost is no greater if the car is driven twice as long. Analyze ownership costs in the light of these facts and you will find that you can enjoy the luxury of Packard transportation—at no greater expense than for cars priced down to half as much.



PHILADELPHIA RECORDS PROVE IT

Gasoline, oil and tire costs as between a Packard Standard Eight and any other car *down to half its price* are substantially the same throughout the entire country.

It costs no more to garage the Packard, and but little more for license and insurance. Upkeep and repairs for the Packard are usually less because of quality manufacture and the protection of built-in precision by centralized "instant" chassis lubrication.

The somewhat higher first cost of the Packard Standard Eight over ordinary cars is completely offset by the fact that Packard cars are built to provide and *do* provide many extra thousands of miles of luxurious and trouble-free transportation.

Even in Philadelphia, for example, where there are many of great wealth who can afford to buy cars frequently, the average life of Packard cars turned in to Packard dealers is half again longer than that of the lower priced cars turned in.

Philadelphia owners are proving that their Packard transportation is no more expensive than that afforded by cars of less prestige.

More and more Philadelphia motorists are discovering that Packard ownership involves no higher costs. Three out of every five purchasers of Packard Standard Eights in Philadelphia give up other makes of cars to join the ranks of Packard owners.

And once in the Packard family, they usually remain, for Philadelphia records show that only 7 out of every 100 Packard owners ever change to other transportation.

What is true in Philadelphia is true throughout the entire United States. Packard owners keep their cars far longer—secure in the knowledge that Packard has never depreciated cars in service by frequent and radical changes in the characteristic beauty of Packard design.

The Packard dealer in your own city will gladly show you with pencil and paper how the costs of Packard ownership compare with your present motoring costs.

Figure with him and you will find that you can enjoy the luxury and distinction of Packard transportation at no greater cost.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

DETROIT · · · MICHIGAN

ASK
THE MAN
WHO OWNS
ONE

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

IMPORTED Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. Match ROCKY FORD against any ten cent brand. "When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough."

If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., New York, for trial package of 5 cigars.

To DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with ROCKY FORDS, write us.

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(Continued from Page 44)

to obtain when the victim dies ten miles from the nearest sober fellow creature. But drunk or sober, the tenderfoot killer is always sorry—terribly sorry. However, it is a familiar fact that sorrow won't bring back the dead; neither will it put brains where Nature created a vacuum.

A guide I used to know on the other side of the mountain once took a party of nine tenderfoot hunters to a brush-filled gulch wherein several fat old bucks were accustomed to bed. These tenderfeet were fat and jolly, all of them nicely lit—just at that stage when they were r'arin' to shoot at anything from a bull moose to a butterfly.

"I stationed them round on high points overlooking the gulch," the guide told me afterward. "Then I started the old dog into the brush. Me, I hid under a big rock until it was all over. Shooting? Did you say shooting? Man, it was hell! I don't know to this day why nobody was killed!"

The Whoopee Tenderfoot

Now do not get me wrong. In this article I am not including all tenderfeet in the class of undesirables, for Bob Watson was wrong. Bob was a splendid neighbor and a loyal friend, and I hope the hunting is good over in the Everlasting Hills where he now is. He was my friend. But one who passes his life in the back country finds that his mental horizon narrows with the passing of every year, until at last he is not able to view things clearly or without personal bias. In writing this article I wish to condemn utterly only the tenderfoot who goes into the mountains to make himself inimical to every living thing, including himself.

There is no hope for the whoopee tenderfoot. Perhaps he started with a soul and an appreciation of loveliness, but now he has no soul. Nothing but a bottle. But the hysterical tenderfoot, on the contrary —

I was sitting on my front porch one day, and two hundred yards across the river a man came hurrying along the trail, driving a mule with a pair of horns lashed to the packsaddle. The man was talking to himself. Seeing me, he stopped the mule and waved his arms.

"See those horns?" he yelled excitedly. "I got 'em! Six-pointers! Bob says they're the biggest ones he ever saw. That's what Bob says. Well, I got to be moving—catch the stage."

That was all of the conversation. I did not know him. To this day I don't know who he was, only that he was a hysterical tenderfoot hunter and that my friend Bob Watson had been treating him to the conventional apple sauce which is a necessary part of every guide's stock in trade. Brag on their kill. Keep 'em steamed up! They like it, and next year they will come back for more!

But to us who live in the mountains, killing a deer is exactly the same as killing a beef. The glamour has departed and now we merely wonder how we will keep the darned blowflies from spoiling most of it. One pair of horns is much the same as another. We throw them away. But to the frenzied tenderfoot the killing of a deer is an epic thing. It causes a sudden rushing upon him of atavistic instincts that are too strong for his head. It has exactly the same effect upon him that the dear old grandma would experience after swallowing a glass of elderberry juice which some practical joker had double-shotted with white mule. And so, though he does drive us frantic sometimes, in the end we grin and regard him much the same as Jimmy Murphy regarded his fleas. Jimmy is the best-natured Irishman in the world and I never saw him ill treat any living creature. He was raging against the fleas one day, saying that the little devils were running him out of his cabin. Suddenly he caught himself up and smiled apologetically, his conscience hurting him.

"But after all," said Jimmy, "there's something about the little fellows—you can't help liking them!"

But not everyone is as charitable as Jimmy Murphy. Myself, I find it difficult to love the rock roller. I have been in a tight jam once or twice, with the big bowlders thundering down the slope and humming over my head. I wish to proclaim vehemently that I did not enjoy the moment either. Far up the mountain a joyous tenderfoot was hopping about and yelling with delight, but it was all his. I didn't own any of it.

It is a strange kink, but many have it. I have seen scores of grown people, otherwise sensible and sane, who simply could not resist the temptation to roll rocks. There might have been fishermen or campers down below, women and children, perhaps, or stock—but no matter. Little Alice was in Wonderland and simply must be amused.

Nor can I love the bark cutter or the man who fouls his camp with all manner of disfigurations and leaves it looking like a No Man's Land. Along the river trail a couple of miles below my home there is a river crossing that I love. The stream narrows here and runs over polished bowlders, knee-deep and crystal clear. Ferns and giant wild rhubarb line both banks, and the spot is shaded by drooping willow and water alder. A couple of summers ago some fellow got his flivver in there somehow and made camp. He stayed but a week, and when he went away the place was a litter of old rags, scraps of paper, and apparently had been used for a long time by a gathering of hogs. The river was choked with tin cans and rusty wire and all the offal from his filthy camp. The trees were hacked and the drooping branches pulled down and smashed. It took this place two years to recover from the desecration and I have often wondered what can be in the minds of such people, and what pleasure they derive from doing these things. Perhaps the Goths and Vandals got a kick out of being Goths and Vandals. I wonder.

Murderers

But there is one tenderfoot that I dislike more than all the others, and I know that even Jimmy Murphy would forgive me for it. This fellow I do not like to mention, for he always fills me with sorrow, realizing that his kind lives in the world. That is the tenderfoot with the murder complex.

Nor is this complex confined to the tenderfoot. You will find him in all ranks of society—the man who loves to kill and kill, merely for the lust of killing. A man with a weasel's heart, and up here in the hills he shoots down deer wherever he sees them—does, fawns—anything—just to see them drop.

It is not so easy for him to gratify his blood lust now, for the game commission has the state well covered by wardens. Moreover, every forest-reserve man is a deputy warden and every decent citizen is ready to help spot the weasel man. So the butcher is on dangerous ground wherever he goes. But his bloodthirsty instinct remains and breaks out surreptitiously now and then. Why, down at San Francisco a few years ago one of the tribe invaded Golden Gate Park and shot down an elk, almost under the nose of the keeper.

But I think the most pitiful victim of this fellow was Alice. Alice was a starved little fawn when the children found her and brought her to the little log hotel in our village of four or five dwellings. They fed her and played with her until she was grown, and she was a feature of our place. Everybody knew Alice, and the children hung a tiny bell about her neck attached to a ribbon.

One day when Alice was grown she brought home a little fawn. The two played about the hotel and nobody thought of evil, but one day a tenderfoot with the weasel complex drove through. They found Alice lying beside the highway a little way above the hotel. One ham had been taken, but the rest of her lay there and a tiny fawn stood by, wondering what it was all about. The little bell was about Alice's neck, and a pathetic ribbon.

The Lost Tenderfoot

But the tenderfoot who gets himself lost is the one that makes the greatest splash in mountain society. In passing, it may be stated that a lost tenderfoot is probably the most lost thing in the world, including half-witted angleworms and baby pewees. He goes off his head entirely and hasn't even reason enough left to make a noise like a woodpecker. Moreover, he develops a genius for throwing his would-be rescuers off his trail—climbing down impossible precipices, trailing round over needle carpets where his tracks won't show, and otherwise comporting himself after the fashion of a March hare stricken with the heat.

This is when the citizens of the back-beyond country turn out to a man and do their bit for humanity. No one escapes this service, for when a tenderfoot gets lost, it means that he must be found immediately or he will die. Considering that the field embraces perhaps a hundred thousand acres of untrodden forest, it will be conceived that the task calls for many willing workers.

If the poor thing would only sit down and stay in one spot, the matter would be comparatively simple. If he would build a little fire and send up a smoke, he would be found as easily as shooting catfish. Or if he would saunter leisurely downhill until he reached a stream, he would in all probability come to a trail. If not, and if he would continue on down the stream, he would most surely come to a human habitation of some kind. But the average tenderfoot does not think of these things when he gets lost. He doesn't think of anything, for as soon as he makes up his mind that he is lost, his mind goes into a tail spin.

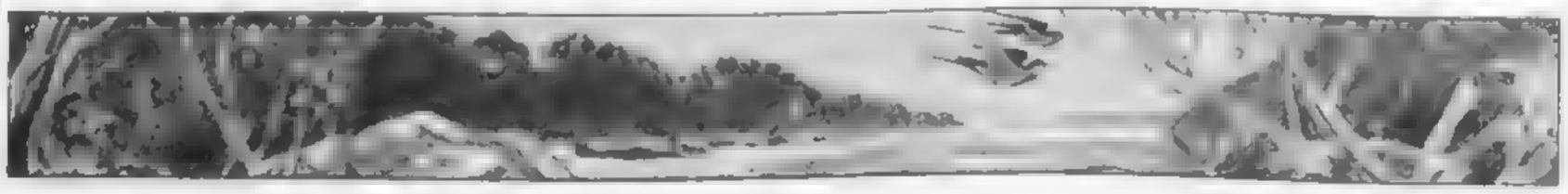
To all tenderfeet the mountains are bewildering at first, and for them the points of the compass do not exist. Now and then occurs an individual who has absolutely no sense of location or direction. This gift has been left out of his mental equipment.

I had one such in my camp. One of my best friends and an intellectual giant, yet he hardly knew up from down. During all his stay in my camp he never learned the way to his bed. It is a fact! When he reads this he will see red and begin organizing a pogrom, but when he cools and remembers that I called him an intellectual giant I trust that his mind will be turned from thoughts of murder.

It is a strange thing—this lack. Regretfully I confess that now and then practical jokers have taken advantage of it and done some victim cruel wrong. On one occasion a particularly obnoxious young surveyor came into the hills with an exalted opinion of himself and a gift for rubbing raw the sensibilities of the mountain boys who worked under him. The boys stood it as long as they were able, then determined to get rid of him.

This superior creature had a costly compass upon which he relied utterly. The

(Continued on Page 48)



Roosevelt

MARMON-BUILT

THE WORLD'S FIRST STRAIGHT-EIGHT UNDER $1000

THERE IS NO OTHER $1000 CAR LIKE IT

The Roosevelt is built with the idea that today thousands of families do want a finer, more advanced car of low price. Its smooth, powerful eight cylinder engine sets a distinctly new performance standard. Its trim, alert, sturdy appearance is typical of Marmon styling. Its faithful day-in-day-out service at low cost puts it in the range of the most modest budget. Isn't it a mark of real progress that such a fine and finished automobile can now be had for $995? (This price at factory, De Luxe equipment extra).

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS

Made over ...in one month...

'Before the whole office crew my boss said to me: 'You must be lazy, for you cannot do your work. You are a sleep-walker and goodness knows what else!' It hurt, but every word was true.

"I was tired and nervous, had everlasting headaches, and could not concentrate. My work was piling up on my desk until I was told to clean it up or look for another job.

"On my way home one evening, I stopped for my usual dose of caffrin—I was using from eight to ten slugs of it daily. I then bought a magazine and noticed, while glancing through it, the 30-day trial advertisement of Postum. I decided to try it immediately.

"After two weeks I began to feel better and, after two weeks more, the results were surprising—more so to my boss and fellow workers. I have lost all signs of nervousness and headaches. I have regained my old pep and am fit for any strenuous work that I may be called upon to do."

Glen A. Ward,
Longview, Wisconsin

* * *

IT MAY seem incredible to you that such a remarkable change could take place in a man, in one short month. If it does, then listen to this—*Mr. Ward's case is only one of thousands!* Men in every walk of life have tried his experiment, and have the same sort of good news to report. They're feeling better and working better, since they gave up caffein and took to Postum. Success is coming their way at last!

Try the experiment yourself. Instead of caffein, let Postum be your mealtime drink for thirty days—then check up on your health and work. You'll find your energy multiplied—your work going stronger. You'll see good results in your mirror, too!

The reason for all this is simple enough. Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, carefully roasted and blended. There is no caffein in Postum—nothing to give you headaches and "nerves," nothing to cause indigestion. Its after-effects are good, 100%!

Aside from enjoying the beneficial effects of Postum, you're going to like its flavor, too. It is mellow and smooth—a distinctive flavor. Millions of people could tell you they prefer this mealtime drink to all others.

Postum costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P—S E P. 10-5-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) — Check which

POSTUM CEREAL (prepared by boiling) — you prefer

Name_____

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Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address *Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.*
The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

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Postum is one of the Post Food Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup, by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

(Continued from Page 46)

negative point was coated white and the positive left clean, and one day the jokers stole the compass from the man's coat, where it hung on a manzanita bush, and changed the white coating to the other end of the bar. Then when later in the day its owner desired to return to camp, he consulted his compass and struck south, confident that he was going north. It was a cloudy day and he could not see the sun. When at last he did see it, he was in such a state that he did not even believe the sun. Two days later he reached the Sacramento Valley and those mountains never did see him again.

How they troop up from the dim corridors of a quarter of a century of trails and camp fires and long nights under the stars! There was Turkey Face, a Swede tenderfoot who struck our camp one evening and who turned out to be the most influential liar I ever met—and I have met liars. Chiefly, though, I remember him because while I was fooling around with the donkeys he chopped down my choice fir tree that stood in the corner of the yard. But he explained it to me, and his explanation was quite reasonable—he wanted the boughs to sleep on that night.

And there was Whistling Isaac, who talked all the time he was with us. Even supper did not stop him, and the flapjacks going down met the conversation coming up, and they did not collide. The marvel of it remains with me to this day. Whistling Isaac had a partner whom we promptly named Caliper Legs. Caliper Legs was a squat, bow-legged, silent man. The only time he uttered words was when he took me aside and confided that all he asked was one jump of a deer and he would put a bullet in its head. Caliper Legs carried a heavy pack which was swung round his neck by a string. And no man less than superhuman can carry a pack that way. When they went away, Whistling Isaac crossed the pliant foot log all right, but when Caliper Legs reached the middle, the log began to oscillate violently. Caliper Legs stopped and began to teeter, and at last went into the river. He splashed to shore, mad clear through, and accused Whistling Isaac of shaking him off the log. They had a fight, and I still think of that fight as one of the bright spots of my life.

He-Men Tenderfeet

Then there was the little round-bellied tramp who appeared one morning, soaked to the skin and carrying a mountainous pack. He was about five feet tall and his pack was taller. He had everything in it—a pile of ragged blankets, an ax, a hatchet, a great heap of old magazines, a pair of rubber boots full of holes, two extra suits of ragged clothes, a mirror and a broom, a dream book and an alarm clock. These are a few of the things—it is a long time and I have forgotten many. "Where's your piano?" I asked him. His face did not change from its seriousness.

"I left it up on the hill," he said. "It had a crack in it."

And here my mind recalls the many half-forgotten tenderfeet who have come boiling into the wilderness to rough it. No effete luxuries for them. They wanted to sleep flat on good old Mother Earth and be rough and tough. They looked very romantic, too, when they went forth into the woods with a pocketful of crackers and wearing a pair of mail-order pants, and guns and knives hung all over them. But invariably when these brave souls got back to camp they looked drawn and haggard and yawned a great deal. I still recall the happy sigh when they lay down to sleep, all snuggled up in my soft blankets.

For no matter how brave and strong you feel, you can't get tough with the mountains. Those old bumps and gashes are pretty hard-boiled, and no drug-store cowboy can get the best of them in a bruising contest. We all like to think of ourselves going out and sleeping in the rocks, just as our favorites did in the dime novels—tough birds they were, who could fight all day and sleep in a snow bank all night and get up next morning chipper as a jaybird and ready to chase an Indian twenty miles and gouge his eyes out.

It is true that the old-timer can rough it if he has to, but he doesn't like it one little bit. You can't make things too easy for him on the trail, and when night comes you can't insult him with a feather bed. He is tough, but he does love to lay his tough old body in soft places whenever he gets a chance. I have a vast pity for the tenderfoot when he fares forth to rough it, for I know that he is so soft that his poor body will bear the impressions of pine cones and rubble for weeks after he has spent a night on the ground.

It is a digression; but the most striking example of tenderfeet roughing it came under my observation away down in the Hawaiian Islands. A newly married couple desired to honeymoon in an unconventional manner, so they decided to go across to the island of Molokai. They did this, taking along a tent and a camp cot and a couple of blankets. Food did not enter into their calculations, for they planned to live off the land. Robinson Crusoe stuff.

The Woodpecker Club

Now squirrels and dickey birds and field mice can live off the land, but it is a gift. The newlyweds did not in the least suspect this, so they went away up a wild gulch and set up their camp. Elijah had got by with it, and weren't they as shrewd as Elijah? But the point is that they began by eating kukui nuts. And before we go any further, let us explain that one kukui nut is equal to about seventeen castor beans, or approximately three quarts of the awful mess that mother used to make you take.

Well, the mosquitoes nearly ate the poor young things alive, and their tent blew down in the night during a heavy rain storm, and so forth and so forth and so forth, but it was the kukui nuts that broke up the party. And when they got back to Honolulu they did not in the least resemble the tenderfoot bride and groom who a week before had set out to rough it.

Yes, sir, roughing it appeals to all of us, for it is an instinct that stays in our blood, handed down from the days when our ancestors lived in caves; but their hides were so tough that no mosquito could penetrate them. And when the time comes for you to make choice between rough stuff and feathers, choose feathers.

At this point I wish to introduce the history of the Woodpecker Club. I did not mention them anywhere in the preceding history, because they are in a class by themselves—the greatest aggregation of complete tenderfeet that I ever knew.

To begin with, they struck our river wearing crimson hats. Their bodies were swathed in crimson cheesecloth, and the effect was startling in the extreme; for, dressed this way, they each resembled a Hopi medicine man getting ready to bite a rattlesnake. We could not count them, because they seethed so. But it was the crimson hats that moved Chico Charley to name them the Woodpecker Club.

Hysterical? They were away beyond that. To them they had discovered a new country and all us residents of our peaceful community were yaps or stage robbers or both. They imparted the information that they were all millionaires. Well, we had a few millionaires in our own crowd, but we did not think anything of that. A big-game hunter, also, whose pet weakness is Alaskan bear. Two or three professors from an influential Eastern university, and at least one African explorer who has dined with an Abyssinian potentate. Of course, all these birds wore stubble all over their faces, and their greasy overalls belonged in the ash can, so, naturally, they must be yaps and yahoos. The Woodpeckers patronized us and laughed at us and regarded us curiously. Exactly as the small boy regards his first monkey.

(Continued on Page 50)

MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT

IN CHRYSLER IMPERIAL, "77" AND "70" COMPLETELY REVOLUTIONIZES MOTORING

The greatest advance in power application since the first automobile appeared. An exclusive feature of the Chrysler Imperial and the new Chrysler "77" and "70". A demonstration will prove a revelation. Also for the first time: Down-Draft Carburetion — Synchronized Power — Paraflex Springs — Architonic Bodies. Let your Chrysler dealer show you what they mean.

CHRYSLER

$2895 THE CHRYSLER IMPERIAL—9 Body Styles, priced from $2895 to $3855, F. O. B. Factory (Special Equipment Extra)

NEW 77 **$1595** NEW CHRYSLER "77"—9 Body Styles, priced from $1595 to $1795, F. O. B. Factory (Special Equipment Extra)

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NEW 66 **$985** NEW CHRYSLER "66"—6 Body Styles, priced from $985 to $1065, F. O. B. Factory (Special Equipment Extra)

"It certainly is funny—every time we start out on a long trip it either rains or I have some kind of tire trouble."

"Well, you can't do much about the weather, but you could use Kelly-Springfield tires."

(Continued from Page 48)

But it was a great occasion when they set forth on their first hunt. I happened to be sticking around, and I shall always be thankful that I saw it. I believe there must have been twenty of them, and on this occasion the leader strung out half his force along the river trail, then took the other half and strung them out along the summit of the mountain. At a given signal these started down the mountain slope, ringing cowbells. Do you begin to see it? They meant to drive the bucks down to the river and into the rifles of the waiting Woodpeckers in ambush along the trail!

Now it would be exactly as easy to drive a troop of frightened fleas three miles down a mountainside through a virgin forest that is matted with brush and windfalls and tangled vines. They jangled their cowbells manfully that day, but they got no deer. Which was disheartening to a degree, because when they set forth that morning it was with the calm, dignified announcement that they meant to bring in exactly nine bucks.

At first the people along our river did not believe what they saw. But when they learned about the cowbells and saw that the thing was done in all seriousness, the whole canyon echoed to Homeric laughter. But the Woodpeckers did not know they were being laughed at. They persevered, trying new and astonishing schemes, and their fame spread. People came from points ten miles away, just to look at them. They got one deer during their stay, but I do not know how they got it. Chico Charley swears the poor creature laughed itself to death, but I don't know.

They disappeared at last, and nobody seemed to know just where they went. But a game warden found forbidden feathers beside a camp fire away up on Pickett's Peak and said he chased a couple of Woodpeckers for seven miles, but they got away.

Now there was a collection of a dozen or two apparently normal men—they seemed to be the type that one sees in prosperous clubs, banks and the haunts of the leisure class. To the casual eye they were well-balanced and normal, probably above the average in sophistication. Yet the mountain glamour had shot the works from beneath their feet and they did things that would have tickled the youngest boy scout in the world. Absurd capers, ridiculous inventions, and all done with a deadly seriousness and an air of indulgent superiority toward us who lived there and knew what it was all about. To me it was a most striking example of mass psychology—nearly a score of men, and all stricken with the same peculiar type of mental hysteria, and none of them in the least suspecting it.

I hope they all got safely home, though I am inclined to be pessimistic about it. In fact, I am convinced that there must be quite a sprinkling of dead Woodpeckers scattered round over the hills in the region that lies between the Hyampom Valley and the Yola Bola peaks. I simply cannot see how Alice could have found her way out of Wonderland alone.

Let me here state most earnestly that this article is not written in a spirit of levity. On the contrary, its whole mission is to emphasize the fact that few tenderfeet may hope to enter the hills for the first time without feeling the influence of the glamour or whatever it is. Of course not every newcomer is affected in the same degree, and the incidents that I have related were those more notable ones. To the average tenderfoot there will presently come a mental adjustment and he will be normal again. But be sure that during that period of early upheaval you will do something! Perhaps nothing dreadful, but something that will cause you to blush and say in later years: "Is it possible that I did that!"

THE MOBILIZATION OF REPARATIONS

(Continued from Page 7)

the wail: "How long must this continue?" This chant was inspired by the perfectly natural feeling that, no matter how faithfully she met her obligations, she was not getting anywhere.

In the face of these facts, no one can deny that, in American parlance, Germany had a kick coming. Even France, who still harbored the remnants of a fear complex about her traditional enemy across the Rhine, recognized the justice of the Teutonic contention. Every European creditor chancellery began to stir with some kind of action to meet the situation.

In mid-September of 1928, representatives of Germany, the debtor, and France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, and Japan, the principal creditors, met at Geneva and decided upon the formation of a new committee of experts, who would be charged with what was officially termed "a complete and final settlement of the reparations problem." The goal was the much-heckled fiscal clearance of the war. It is an indictment of the perversion of that decade of unrest called peace that this decision was reached exactly ten years after the Armistice. The Geneva meeting may be regarded as a starting point in what history will know as the Young Plan, and through it, the ultimate liquidation of the greatest of all conflicts.

You will remember that earlier in this article I referred to the joker that emerged from nearly every European postwar conference that dealt with finance. No sooner had Germany persuaded her creditors that the time for a show-down on reparations had arrived, than the superstructure of the latest one was laid. Out of France, Belgium and Italy, and, to a lesser extent, Britain, came the first hint of a movement to link reparations fixation with the debts to us; to make one obligation contingent upon the other; and to project Uncle Sam into the highly undesirable rôle of international debt collector. The Balfour note, which stated that Britain would ask no more from her allies than she would be obliged to pay to us, was taken out of cold storage and revived. The old, vicious circle came to life.

Our war debtors said, in substance: "The United States is the ultimate creditor. Why not make her responsible for reparations and let it go at that?" If consummated, it meant the joint unscrambling of two arrangements involving a total of $18,000,000,000, which represents the cost of the war in box-office terms. When I first chronicled this eleemosynary ambition, just a year ago, it was in the shape of an informal proposal riding the high tide of an intensive propaganda. Now it is an annex to the Young Plan, seeking to coördinate the debts and the reparations in no unmistakable terms.

The altruistic proponents of this scheme quite ignored the fundamentals of the American debt position. Our case rests, first and last, on the fact that we recognize no connection between the two obligations. We maintain, and rightly, that reparations constitute a European issue, pure and simple, while the Allied debts to us are solely and entirely an American issue. Each settlement was a separate negotiation, put through on its own merits. The debt to the United States was settled, and with many reductions, on the capacity of the Allies to pay us. Reparations was grounded on the ability of Germany to meet the demands for damage of her former European enemies. The Versailles Treaty was the mandate for reparations. The Debt Funding Commission, authorized by Congress, governed the Allied settlements. The only connection between the two

(Continued on Page 52)

"Rich Man's Toy"

How CURIOUS it would look on the street today . . . this snappy model of twenty years ago. No self-starter. Not even a windshield. Detachable oil-lamps. Gear-levers on the outside. Chain drive. The temperamental bulb horn. The passengers swathed in scarfs and linen dusters, and with property goggles. Only twenty years ago? Incredible!

"Only a thousand can have the exclusive car," said an advertisement published in September, 1909. "Exclusive" was the word. A car in those days was a mark of social distinction, a symbol of success. "Rich man's toy," some called it . . . with ill-concealed feeling.

Then came mass advertising, blazing a trail for mass production. As output went up, prices came down. The former luxury became a commonplace necessity, with the widest possible diffusion. Any man or woman who can make a nominal down-payment can have an automobile today . . . not merely "an" automobile, but a *good* one.

Five years ago, mechanical refrigeration in the home was considered a luxury. Advertising, with its attendant economies, has placed it among the necessities. The world's finest piano was once regarded as beyond the means of the average family. Advertising has taken that, too, out of the restricted class, so that, today, no lover of good music need forego the pleasure of this superb instrument.

All along the line, advertising has played the role of democratizer. Yesterday's luxuries are today's necessities, making room for new luxuries which, in turn, will become necessities too. By disseminating information, advertising increases production and decreases selling-costs. With the right product and the right advertising, and with mutual appreciation of the importance of each, industry moves forward, irresistibly.

N.W.Ayer & Son
INCORPORATED
WASHINGTON SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 50)

transactions is that, together, they represent the marked-down price—a portion of the overhead of those four years of terror and tragedy.

But a little thing like the unequivocal and much-reiterated statement of the American case, and the basis, let me repeat, of all our debt settlements, did not deter the European framers of the Young Plan. As is presently disclosed, when I get to the specific analysis of what happened in Paris, the Concurrent Memorandum attached to the Young Plan joins debts and reparations. The period and amounts of annuities coincide almost exactly with the terms of the debt installments to us and their duration. There is every tangible evidence that consideration of the debts influenced the fixing of reparations. None is so blind as not to see the purport of the joker annex, which, I am glad to say, was not signed by the American delegates.

This, however, is a later and more elaborate story. The job just now is to go ahead with the chronological story which brings us to the making of the Young Plan.

In the framing of the Young Plan, one aspect of reparations history repeated itself. In 1929, as in 1924, American business foresight, impartiality and disinterestedness were sought, and these qualities, so essential to the deliberations of a conference that still simmered with a backwash of war, once more registered. The delegates from the United States were Owen D. Young and J. P. Morgan, with Thomas W. Lamont and Thomas N. Perkins as alternates. Young became chairman and dominated the conference. His name flies from the masthead of the final report, just as that of Charles G. Dawes does from the preceding one. Thus American cognomens are inseparably associated with the two instruments that wrought order out of indemnity chaos.

It must be clearly understood that the American delegates went as private citizens. At every stage of reparations procedure, save for the army of occupation and mixed claims, the United States has maintained a consistent aloofness. The only official connection that Washington had with the last Paris conference was to accede to a reduction in these two items.

An All-Star Cast

President Hoover summed up the American position on June eighteenth thus:

"Our Government is not a party to the agreement, and therefore would not be a signatory to it. There is no occasion to submit the agreement to Congress. The only point for congressional action is an authority to the Administration to reduce Germany's treaty obligations in respect to the comparatively minor items of army occupation costs and mixed claims."

The Young committee was an all-star cast. The principal experts for Britain were Sir Josiah Stamp and Lord Revelstoke; for France, Emile Moreau, governor of the Bank of France, and Jean Parmentier; for Italy, Dr. Alberto Pirelli and Fulvio Suvich; for Japan, Kengo Mori and Takashi Aoki; and for Germany, Dr. H. Schacht and Dr. A. Voegler. This was the first reparation conference where the Germans sat in on a full equality with their creditors.

The conference began on February eleventh and ended June seventh. No similar gathering was so shot through with anxiety and suspense. Nor was it lacking in the elements of drama. The Germans came with a flat offer of an average annuity of 1,650,000,000 marks—roughly $392,700,000—for thirty-seven years, which was to include all demands on them. With this they linked immediate evacuation of the Rhineland and restoration of the Saar—the treaty provides for a Saar plebiscite in 1935—together with a return of some of the German colonies, or permission for the Germans to grow some of their essential raw materials in these dominions under German supervision.

The first Allied proposal was for an average annuity of 2,198,000,000 marks for a period of thirty-seven years, 1,700,000,000 marks for twenty-one years, and 900,000,000 marks for one additional year. On these two issues battle raged.

For more than two months the experts wrestled with the problem of the annuities. The Germans stood stubbornly on their demands. On April eighteenth Schacht and his colleagues went home in high dudgeon, and the conference, for all practical intents and purposes, was in deadlock. In the midst of this crisis, Lord Revelstoke, who was a member of the famous Baring banking family of London, died suddenly. Sir Charles Addis, an alternate, took his place. It looked for the moment as if all the time, patience and energy had been expended in vain.

A Piece of Sponge Cake

Meanwhile the Germans engaged in a characteristic performance. From the days of Bismarck, Teutonic diplomacy has invariably aimed at splitting the opposition. It then became easy to capitalize dissension on the other side. Britain, for example, was favorable to some degree of conciliation, and the Germans worked it for all it was worth. In the interim, near fiscal confusion, which was part of a highly organized propaganda to secure better terms, broke in the Reich. The bank rate soared, securities slumped, gold went into hiding. Doctor Voegler resigned as a protest of the Ruhr industrialists against what was conceived across the Rhine as an impossible exaction, framed to crucify the whole German economic life.

Out of the darkest hour came the Young compromise, which fixed the average reparation annuity at 2,050,000,000 marks—roughly, $487,900,000—for thirty-seven years, and a substantial reduction, with special provisions, for twenty-two more years. Both Britain and France gave guaranties that Rhineland evacuation would be contingent upon ratification of the report. With this understanding, the document was signed.

In the final analysis, the Allies had the Germans backed into a corner. While the deadlock was on, Poincaré stated in no unmistakable terms that if the conference failed, Germany would be obliged to go back to the Dawes Plan, which, without revision, would have invoked that standard annuity of 2,500,000,000 marks until kingdom come. The Germans then realized that they were barking up the wrong tree, and surrendered.

One other tangle almost wrecked the conference and was left for later settlement. It referred to the seizure of more than 1,000,000,000 Belgian francs during the German occupation of Belgium. The Germans seized these perfectly good francs, issued marks against them, and then sold the francs at a rigged price in neutral countries. With peace, the Belgians found themselves saddled with these worthless marks. Quite naturally, they regarded indemnification as part of the larger reparation obligation. In July the Belgian franc matter was adjudicated at a private conference, when Germany agreed to pay a series of thirty-seven extra annuities, which will fully satisfy the Belgian claim.

We can now examine the Young Plan in detail. I have already shown that the major annuities average 2,050,000,000 marks, or $487,900,000, for thirty-seven years, which means a considerable reduction from the Dawes Plan standard annuity of 2,500,000,000 marks, or $595,000,000. From 1966 to 1985, the annuities range between 1,600,000,000 and 1,700,000,000 marks—$380,800,000 and $404,600,000, respectively—and during the last three years—that is, up to 1988—they decrease until they reach a level of 900,000,000 marks, or approximately $214,200,000.

But this is not the only relief afforded Germany. The annuities are divided into two parts. One is nonpostponable—that is, unconditional—while the other is postponable and, therefore, conditional. Both kinds are paid concurrently.

The unconditional annuities aggregate $157,000,000 and continue for thirty-seven years. France is awarded five-sixths of this portion. The benefit works twofold for her. In the first place, she gets the lion's share of a certainty. Secondly, the unconditional annuities are subject to what is called commercialization. This means that Germany can issue bonds against them which will be sold not only in France but in the markets of the world. It gives France the opportunity for a very profitable capitalization of the indemnity over a long period, to the distinct advantage of her own people who, more than any other population, are educated in the purchase of government securities. At the same time it will enable Germany to break into the French capital reservoir. Thus it will go a long way toward consolidating the Franco-German economic entente.

It was France's major share, as well as Italy's portion of the unconditional annuities, which caused Philip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, to spill the beans at The Hague conference. He referred to these annuities as "sponge cake," and insisted upon a more equitable slice of it for John Bull. This is also a later story.

When you analyze the postponable annuities you discover the elasticity of the Young Plan. In the event that German exchange and economic life are menaced through a depression, the German Government, by giving at least ninety days' notice, shall have the right to what is technically called "suspend transfer" of the amount due for a maximum period of two years. In addition to this moratorium, Germany, in the payment of the last twenty-two annuities, will be aided by the profits of the Bank of International Settlements. Twenty-five per cent of the profits of the bank will be paid into a special fund to be employed in wiping out the final reparation payments, provided Germany makes a long-term deposit of not less than 400,000,000 reichsmarks in the bank.

This brings us to the Bank of International Settlements, which is one of the outstanding features of the Young Plan and an institution not without interest for the United States. Its primary function is to take over the job performed since 1924 by the Agent-General and the Reparation Commission in Berlin. In other words, it will collect and transfer reparation payments. It will also handle the commercialization of annuities and supervise deliveries in kind, which, under the Young Plan, will end in 1939. In the meantime they will decrease in volume.

The International Bank

The framers of the bank scheme vision a much larger service for it than trustee of Germany's creditors and a machine for the handling and distribution of reparations. They regard it as the mainspring of what may eventually become a great central bank of central banks, housing a considerable part of the world gold supply, thus eliminating costly shipments and acting as both accelerator and stabilizer of world trade and finance, especially in undeveloped countries like Russia, Africa, China and some of the Latin-American republics. This, of course, rests on the lap of the future.

In structure it is purely governmental, in the sense that the temporary organization, and the permanent as well, is to be almost entirely official. The committee which is to bring it into being will be named by the governors of the central banks in the countries to which the members of the Young committee were accredited. The governor of each of these central banks is entitled to have two members on the organization committee. It is not to be an all-Allied show, however. Central banks or banking groups or individual banks in other countries may purchase stock—the capitalization will be $100,000,000—but the countries contributory to the Young Plan must own at least 55 per cent of the total, which gives them control. Although shares may be owned by individuals, voting rights are held only by the central banks.

Since the bank will be the conduit of reparations, we may as well dispose of their source right here. You will recall that the Dawes Plan payments were recruited mainly from German industry, the railroads and the budget. The Young Plan emancipates industry and fastens the sole burden on the railways and the budget. The 11,000,000,000 marks mortgage placed in accordance with the provisions of the Dawes Plan is abolished. Instead, the railway company shall be under an obligation to pay for thirty-seven years a direct tax equal to the amount of the nonpostponable portion of the annuities. This tax is to be imposed by German legislation and guaranteed by the German Government. It will have priority over all other taxes or possible mortgages on the railway.

The German budget becomes responsible for the postponable annuities, which puts the heaviest load upon the government of the Reich. Germany, however, has proved her capacity in this direction. The national revenues have increased steadily. For the year 1926–27 they were the equivalent of $1,707,900,000; for 1927–28 they reached $2,020,500,000; while for 1928–29 they were $2,323,200,000.

A Coupon Bond

The index-of-prosperity feature is eliminated. Germany alone will henceforth share the benefits of her increasing prosperity.

That the Young Plan was framed by business men and on a definite business basis is shown by the stipulation that Germany's debt is concretely embodied in a certificate of indebtedness. It becomes a bond. The exact words of the report state this condition succinctly. They are:

"To this certificate of indebtedness shall be attached coupons representative of each annuity payable by Germany. Each annuity coupon shall be divided into two parts; the first representative of the portion of the annuity not subject to postponement, and corresponding to the portion of Germany's indebtedness which is mobilizable; the second representative of that portion of the annuity which is subject to transfer postponement, and corresponding to the portion of Germany's indebtedness which is not mobilizable."

One further detail remains to be enumerated, and again you have a provision to the German advantage. Under the Dawes Plan, Germany had to make all her cash reparation payments in marks. These had to be transferred—that is, converted into the currencies of the creditor countries. Out of it arose the vexing transfer problem. Under the new deal the Germans are not restricted to marks in meeting annuity payments, which eases up the whole Teutonic exchange machine.

Such are the high spots of the Young Plan, which makes Germany mistress in her own financial house. She now knows precisely what she is required to pay. The full responsibility is put up to her, without the shadow of the sheriff lurking around the corner. No longer will she be enervated by the tired feeling inspired by the old uncertainty that shrouded her fiscal future. Reparations have been converted from a political into a commercial obligation.

Everything was not over but the shouting, by a long shot, when the experts signed the Young document. The Nemesis which dogged reparations from the dawn of peace followed them to The Hague, where the political representatives of the creditor countries met early in August to ratify the report and arrange for the evacuation of the Rhineland.

It soon developed that the annex covertly linking debts and reparations was not the only joker concealed in the formula to which the acid test of ultimate consideration was now to be applied. Almost before the echoes of the platitudinous

(Continued on Page 56)

The triumph which gave America a new coffee flavor

. . . a flavor that pleases

EVERYBODY

HE lived down in Dixie—that land of good living—and he knew about coffees. The "winy" coffees of Arabia, the mild coffees of Java, the full-flavored, pungent coffees of Brazil—he had tried them all, yet found no one of them alone quite perfect.

So he determined to create a new coffee flavor —one that would combine sparkle with depth and richness in one completely satisfying drink.

He worked for years testing, combining and recombining flavors and shades of flavors—the choicest coffees grown in many tropical lands. At last he had it—a blend of such rich and subtle harmony that it delighted even his exacting palate.

It met the world first at the old Maxwell House in Nashville, Tennessee—a critical and appreciative world, for the Maxwell House was celebrated for its marvelous Southern cooking and for the distinction of the guests it entertained. It was there that a president of the United States, draining his cup, first heartily praised this coffee

in the famous phrase "good to the last drop."

Now wherever you go—North, East, South or West—you can get Maxwell House Coffee. No other packaged coffee enjoys such wide distribution—such widespread popularity.

Your grocer, too, has Maxwell House Coffee. It is nicely sealed in tin to protect all its wonderfully fine fragrance and extra mellow, deep, rich flavor.

Norwegian "Trek Kaffe"—The Norwegians drink a great deal of coffee—a cup before they are out of bed in the morning, coffee at breakfast, at dinner, in the mid-afternoon and again at supper—and their coffee is very good. Use 1½ tablespoons of medium-ground (steel-cut) Maxwell House Coffee for each cup (½ pint) of water. Place in a cheesecloth bag large enough to allow for swelling, drop into the pot and pour boiling water over it. Cover tightly and let stand in a warm place 3 to 5 minutes. *Never boil coffee*, they say.

•

To the Old Colonel's genius for flavor we owe the coffee that is pleasing more people today than any other coffee ever offered for sale. Patiently testing and re-testing, he finally achieved the rich, mellow, sparkling blend which sets Maxwell House Coffee apart as the fine coffee served daily in millions of America's foremost homes—preferred by America's most distinguished hostesses.

•

TUNEFULLY "ON THE AIR" EVERY THURSDAY

Joyous music by the popular Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra is broadcast each Thursday evening from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, KOA, KSTP, KSD, WDAF, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WRT, WJAX, WEBC, WRVA. Don't forget to tune in and enjoy the weekly Maxwell House Coffee Program.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

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ON THE AIR FOR

PHILCO presents

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI *and the*
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6TH-NOVEMBER 3RD

HAVING secured the most talented and highest priced instrumentalists in the world—and having gained the leadership of conductor Leopold Stokowski, genius extraordinary—the Philadelphia Orchestra has been for years hailed as the finest symphonic orchestra in America or Europe.

With such a reputation to uphold—and being naturally unwilling that radio listeners should form an inaccurate impression of the orchestra's magnificent tone—the officials of the Philadelphia Orchestra have steadfastly refused until the present time to send its glorious music out over the air. But within the past year the whole level of radio reception has been raised, and foremost in progress is the new Balanced-Unit Philco—a radio whose units are so perfectly balanced that it reproduces the most subtle tone-colors of the symphony orchestra . . . And so, Leopold Stokowski has consented to go on the air for the first time. Now under the sponsorship of Philco, you may listen in your own home to the

Pictured at the left is the blurred, distorted approximation of violin music which you receive from a radio whose units are not exactly balanced; pictured at the right is the true, clear tone that soars from a Balanced-Unit Philco.

"AND THEN THEY GOT A PHILCO"

This series of broadcasts will be heard

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5:30 *to* 6:30 P.M. *Eastern Standard Time*

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PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

and DECEMBER 8TH

famous orchestra for which every seat for every concert is reserved by subscription, months in advance.

Demonstrations of the new Philco have proven to leaders in the musical world that here at last is a receiving set which will bring to radio listeners all the sonorous, gorgeously rich, orchestral tone which has called forth salvos of applause from the most sophisticated concert audiences in the world. If you want to hear the music of the Philadelphia Orchestra with all its glamour undiminished, if you want to enjoy every tone-color—from the highest harmonic of the violin to the deep throaty warble of the bassoon, tune in with a Balanced-Unit Philco. If you do not yet own a new Philco, arrange to listen in at the home of some friend who does. The difference in reproduction is worth traveling miles to hear. Or—see your Philco dealer today and arrange for a demonstration. Easy terms if you decide to buy.

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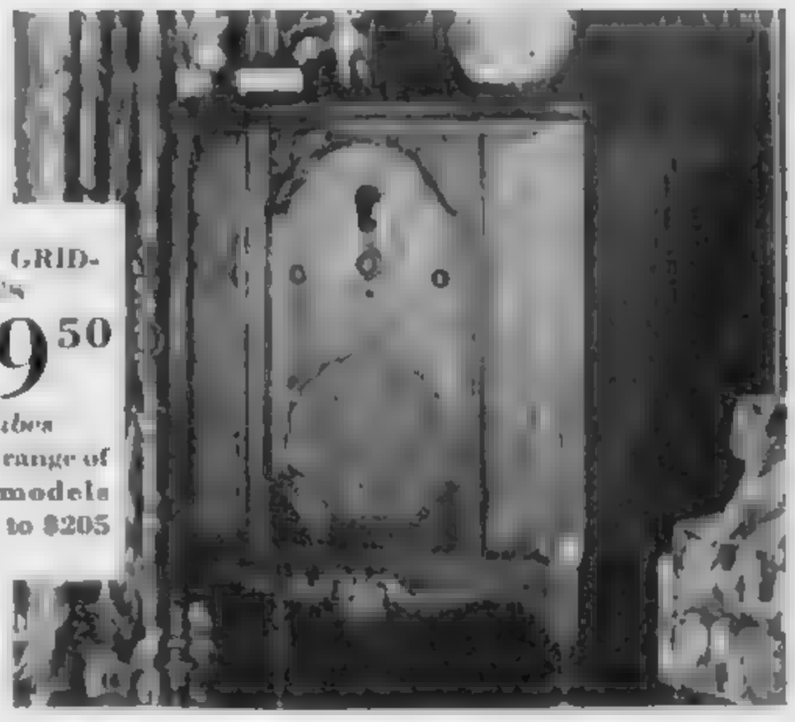
PHILCO LOWBOY



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Complete range of superb models from $67 to $205

PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

"JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE WILLIAMS"

FACES—*and* WILLIAMS

For millions of faces, Williams Shaving Cream begins the day. Faces that look Fit! Alert faces! Faces of men who know and are content only with such things as seem to them the best.

¶ Men who want the proven things choose Williams. Blended from 89 years of specialized study. Remarkable for the things it *doesn't* contain as much as for the things it *does*. Uncolored—with no atom of dye. Cool as morning. Mild as cream.

¶ Saturated with moisture, too, is this Williams lather. Ten per cent more, by authentic test, than in any other we know of.

¶ The Williams lather is lather for the skin as well as for the beard. It softens the beard as thoroughly as a beard can be softened. Freshens the skin. Cleanses pores, gently, very thoroughly. Lubricates facial tissues, so that they yield evenly as the razor passes, helping toward speed and closeness.

¶ Williams—for the exacting man—the sensitive skin—the tough beard! For any water—any weather—any razor!

¶ Stick to it or not, as you like. But remember your shaving experience is not complete until you have tried Williams.

v v v

Here's a canny drug clerk speaking: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

Next time say

"Williams Shaving Cream *please!*"

Then a dash of Aqua Velva. Scientifically blended to give proper care to the newly shaven skin.

Continued from Page 52

preliminaries had subsided, the dynamite train exploded and a fine little bloodless war developed within the shadow of the Peace Palace.

It was mainly provoked by the change of percentages. Under the Spa agreement, as you have already been told, France was allotted 52 per cent; the British Empire, 22 per cent; Italy, 10 per cent, and Belgium, 8 per cent. The Young Plan cut the British share to 20.6 per cent, and the difference went to France and Italy; France now getting 52.7 per cent and Italy 10.7 per cent.

This was only one kink in what turned out to be the most critical of all the recent reparations snarls, because it jeopardized ratification. The French portion, which amounted to, roughly, $120,000,000, is taken out of the unconditional annuity to which Snowden referred as the "sponge cake." It is also that part of the annuity which can be converted into bonds.

The shift meant an annual loss to Great Britain of about $12,000,000. This is not a colossal sum compared with reparations millions, but it has a big significance in the light of John Bull's war obligations. Like Uncle Sam, he has not been without fiscal troubles with his old comrades in arms.

Too Much Sentiment

At the close of the war the European Allies owed Britain $8,000,000,000, which was twice the original British debt to us. When the attempt to bring about cancellation—to which the British were willing to accede both on the debtor and the creditor sides of her ledger—failed, she applied the Balfour principles to Germany, France, Italy and Belgium, her big debtors. She also duplicated our action with France and Italy by reducing the principals of the French debt to 62 per cent and the Italian to 76 per cent. Meanwhile, John Bull, without waiting to be pressed, signed his war-debt-funding settlement with us in 1923.

Snowden's vigorous protest at The Hague was based only in part on the loss of that $12,000,000 of the unconditional annuity. It was also geared to $1,000,000,000, which represents the excess Britain has paid to us over the amount she has obtained from her Continental debtors, including Germany. If the Balfour note was to function she felt that she was entitled to this billion dollars, or at least some portion of it. The Young Plan took no cognizance of the deficit. Adherence to the Spa percentages would contribute something to its wiping out.

A further British grievance was that the British 22 per cent granted at Spa covered the whole British Empire. The dominions borrowed heavily from the mother country during the war. Britain must look to them and not to Berlin for reimbursement.

Britain had a third string to her bow at The Hague, and she pulled it for all it was worth. She shied at the ten-year continuation of deliveries in kind. Here again she had the force of logical argument. To interpret it, we must deal for the moment in blunt and unsentimental facts.

The argument in favor of France's big share of the unconditional annuities, as well as for continued deliveries in kind to her, was based on the familiar sacrifice contention. Now everybody knows that France lost more than 1,000,000 men, that her northern area was ravaged and that her vitality was temporarily sapped. But everybody also knows that the devastated region has been restored, that France today has the second biggest gold reserve in the world and that in every sense she is as prosperous, if not more so, than in 1914.

Britain presents the reverse picture. Though her land escaped physical devastation, her economic structure received a staggering blow, from which it has not recovered. During the war she lost nearly 8,000,000 tons of shipping alone. This can be replaced, but the loss of her foreign trade, which has been estimated at not less than $12,000,000,000, has not been restored by a long shot. To cap all this is her chronically idle army of 1,250,000 men and women. She feels that France has been coddled at her expense.

Hence the Snowden drive against deliveries in kind. These deliveries—principally coal and manufactured goods—were products that Britain herself can produce and sell. Coal is a case in point. Both France and Italy—especially the latter—have been big consumers of the British article. Italy got so much reparations coal that she was forced to sell it at a sacrifice, to the detriment of the Welsh commodity.

Upon these three contentions—mainly objection to the big French share of unconditional reparations—Snowden stubbornly rested his case. After three weeks of wrangling a compromise was effected. The British got 40,000,000 marks—roughly $9,520,000—additional sponge cake, which approximates nearly 80 per cent of the original demand. They also get 92,000,000 marks—about $22,000,000—out of the unconditional annuities which had not been provided for under the Young Plan.

Snowden achieved more than a financial triumph. In consolidating British opinion, irrespective of party, behind him he probably guaranteed the Ramsay MacDonald government its full five-year tenure of office.

No sooner was the British grievance satisfactorily met than Germany assumed the rôle of deadlocker by insisting upon immediate evacuation of the Rhineland Once more a break impended. On August twenty-ninth this was settled with the understanding that evacuation begin at once and be concluded by the end of June, 1930. Ratification of the plan now followed.

On account of the delay at The Hague operation of the Young Plan is necessarily postponed. The indications, however, are that the payments of the Young annuities begin as originally devised—as of September first—with the Agent-General at Berlin acting as collector and distributor until the Bank of International Settlements is set up.

We were merely onlookers at The Hague conference. Its job was to ratify the Young Plan, and this was Europe's mutton.

America's Interest in the Plan

What does concern us in the Young Plan is the American interest, first, in our claims against Germany; second, in the possible relation that the International Bank of Settlements may have for us; third, and most important of all, in the attempt to tie up the debts and reparations, thus seeking to wreck the whole settlements structure. We will take these items up in order.

Our claims against Germany can be disposed of briefly. Under the Dawes Plan we have been receiving 55,000,000 marks a year—roughly $13,000,000—to reimburse us for the cost of army occupation and to help pay the claims of our nationals for war damage. President Hoover, with the consent of administration and opposition groups in Congress, agreed to a 10 per cent reduction during the Young conference, with the result that Germany's war debt to us is now $320,757,118, of which $176,981,384 is for army occupation and $143,775,734 is for the mixed claims. This will be paid off in Young Plan annuities, following the Dawes Plan precedent.

There is no nigger in the woodpile here. With the Bank of International Settlements, however, the plot begins to thicken. Henceforth it is necessary for us to get behind the façade of the Young Plan and see just how it aims—directly and indirectly—to deflect the United States from its policy of disassociating the debts and reparations.

Now the bank, on its face, so to speak, may develop into all that its proponents claim for it. It may become the great bank of peace, reconciling conflicting nationalistic economic aspirations. It may project itself as a clearing house for world trade,

(Continued on Page 58)

"I use Ethyl *in my own car*"

SERVICE station men *know*. It's their business. When Ethyl was first put on sale, they naturally tried it out. They've stuck to it. They've told others what they know about Ethyl. That is the reason why Ethyl has had such a remarkable reception by the motoring public.

Ethyl Gasoline is good gasoline plus. With it has been mixed Ethyl fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) which was developed after years of research to make gasoline a more efficient motor fuel and to make possible the high compression engine. Leading oil companies now mix Ethyl fluid with their gasoline because they first tried it out and proved for themselves that it did make their product better.

Why not try it for yourself? Ride with Ethyl today. Look for the Ethyl emblem.

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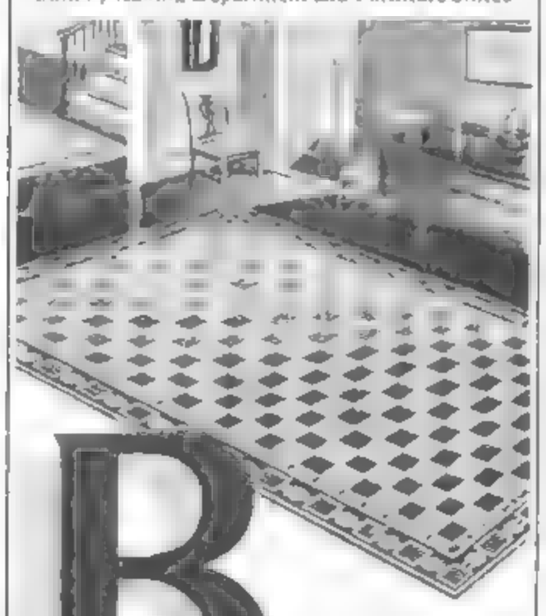
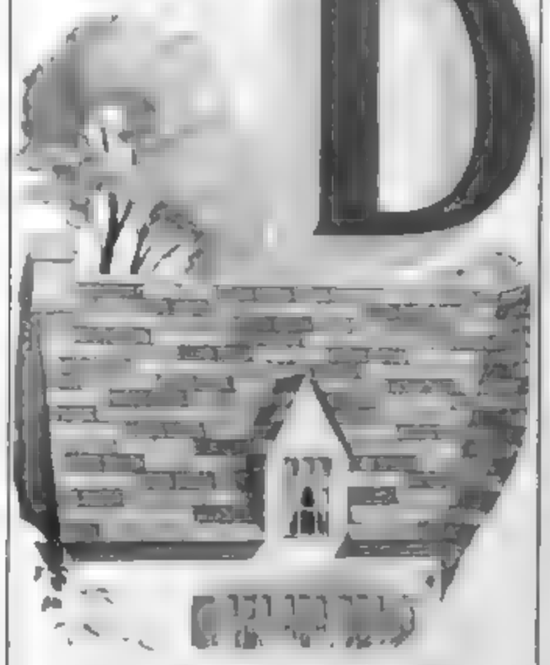
GASOLINE

Knocks out that "knock"

RUGS
Bright surfaced—felt base
Up-to-date patterns
Easily cleaned · Moderately priced
Sold by leading Department and Furniture Stores



BIRD



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(Continued from Page 56)

just as the League of Nations purports to be the clearing house for world ideas, and the World Court for international judicial decisions. It may end the costly and deranging system of gold shipments.

But in one of its unuttered, yet obvious, purposes, it is destined for failure. That purpose seeks to make the bank a link between debts and reparations, and thus artfully maneuver the United States into accepting Germany, and not the Allies, as debtor. The moment we officially ally ourselves with it we not only depart from the policy that has guided us in our whole debt procedure but expose ourselves to possible repudiation as well.

My first intimation of this proposition, which affects the whole American people, especially those who patriotically and unselfishly put their savings into Liberty Bonds, was during the anxious weeks when the Young conference was in session. In London and Paris more than one banker said:

"If the proposed International Bank of Settlements receives and distributes the reparations, why should it not also, at the same time, control and pay the debts to the United States?"

You need no diagram to point out that such a performance would make the bank collector of German reparations, on the one hand, and payer of debt installments to us, on the other, with all the hazard that this implies.

It represents the first stage of the studied scheme to coördinate two transactions which, from the official, and, for that matter, almost the whole American point of view, are separate and distinct.

The American policy of making each loan on the sole credit of the particular borrower and refusing to accept any substitution of debtors began when the first war dollar was loaned. Every effort made by the Allies to get by this iron-clad rule has been rebuffed.

The statement, for example, in the Balfour note, that we loaned other nations money on England's credit was sharply contradicted by Washington, and the inaccuracy of the statement was admitted. The scheme to have the United States accept Germany as debtor on the pre-Armistice Belgian loans failed. In his negotiations for the French debt settlement, Caillaux insisted upon what was termed a safeguard clause which made French payments contingent upon reparation receipts. We would not accede to this demand and the negotiation failed.

The safeguard cropped up again in the final debate on the Mellon-Bérenger agreement, which was ratified by the Chamber of Deputies on July twenty-first by a majority of eight votes. The agreement was accepted without reservation, but a separate resolution incorporates the safeguard provision. This was a futile gesture, because there is absolutely nothing in the Mellon-Bérenger agreement to tie the French payments up with reparation installments.

A Suggestion Without Logic

The War Debt Commission Act specifically prohibits any substitution of debtors. In each settlement the ability of a particular nation to pay was the sole consideration. If we have established one consistent policy above all others, it is that the war debts to the United States were not to be conditioned upon German reparation payments. We wanted to steer clear of European internal entanglements and to treat solely, as one member of our war debt commission expressed it, "with those to whom we loaned money and not with those—that is, the Germans who had no connection whatever with the loans."

As far back as June 26, 1920, Secretary of the Treasury Houston, in a memorandum to Sir Auckland Geddes, then British ambassador, stated the case as follows:

"It has been at all times the view of the United States Treasury that questions regarding the indebtedness of the government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to the United States Government and the funding of such indebtedness had no relation either to questions arising concerning the war loans of the United States and of the United Kingdom to other governments or to questions regarding the reparation payments of the Central Empires of Europe."

In the following November, President Wilson sent this communication to Lloyd George, then Prime Minister of Great Britain:

"The United States fails to perceive the logic in a suggestion in effect either that the United States shall pay part of Germany's reparation obligation or that it shall make a gratuity to the Allied governments to induce them to fix such obligation at an amount within Germany's capacity to pay. This Government has endeavored heretofore in a most friendly spirit to make it clear that it cannot consent to connect the reparation question with that of intergovernmental indebtedness."

Our Skirts Officially Clear

The consequences of American official connection with the Bank of International Settlements were summed up for me by a shrewd American observer who had much to do with the debt settlements. Here is his comment:

"Official participation in the bank would nullify our debt policy, because it makes the bank collector for Germany and paymaster for the Allies. It would mean, furthermore, that if Germany did not pay reparations, we would be told by our debtors to do our own collecting and not to worry them. The bank would be their alibi and our funeral."

Refusal to align ourselves with the bank does not mean that we will decline to accept debt payments which come from it. The policy of the United States Government is to accept debt installments regardless of the intermediary. It may be the house of Morgan, which acts as fiscal agent for the British Government, or an ambassador who sometimes comes to the Treasury Department with a certified check covering the installment that his government owes. We do draw the line, however, in having any official connection with that agent.

Another menace is embodied in the bank, and from a different source. It was stated to me by an eminent American whose knowledge of world economic affairs is exceptional. This is what he said:

"The United States cannot afford to mortgage her economic future to a bank which will be controlled by the banks of issue of alien powers. Everybody knows that European central banks, notably the Bank of France, and to a lesser extent the Bank of England, are closely related to the politics of their respective countries, and especially their foreign policies. Obviously they would be inclined to bend the Bank of International Settlements policy to meet expediency in the event of international political crisis. It would mean nothing, more or less, than the manipulation of the collective credit power of the world, for such power would be represented in the bank, once it begins to fulfill the purpose of its promoters. Thus it would easily become a formidable political force. Europe may want this kind of bank, but it is outside the pale of American policy."

You can now see why the American Government declared itself in no uncertain terms on the subject of the Bank of International Settlements. On May eighteenth, and before the Young Plan was signed, Secretary of State Stimson, acting as spokesman for President Hoover, ended whatever hope existed in Paris to enlist us in reparations collection and make Germany our debtor instead of the Allies. His statement was as follows:

"While we look with interest and sympathy upon the efforts being made by the committee of experts to suggest a solution for the settlement of the vexing question of German reparations, this Government does not desire to have any American officials directly or indirectly participate in the collection of German reparations through the agency of this bank or otherwise.

"Ever since the war the American Government has consistently taken this position. It has never accepted membership on the Reparation Commission. It has declined to join the Allied Powers in the confiscation of sequestered German property and the application of that property to its war claims.

"The comparatively small sums it received under the Dawes Plan are applied solely to the settlement of claims judicially ascertained by the Mixed Claims Commission in fulfillment of an agreement with Germany and to the repayment of expenses of the American army of occupation in Coblenz.

"It does not now wish to take any step which would indicate a reversal of that attitude, and for that reason will not permit any officials of the Reserve System either themselves to serve or to select American representatives as members of the proposed international bank."

In view of the administration policy, any American participation in the bank must be by individual institutions. It is quite likely that some of the great New York or Chicago banks may become shareholders, but they will do so on their own responsibility and without the aid or sanction of the Federal Reserve System or the American Government. Officially, let me repeat, our skirts are clear of it.

All this is merely the prelude to what, in terms of the theater, is the "curtain." We now reach the big scene of the Young Plan, so far as we are involved. It is, to continue the parallel with the drama, the act where the plan to join debts and reparations, and likewise capitalize our old friend Cancellation for the benefit of both Germany and the Allies, is disclosed. To make this revelation we must dig deeper behind the façade of the plan.

The Meat in the Memorandum

Fully to comprehend what is implied, let us first have a look at the annex to which I have repeatedly referred. It is designated as a "Concurrent Memorandum, but not a part of the report," and is signed by the principal British, French, Italian, Belgian and German experts. Wherever possible, the effort appears to have been made to camouflage that short and ugly word "debts." With one exception, the obligations of the Allies are covertly referred to as "outpayments." When you compare these outpayments with debt installments, you discover that not only do the amounts correspond almost exactly—certainly for the second period of indemnities—but the duration of both is identical.

The first section of this Concurrent Memorandum reads as follows: "In the annuities provided in the report the following amounts are required to cover outpayment." Then come the debt requirements up to 1959. The linking of debts and reparations is therefore obvious.

The real meat of the coconut, however, is in the succeeding paragraphs, which read.

"It is represented that in the event of modifications of those obligations for outpayments, by which the creditors benefit, there should be some corresponding mitigation of the German annuities. The experts of the four chief creditor countries and of Germany therefore recommend that Germany and all the creditor governments having obligations for outpayments should undertake between themselves an arrangement on the following basis:

"Any relief which any creditor power may effectively receive, in respect of its net outward payments on account of war debts, after making due allowance for any material or financial counter-considerations, and after taking into account any remissions of

(Continued on Page 63)

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AN OUNCE OF PREPARATION, NOW, WILL PREVENT A POUND OF TROUBLE WHEN WINTER COMES

AFTER a summer's use *every* car should have some simple, inexpensive service to get it ready to withstand the rigors of cold weather driving.

There should be a fresh supply of winter-grade oil in the crankcase. Transmission and differential need more active, cold-weather lubricants. Spark plugs, ignition cables and battery should be at their best to supply powerful, hot ignition. And the *cooling system*—by all means have that very important part of your car *clean* and *tight* before anti-freeze is added. Then give your car the perfect protection of Eveready Prestone. One supply protects the car all winter.

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Eveready Prestone is a distinct new chemical compound, containing neither alcohol nor glycerine. It has all the qualities of a perfect anti-freeze.

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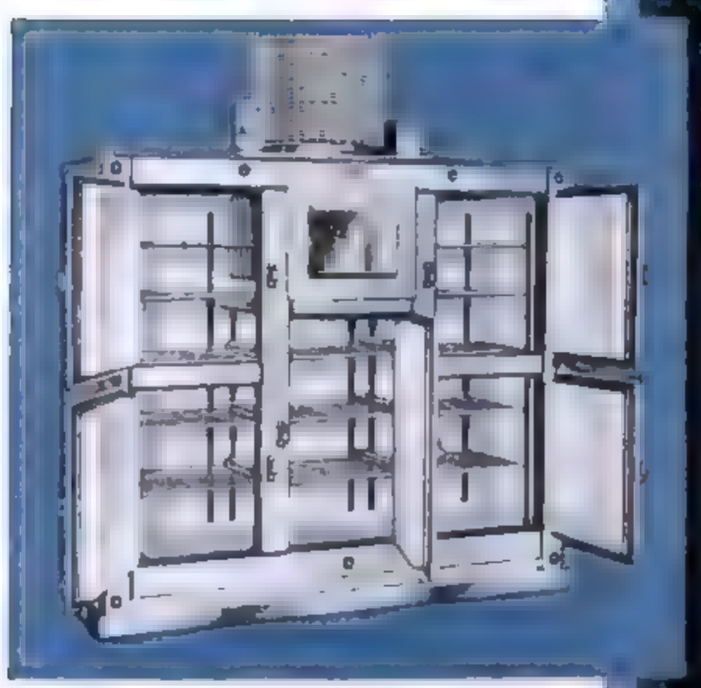
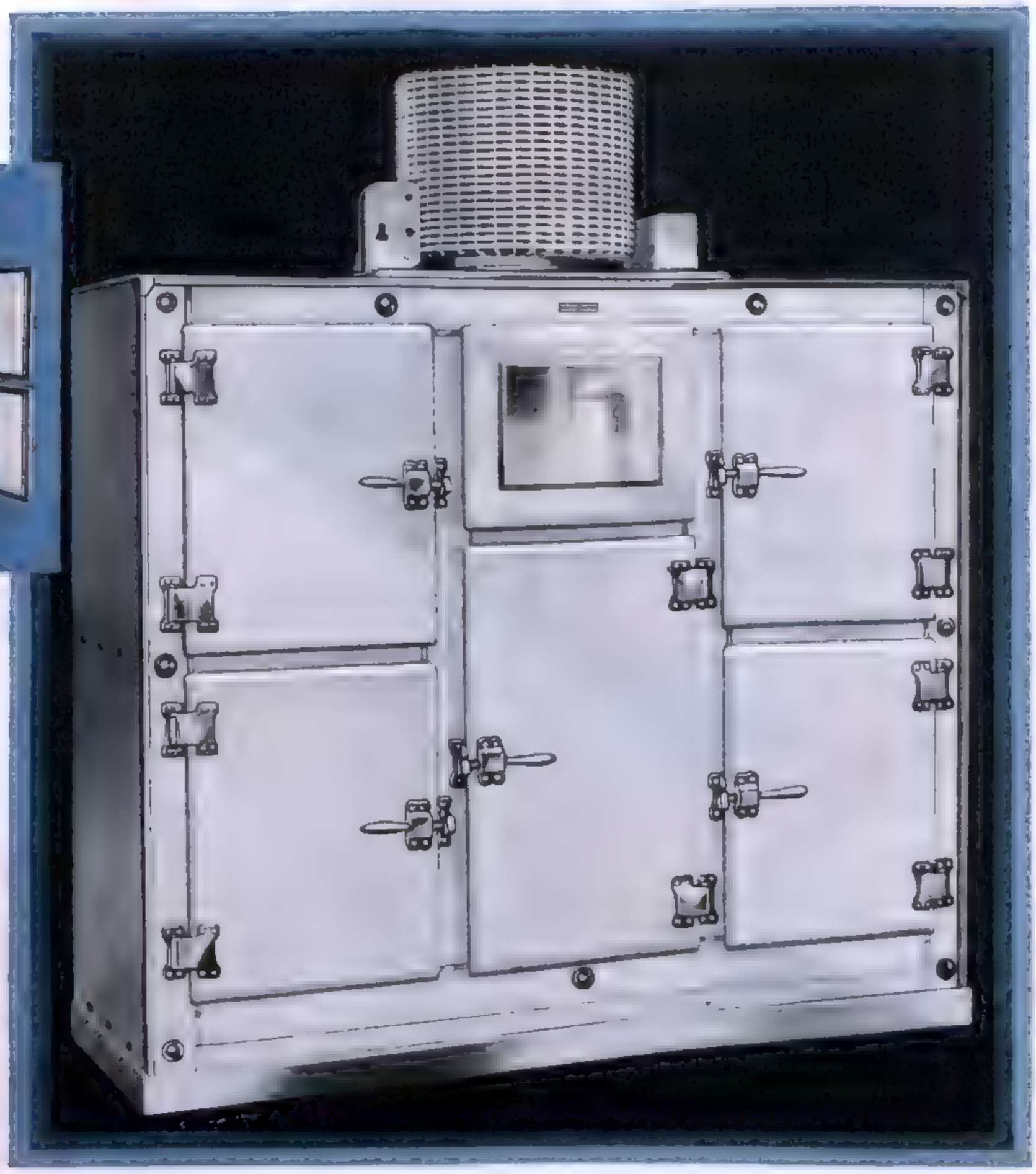
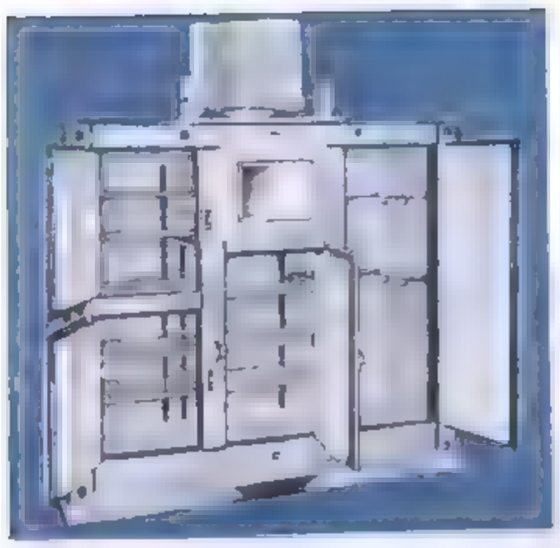
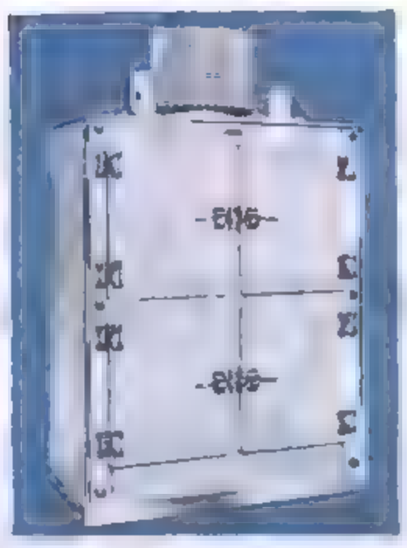




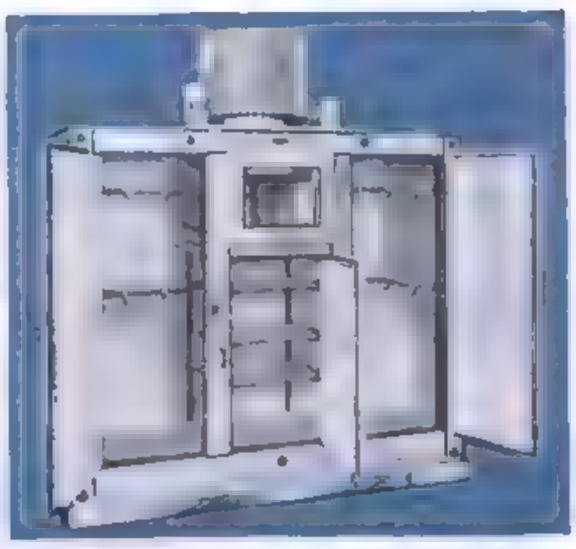
MODEL *C-450, open and closed. This refrigerator, for general commercial application, has an all porcelain interior and white lacquer exterior—food storage capacity 45 cubic feet. Shelf area 55 square feet. Shelves adjustable to 2 in. spacing. Exterior of cabinet, 79¾ in. wide, 30 in. deep, 72 in. high. Head room required, 9 ft. 5 in.*



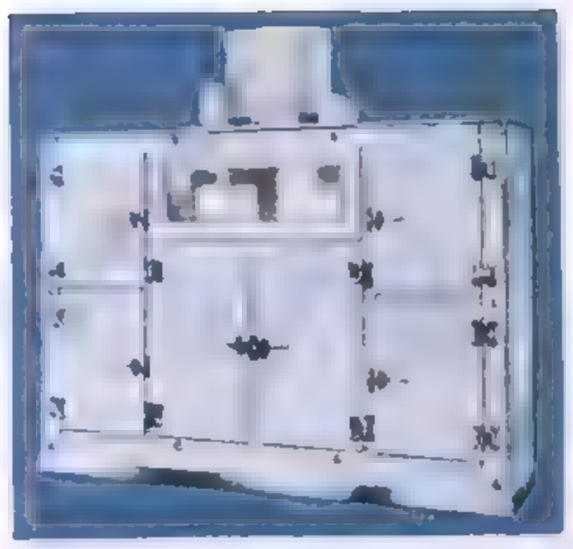
Model C-451 is similar to Model C-450 illustrated on the preceding page except that the right-hand portion of the cabinet is furnished with hooks instead of shelves and has a single full length door. Head room required, 9 ft. 5 in.



Model C-270—food storage capacity 27 cubic feet, shelf area 40 square feet. Exterior of cabinet 54¼ in. wide, 30 in. deep, 72 in. high. Head room required, 9 ft.



Model C-452 is similar to Models C-450 and C-451 except that both right and left compartments are equipped with hooks instead of shelves and the doors to these compartments are full length. The center shelves are adjustable.



Model C-600 has a food capacity of 60 cubic feet, shelf area 75 square feet. Center shelves are adjustable to 2 in. spacing. Exterior dimensions of cabinet 103¼ in. wide, 30 in. deep, 72 in. high. Head room required, 9 feet, 5 in.

REFRIGERATORS

----- embodying the vital features of superiority which, in the household models, revolutionized refrigeration

TWO and a half years ago, after fifteen years of experiment in the Research Laboratories of General Electric, a new and entirely different household refrigerator was perfected.

There are now more than 350,000 of these General Electric Refrigerators giving convenience and protection to American homes . . . and not one owner *has spent a single dollar for repairs or service.* This record stands unequalled.

Now General Electric makes another announcement—of vital interest to those confronted with the problem of preserving perishable foods in large quantities. General Electric has perfected a line of commercial refrigerators.

General Electric has blazed an entirely new trail. Now, for the first time, it is possible to buy as one complete unit a cabinet and refrigerating mechanism *designed specifically for each other* . . . designed to work together for greatest efficiency and at lowest operating cost.

These new refrigerators embody all the features of superiority of the household models—operating economy, freedom from trouble, ease of installation, space saving, quiet operation.

We invite merchants and architects to examine the various models of the new General Electric Commercial Refrigerator. There is a specialist in your city who will gladly discuss your particular requirements. Or a catalog will be mailed free on request. Address Section S-10A Refrigeration Department of the General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

The General Electric Bottle Water Cooler has seamless white porcelain cooling chamber. Highly efficient, operated by a ⅓ h.p. motor. Exceedingly compact—17 in. square, 44 in. high. Automatic temperature control regulates degree of coldness of drinking water to suit user.

SEVEN VITAL POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1 *Easy to install*—because the cabinet and the refrigerating mechanism are combined in one unit.

2 *Greater storage capacity* per square foot of floor area because all the mechanism is on top, instead of taking up valuable space elsewhere. Shelves are adjustable by two-inch spacings.

3 *Requires no attention.* The mechanism is simple, quiet, hermetically sealed in a steel casing . . . trouble-free, dustproof, never needs to be oiled.

4 *Maximum efficiency* and operating economy since refrigerating unit and cabinet are specifically designed for each other.

5 *Completely sanitary* and easy to clean because the chilling chamber and the lining of the cabinets are white *porcelain.*

6 *Self-defrosting evaporator* which minimizes dehydration, reducing shrinkage of meats and other foods.

7 *An unqualified two-year service guarantee.*

Every General Electric Refrigerator is hermetically sealed.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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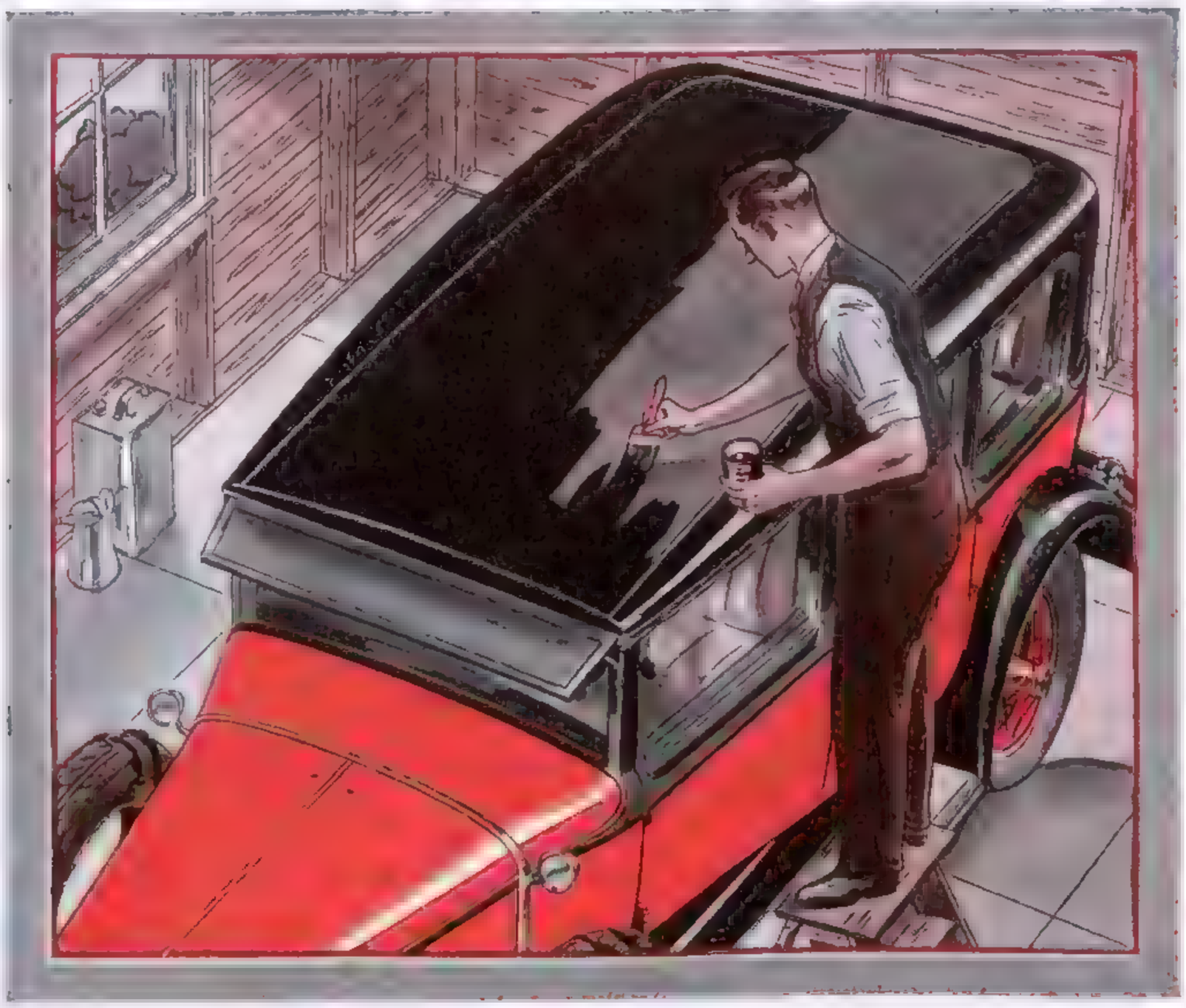
Protect your top from weather's ceaseless attack



Waterproof the top and restore its lustre

Day in and day out, all through the summer, the top of your car has suffered an unmerciful attack from the hot, burning sun, the driving rains, the constant vibrations of the wind and the road. And now, with winter coming on, your auto top needs attention.

Many auto top materials do not stand up under the terrific strains to which they are subjected.

Eventually the lustre dies, and tiny cracks form in the smooth surface of the fabric coating. These cracks gradually grow larger and deeper. If neglected, they will finally reach the fabric itself, and your top will leak.

Protect Your Top with du Pont No. 7 Auto Top Finish

No. 7 Auto Top Finish is made by du Pont—the makers of Duco and the world's leading manufacturers of auto top fabrics. It is made to waterproof and protect auto tops, and to restore their original lustre. You apply it with a brush and it dries hard overnight. If you prefer, the garage man will apply it for you.

No. 7 Auto Top Finish forms a film of protection over the entire top. It fills in all the tiny cracks and checks. It covers the top with a beautiful glossy black finish which is durable, flexible and thoroughly waterproof.

Buy a can of No. 7 Auto Top Finish now. Protect your top through the long winter months. No. 7 Auto Top Finish is for use on all types of coated fabric auto tops (open and closed) and for side curtains, trunk covers, and tire covers.

Excellent for Your Tires

You will find nothing quite so good for your spare tires as No. 7 Auto Top Finish. It improves their appearance and prevents drying and checking of the rubber. And if you want to make a really fine job of it, use No. 7 on ALL your tires.

Three Other du Pont Products —To Make Your Car More Beautiful

No. 7 Duco Polish will remove Traffic Film, and bring back the original lustre of your Duco finish.

No. 7 Nickel Polish will clean and brighten the radiator and lamps. It is also an ideal polish for metal surfaces in the home.

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Use No.7 AUTO TOP FINISH ..*made by the makers of* **Duco**

(Continued from Page 58)

war-debt receipts which it may itself make, shall be dealt with as follows:

"As regards the first 37 years:

"(*a*) Germany shall benefit to the extent of two-thirds of the net relief available by way of a reduction in her annuity obligations thereafter.

"(*b*) One-third of the net relief shall be retained by the creditor concerned; in addition to the amounts otherwise receivable from Germany.

"As regards the last 22 years:

"The whole of such relief shall be applied to the reduction of Germany's liabilities."

Stripping this phraseology of its disguises, it means in simple language: First, that the debts and reparations are linked: second, that in the event of cancellation of the debts, either in whole or in part, Germany benefits to the extent of two-thirds of the amount and the Allies by one-third. Such is the pro rata for the first thirty-seven annuities. The entire relief is to be applied to the German liabilities for the remaining twenty-two years.

Damages and Debts

The deduction is clear. The framers of the Young Plan shifted from their definite and assigned task—which was to fix reparations on the basis of the German capacity to pay—and devoted themselves principally to devising a minimum annuity sufficient only to pay the debts to the United States and to satisfy the French claim for reparations. This is quite obvious from the fact that after thirty-seven years, when reparations shall have been satisfied, the annuities are solely sufficient to pay the debt installments.

Sum up what I have just tried to describe and you find that it all goes back to the determination to make the United States accept Germany as a debtor in lieu of the Allies. The evidence is in the close relation between the life and amounts of annuities and debt installments. In the offing lies the bait of the Bank of International Settlements to act as what in the army is known as a coördinating officer. The dead issue of cancellation is revived. We must look to Germany for our claims on the Allies and the onus of the whole business falls on us. This, in a word, tells the whole tale of what, after reparations fixation, really happened at Paris.

Like the attempt to involve us officially with the Bank of International Settlements, this plan is doomed. I have already shown how, ethically, morally and financially, the debts and reparations are separate and distinct issues. Because the Young Plan connects them, I will once more point out the difference; this time from another angle.

Article 232 of the Versailles Treaty defines reparations as the compensation that Germany must make "for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allied and Associated Powers and to their property during the period of belligerency . . . by . . . aggression by land, by sea and from the air."

The debts, on the other hand, represent war costs and, therefore, have a different origin. They were incurred for war supplies purchased from the United States Government. They represent a definite business transaction based on the laws which govern business—which means that obligations honestly entered into, and in no sense regarded as a gift, must be paid. The Allies gave us an I O U and we have merely insisted that this I O U be paid, but with many reductions. We cut the French debt to 61 per cent and the British by more than 25 per cent. We have been equally generous with Italy and Belgium.

Furthermore, and in spite of the sentimental advocates of cancellation, these debts were not incurred in a common cause. Britain, for example, borrowed a large portion of her debt to us for commercial purposes as distinguished from war usage. Some of the proceeds were used to meet obligations maturing in the United States, to furnish India with silver with which to buy food to be resold to the civilian population, and to maintain exchange. Finally, the Allied debts are fundamentally owed to the people of the United States and not to the American Government.

If cancellation in whole or in part were brought about, we would be the heaviest losers

As I have repeatedly pointed out in these columns, we were the only nation that emerged from the war without foreign obligations. We not only paid our own way but financed our Allies to the extent of $10,000,000,000. When the war began, our national debt was below $1,000,000,000. In 1919 it had reached a total of $27,000,000,000. The American taxpayer and the Liberty Bond owner had footed the bill.

The whole purpose of this recapitulation is to show that reparations have nothing whatever to do with war costs. One is a European problem and the other an American issue. They were incurred separately and they must be settled separately. Yet the annex to the Young Plan seeks to join them in an effort to make us the goat for both.

In two statements I can show the fervor of the American reaction to this proposal. The first is from Garrard Winston, who was secretary of the World War Foreign Debt Commission, and who participated in all the major debt settlements. At Williamstown, Massachusetts, last August he expressed himself to the Institute of Politics in these terms:

"Europe today boasts, and boasts loudly, that it has finally outmaneuvered the United States. In the Young Plan it has tied together reparations and war debts. It has already been suggested that France, for example, by directing the new International Bank to collect from Germany the reparations representing its debt to the United States, and to pay these sums over to the United States, relieves itself of all obligations to America. Winston Churchill recently indicated in Canada that England had no further interest in war debts so long as Germany pays.

"The Concurrent Memorandum, attached to the Young Plan, and not signed by the American experts, is an interesting example of the trading which must have gone on during those many weeks in Paris. The German reparation installments are fixed for the first thirty-seven years to cover reparations and war debts, and for the last twenty-two years to cover only war debts.

"The Concurrent Memorandum provides that in the first period the benefit of any reduction of war debts goes two-thirds to Germany and one-third to the war debtor, and in the last period all benefit accrues to Germany. If the Allies want to collect from Germany only enough to pay their war debts, why should they retain a one-third interest in any cancellation, or why should this interest be for a part and not all? It is amusing to see the way hoped-for charity from America has been used for chips in the poker game."

Germany Can Pay

The other statement is from one of the most distinguished of living Americans, whose knowledge of debts and reparations was gained at first hand. This is what he said to me:

"The Concurrent Memorandum attached to the Young Plan is an attempt to force the United States to accept responsibility for the German reparations and to enable the Allies to stand from under in the matter of their debt obligations to us. In its efforts to bring about cancellation it achieves the exact reverse. It will crystallize American support of our debt policy the moment full significance of the proposal is realized. Furthermore, it kills any remote possibility of further generosity in the matter of reductions. American public opinion, to say nothing of governmental obligation to Liberty Bond holders, will not tolerate any such procedure."

A year ago, when I first recorded the ambition which now finds official expression in the Concurrent Memorandum, I showed the only possible connection that could exist between debts and reparations from our point of view. It is as apt now as it was then, and may well be repeated to round out this section. It follows:

"The one and only liaison between reparations and debts sanctioned by sane, just and constructive American judgment would divert proceeds of reparations commercialization automatically into the coffers of the United States Treasury to advance debt payments and thereby reimburse our Liberty Bond holders ahead of schedule. In this procedure we would simply follow ordinary business practice, which takes cash down instead of holding long-term notes, the notes in this case being embodied in the various sixty-two-year debt arrangements. Whatever discount might be demanded for the cash is another matter, to be adjudicated when the time comes."

One concluding word remains to be said about the war debts. The cancellationists, who appear to have been aided and abetted by the Young Plan experts, have maintained all along that unless we relent, the fiscal world will go to pot. Examine the 1928 Balance of International Payments and this is overwhelmingly refuted. In 1928 we collected $210,000,000 on the war debts. During the same period American tourists overseas, including the West Indies, but excluding Canada and Mexico, spent $518,000,000. Of this sum, $240,000,000, or exactly $30,000,000 more than the yearly debt payments, was expended in France, according to Department of Commerce figures. Taking all debit and credit items, such as immigrant remittances and foreign investments into consideration, the war debts approximated 1 per cent of the total.

Final consideration of the Young Plan must deal with the answer to the question: "Can Germany pay?" Save for unforeseen circumstance, there is no occasion for apprehension on this score.

At the Turn of the Road

Demobilization of the Dawes Plan consolidates the German position. On the material side it finds industry rationalized and geared to record output. The spread between imports and exports is contracting. Revenues are on the increase and savings deposits, the best index to a nation's well-being, have grown from 5,921,000,000 marks—$1,409,000,000—in 1928 to 8,000,000,000 marks—$1,904,000,000—in 1929. Abolition of the railway and industrial mortgages pledged under the Dawes Plan enables production to function more freely. Reduction and ultimate prohibition of deliveries in kind will afford a wider world market for commodities whose sale has been hampered by reparation requirements. Germany will need considerable additional foreign capital; but being now an unhampered agent, she becomes a better risk.

The reparation bonds are not likely to have much lure for the United States, in view of the prevailing high interest rates here. Their principal advantages will be to France.

On the moral, or rather mental, side, the benefits are well-nigh incalculable. With emancipation from irking financial control, with the Rhineland cleared next year of alien troops, and with the restoration of the Saar well in sight, Germany's national pride and productive incentive are bound to be enhanced.

In the larger aspect, the consequences are likely to be no less significant. Snowden's defiance of the Continental powers at The Hague may lead to a new European line-up, with a more compact entente between France, Germany, Belgium and Italy, on the one hand, and an isolated Britain on the other. In this event, Britain will naturally turn to the United States for closer understanding and coöperation. A new Europe, resting on a readjusted economic base, is therefore in prospect.

Note the master styling of this model . . .
No. 251, Brown Calf; No. 151, Black Calf

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A SOFT sponge and a foam of saddle soap, or an old flannel and a touch of polishing cream—and your Smith Smart Shoes are young again.

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WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

WHY BETTY BAWLED OUT HER BOY FRIEND

The Liftright Cap

An extra advantage of the Sealright Liftright Cap is a little patented groove at the tip of the tab, which makes it always easy to raise the tab and lift cap out. No opener required.

The Pouring Pull Cap

Ideal for milk served in the sterilized bottle in school lunch rooms. This cap has, in addition to the patented groove, an opening beneath the lifted tab for inserting straws. Prevents spilling and pleases the children.

OUT in a flash without a splash! That's the convenience of the Sealright Liftright Milk Bottle Cap. And there's no risk of contaminating the milk with an unsterilized fork or ice pick, for no opener is required. Just raise the tab and the cap lifts right out. No trouble—no mess—not a drop of the good top cream is wasted!

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SEALRIGHT

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MILK BOTTLE CAPS

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Please send me free samples of Sealright Liftright and Sealright Pouring Pull Milk Bottle Caps

Name

Address .....

Name of Dairy

Address

IN CANADA—Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd. Peterborough, Ontario

WANTED: A DREAM MAN

(Continued from Page 21)

later that he'd forgotten to pack his silk socks. And a snappy bow tie, which, every time he made a wise-crack, he would pull out that tie and let it snap back and say "And how!" It was awful.

How we ever got through dinner I don't know. Unfortunately, we had corn on the cob, and Eddie played on it like it was a mouth organ. He put away more corn than an old-fashioned family could eat in a week, and the cobs were piled up all over his plate. I always knew that these big strong boys had to eat a lot to keep going, but, honestly, he had three and four helpings of everything, and by the time he arose from the table it was 8:30 and I was a wreck.

I got mother off in a corner and said, "Mother, what am I going to do? I can't take that walrus to the country club—I'd never live it down!" But we finally agreed that I'd have to go through with it, since by now everybody in town would know that Ed had arrived—trust Flo for that.

Well, the nearer we got to the dance the worse I felt, and the worse I looked too. Eddie is some mean man in a taxi. When we arrived I sneaked him in through the side door and hoped nobody would notice us, but of course they did, right away. What an evening! Whenever one of the boys would try to cut in, Eddie would give them a dirty look and say to me in a booming voice: "Who is that sap, anyway?" And he delivered himself of a speech about the general appearance of the fellows in our town, ending up with "No wonder you fell for me!"—which was heard by everybody on the floor.

Finally I got rid of him by insisting on him dancing once with the hostess, and rushed into the dressing room to commit suicide. And, oh, did the girls razz me? I just plunked myself down and told them to rave on; nothing they could say about him would be any worse than what I had already thought of him myself. I had just made up my mind to stay right where I was and pray for a bolt of lightning to strike Eddie, when Flo Andrews came tearing in and said, "Come quick, Billie! Your boy friend's had a stroke or something! He's stretched out on the floor groaning and carrying on!"

Well, of course I had to go out then, and there was Eddie sort of writhing around and making the most awful racket. I rushed up to him and said, "What's the idea? Be yourself! Snap out of it!" And he gasped between groans: "Acute indigestion—that corn on the cob. It always gives me acute indigestion! Hold my hand, Billie. I'm going to die!"

Ethel, it took six fellows to help get him out and into a taxi, and I had to walk alongside of him holding his hand. If I let go he'd groan all the louder. We got him home somehow and stretched him out on the living-room sofa, and mother called the doctor. Then I went out and sat in the porch swing to air off. What a whirl I was in too!

Well, Ethel, believe it or not, fifteen minutes later out stalks Eddie as big as life and twice as vigorous, pounding himself on the chest and saying "I feel fine now, little girl!" and plunks himself down on the swing!

Then maybe I didn't tell him a few! I told him everything I could think of, and it was plenty. Then I threw his fraternity pin at him and slammed upstairs to bed and had a good cry—though not over Eddie, you bet. He left the next morning before I got up, and mamma said he was just as chipper as ever and told her to tell me that if I came to my senses to give him a ring on the phone sometimes!

Well, there you are, Ethel; that's what I've got to live down now. And believe me, I've learned my lesson. Some day, somewhere, I'll meet my dream man, but his name won't be Eddie Diffenderfer. What I crave now is a man with a mind—and very few muscles. Somebody I can smack down when his actions don't suit me. Somebody deadly, but dependable.

And, by the way, Ethel, there's the sweetest-looking boy just moved into that brick house in the next block. He's the soulful type, the kind with a dreamy smile and a secret sorrow that makes you just long to put his head on your shoulder and say, "Tell mamma all about it!"

I haven't met him yet, but when I do—well, I'll write and let you know what happened, Ethel. Lots of love,

BILLIE.

"Oh, I Was Just Sitting Here Thinking About You"

C. B. SMITH

President STEWART-WARNER CORP. Says:

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Look for this mark on every Radiotron

"Every Stewart-Warner receiving set undergoes the most exacting tests before it is approved by our laboratory engineers. For this purpose RCA Radiotrons are used. Because we have discovered that they add materially to the performance of our instruments we recommend them to all of our customers for initial equipment and replacement."

C. B. Smith

That all vacuum tubes should be replaced after a year of use is the advice of expert radio engineers. When this is done a brand new RCA Radiotron should be put in every socket. New tubes will not do their best in company with old ones.

RCA RADIOTRON

RADIOTRON DIVISION

RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION OF AMERICA NEW YORK CHICAGO ATLANTA DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO

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IT required but a moment for Dr. Powell, with professional instinct, to diagnose the complete line of 197 Nash patterns and to prescribe for himself No. 813.

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Dr. Byrd S. Powell, Vice-President and Superintendent of the internationally famous Thornton-Minor Sanitarium, Kansas City. Dr. Powell is one of the thousands of physicians who have found Nash clothes excellent for professional as well as social wear.

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THE OUTLAW

(Continued from Page 19)

"She did it because us kids wanted her to," said Peter truculently.

"I wanted to myself, Petey."

The sheriff pulled first one horn, then the other, of his mustache. "I'm afraid I've got to hold you, lady."

The cowboy with the splendid boots stepped forward. His face bloomed like a geranium above his leaf-green shirt.

"Leave 'em alone, Tucker. In the first place, you ain't got a warrant. And in the second place, if you get one in the next twenty-four hours you can walk and overtake them."

There was a sympathetic murmur from the crowd, and the sheriff's manner softened.

"That's our cowboy," said Bunny excitedly. "Look at his feet now, mamma."

"What I don't see, lady," pursued the sheriff, "is how this party knew where to find you if you was running away from him."

"It was this way," said Mrs. Allen, wiping her eyes on her sleeve: "I had to wire back to him. You see, we left so sudden that I forgot all about my husband, and I wanted Mr. Schneller—that's the gentleman I was engaged to—to send him after me."

The sheriff leaned back against the hitching rail suddenly as if someone had hit him in the stomach. He spat an incredible distance.

"What kind of a husband have you got, lady, anyhow?"

"Oh, he's been dead going on a year. All that's left of him is ashes, and they're pretty near all gone. I just wanted Mr. Schneller to send the jar after me. They're no good to him, are they?" she asked reasonably. "But he says he won't do it till I send back his ring."

"Did your husband meet a violent death, lady?"

"Yes, sir. He bought a quart of corn for a dollar."

The bystanders nodded understandingly.

"I might issue a writ of habeas corpus for you," said the sheriff thoughtfully.

"What's that?"

"It's a legal term that means: 'You get the corpse.'"

Mrs. Allen looked flushed and troubled. "But if you put that idea into his head he might come back at me with a habeas ringus."

"Well, if I was you, lady, I'd forget about them ashes and be on my way. If you don't, I might get orders to hold you. I'd sure hate to do it, but law's law."

The cowboy with the fancy boots and the green shirt disappeared into the store during the considerable time while Peter was trying to crank the car, and came back with four bags of candy, which he tossed into Bunny's lap.

"I get the extra bag," said Buster, grabbing for it.

"No, he gave it to me," declared Bunny, putting one bag behind her and handing one to Pete.

"One bag's for your mother, sister," called the donor.

He was rewarded by a flashing smile from Mrs. Allen in which a gold tooth and a dimple played their parts.

"Oh, thank you. I just love candy. Say thank you to the kind gentleman, children. Maybe he'll tell you his name so you can send him a picture postal."

The cowboy became suddenly dumb, and his pale-lashed eyes blinked alarmedly. He showed signs of vanishing again behind the swinging doors.

"George Flippen," called one of his friends. "But just call him Violet for short."

Mrs. Allen lifted her eyes to the steps where Flippen had retreated. Her face, though free of powder, was lit by a coquetry manifested likewise in the contradictory effect of blue earrings and khaki pants.

"Good-by, Mr. Flippen!" she called.

But only his festal boots showed under the swinging door.

The Allens waved good-by and started off. In the middle of the next block they came to a drug store, where a man was tacking up multicolored streamers and pennants.

"What's that for?" Mrs. Allen called out.

"Bison is going to have its first annual rodeo next week," said the man, turning around on his stepladder. "We're four months ahead of Laramie and Pendleton and all the other places, and the Bison Chamber of Commerce is going to see that it's put on right. There'll be roping, throwing, bulldogging, riding wild steers, breaking horses, and all the rest of it."

Peter's eyes grew big and shining among his freckles. "Gee, I'd like to see it."

"I sure do love a rodeo," said Mrs. Allen. "I seen one up in Oregon once, or maybe it was down in Texas."

"Let's stay, ma."

"I don't see how we're going to do it, Petey. We got just enough money to take us to California, if we keep going and don't eat too hearty. Besides, the car's running good now, and there's no telling what she'll do if we stop long enough to let her think it over."

"Maybe I can get a job in this here rodeo, mom."

"That's so." Mrs. Allen carried his line of thought on to daring lengths. "Maybe I'll work, too, if I can find something that won't be too hard on my back."

They pulled in at the curb and by common consent sauntered back down the street to the steps where the group of cowboys still lingered.

"What?" exclaimed the sheriff. "Back from California already! Well, well, how the children have grown up! That climate out there certainly does wonders. You don't look a day older yourself, lady. Why, it seems just like yesterday you stood there and told me you was going out West! You remember George Flippen, the freckled young fellow that gave the children the candy? Well, he was married shortly after that and has six handsome sons that look like their mother."

"Aw, shut up," grunted Mr. Flippen, backing up the steps.

"Go while the going's good, Flip," called a cowboy with a red handkerchief around his neck. "Diamond rings or ashes, it's all one to her."

Mrs. Allen looked dazed. "I guess you got me mixed up with somebody else, sheriff. I never saw you till a few minutes ago." Her face lightened as the cowboys burst into a roar. "I'll bet you're kidding me."

"Did you break down?"

"Oh, no. We just heard about the rodeo, so we decided to stay over for it." She sat down companionably on the steps with the cowboys. "There's just one thing worrying me, and that's money." She took the ring off her left hand, blew on the small and not very sparkling stone, rubbed it on her sleeve and held it out. "Would anybody like to buy this diamond?"

It passed from hand to hand in silence. One man walked out into the sunshine, squinted through the ring, shook his head. The sheriff interfered.

"I can't let you sell it, lady, even if any of the boys wanted to buy it. It's too risky. I may get a writ of replevin on it any day, and then where'd you be?"

"I'll tell you what," said the druggist, who had joined the group, carrying a bunch of bunting. "I'm going to open up a souvenir stand outside the rodeo grounds, and I need a good-looking girl like you to run it."

Mrs. Allen's smile was warm and inclusive.

"Ain't my middle name Luck?" she demanded.

III

THE Allens went out to the new rodeo grounds at once and set up camp behind the still uncompleted bleachers. In the interval before the show opened, Mrs. Allen found herself with a good deal of time on her hands. That was exactly where she liked to have it. Her broad, tanned fingers could let it rest graciously there day after day. Nor had she one of those fretful, restless minds that require to be continually stoked with thoughts. She could stretch all afternoon in the shade of a car between sleeping and waking, half conscious that her legs were cold or the sun was in her eyes, without figuring out a solution for the matter. But for some reason Mr. Schneller's refusal to surrender what was left of the late and perennially worthless Mr. Allen continued to annoy her. She looked at the tiny diamond on her finger.

"If I could just figure out some way to hang onto this and still get them ashes," she murmured inconclusively.

Then, not all at once, but haltingly, like a feeble traveler on a little-used road, a plan entered her mind.

Miss Hibberd, the spinster from whom she had lured the elderly widower, Mr. Schneller, while she was, figuratively speaking, shipwrecked on the shores of Nebraska, had doubtless begun to pursue him by this time with alarm and renewed vigor. Certainly she would not wish to see Mrs. Allen come back. In fact, she would doubtless go to any lengths to keep her away. So Mrs. Allen decided to write and ask her to send the ashes to Bison. She borrowed a pencil from one of the men working on the bleachers, bit away the overhanging wood from around the lead and eventually completed a letter on pink-ruled paper:

Miss Hibberd, dear Freind I want you to do me a faver. We left Granby pretty suden as you may of heard and I left Mr Allens "ashes" about a cup of them I gues in that jar on the table. I hadent ought to of done it becaus now Mr Schneller is mad and won't send them to me. We will have to drive back and get them unless you can send them to me hear I dont want to come back becaus our car is old and I no if we get back will have to stay so it would sure save me a lot of troubel if you sent them hear and we could be on our way to Cal and I would pay the postadge your true freind

MRS. ALLEN

"There! I've done my duty," she thought, climbing up on the fence to watch some cowboys driving a herd of steers into the corral in a cloud of dust. "Allen was trouble enough alive, without me having to bother over him now."

As the dust and tumult settled she made out a familiar green-and-black-checked shirt.

"Bunny," she exclaimed, giving her a shove, "there's that nice Mr. Flippen that gave us the candy. Run over and tell him to stop in and see what a nice camp we've got when he goes by."

A steer ripped a bar off the fence and, leaping over, charged across the field, with the green shirt in furious pursuit. Mrs. Allen stood up on the fence and whooped joyously. A second cowboy joined the chase, and between them they headed the steer around and brought him back to the corral, snorting. Mrs. Allen sat down.

"Now, there's a man that'd never give his wife cause to worry, unless it was for being so handsome, which he can't help." She sighed. "The kids would like him too. Gosh, who wouldn't? Never need to spend a cent for movies with him around." She wondered if cowboys made enough to wear those silver-mounted belts and get married too.

At sunset she saw Flippen ride off toward town, carefully skirting the bleachers.

"Why didn't you tell him?" she asked Bunny sharply. "Where's your manners?"

"I did."

"What did he say? Take that pesky harmonica out of your mouth and speak up!"

"He didn't say nothing. He started over this way, and that man that was with him laughed and said, 'She's aimin' to cut you out from the herd and brand you, Flip.'"

(Continued on Page 70)

CONDITIONING MONTHS

for DOGS

THIS is the time of year to be particularly careful of your dog's health. See that he is in good condition now and he will be less liable to disease later on. Give Sergeant's Condition Pills for a week, and you will help your dog to resist disease. Many puppies are born in the Fall. Both the puppies and their mothers need Sergeant's Condition Pills. If your dog is listless, has no appetite or is irritable, give Sergeant's Condition Pills for a week, and Sergeant's Arsenic and Iron Pills the next week.

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DOG MEDICINES
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In style and in beauty GENUINE CONGOLEUM RUGS rival the most expensive floor-coverings

JUST because *genuine* Congoleum Rugs are so amazingly inexpensive is no reason why you shouldn't be proud to own them. Many families who can afford more costly floor-coverings have placed Congoleum Rugs all through their homes—

. . ***because genuine*** Congoleum Rugs are miles ahead of their price in style and design.

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Every Congoleum Rug is a masterpiece of rug design and color. Think of it—if you had hundreds of dollars to spend, you couldn't buy a more "expensively designed" rug.

By all means, see these lovely rugs now. Ask your dealer to show you the patterns reproduced on these pages. When you see them displayed—a flood of harmonious color—it will be a case of love at first sight. And love that lasts. For every Congoleum design has that subtle "something different" which not only wins but *holds* your admiration.

Only in *genuine* Congoleum Rugs do you get such exclusive style and beauty. Only in *genuine* Congoleum Rugs do you get that extra durability built in by the remarkable *Multicote Process* of manufacture.

And don't overlook these other advantages—cleaned in a moment with a damp mop—waterproof—sanitary—flat-lying, and backed by the famous Gold Seal Guarantee.

In every way, Congoleum Rugs are the very finest of labor-saving floor-coverings.

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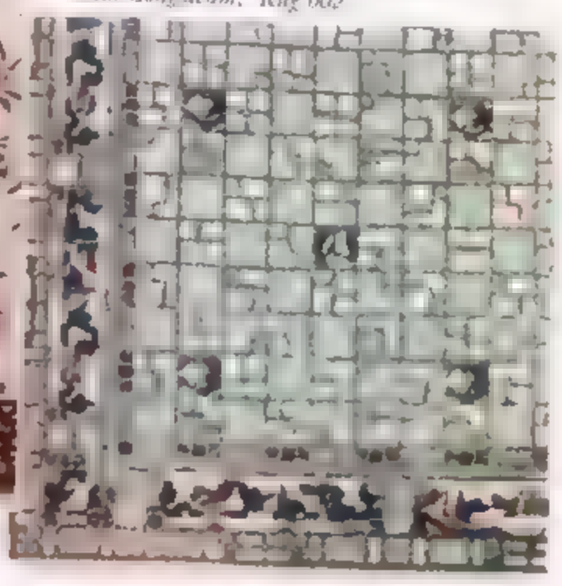

I used to long for a real Oriental rug, but this is just as charming—and much easier to care for.

"PERSAN"—No. 612.

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Of course, there are rugs that look somewhat like *genuine* Congoleum and perhaps sell for a trifle less. But the style—the stunning color effects—the exclusive designs you find only in the real thing itself!

Remember, "cheap" merchandise is usually most expensive in the long run, so don't be misled into buying a substitute.

Be on the lookout for the big Gold Seal display card (shown in the lower right hand corner) in the windows of your local stores during October. It will guide you to the biggest value in labor-saving floor-coverings—the original—the *genuine—the one and only* Congoleum.

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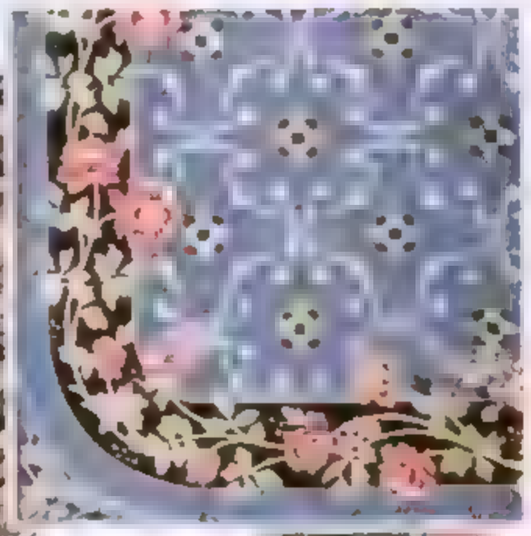
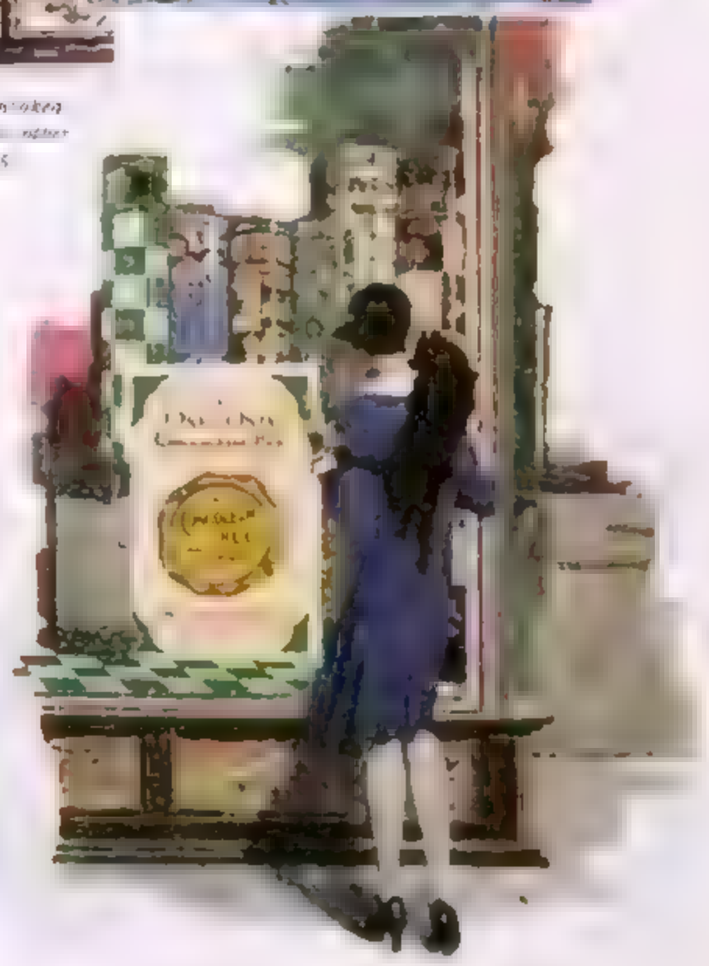


"CONCORD" this Louis seventeenth rug pattern is obtainable in [illegible] floor-covering. It is Rug No. [illegible]



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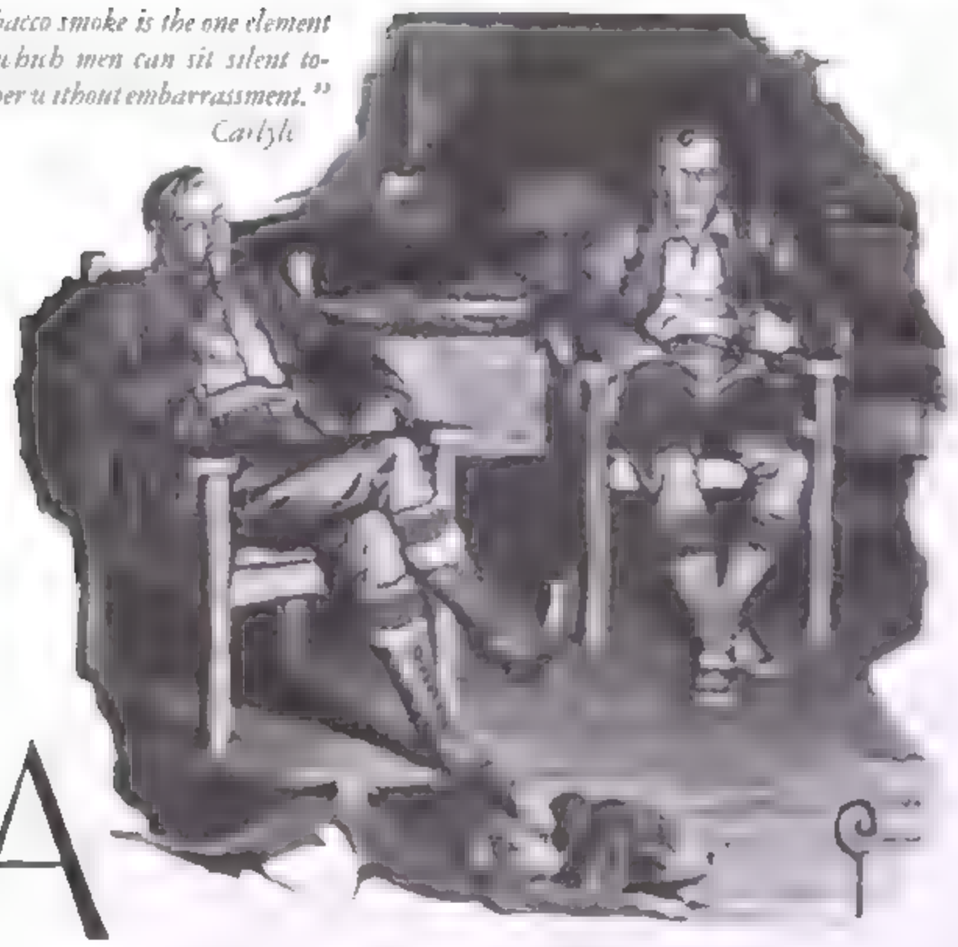
—the world's best buy in modern, labor-saving floor-coverings

Tobacco smoke is the one element in which men can sit silent together without embarrassment."
Carlyle



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MADE BY WELLMAN METHOD · AN 1870 TOBACCO SECRET
NO FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
SWEET TO THE END NO SOGGY HEEL

Like an old friend!

With some tobaccos, as with some people, you can always feel completely at ease. Such a tobacco is Granger Rough Cut, which like an old friend wears *exceedingly well.*

Made by the 1870 "Wellman Method," it yields a rare degree of richness and mellow tobacco fragrance—and it is "Rough Cut" to burn slowly. As smooth and cool and sweet as anything you ever tasted.

A practical pocket-package, too—soft heavy foil that rolls up smaller after each pipe load; ten cents. Also sold in pound and half-pound canisters.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

...in more pipes every day!

(Continued from Page 67)

Then he turned around and rode the other way."

"I'll bet it was that smarty sheriff," said Mrs. Allen.

With the opening of the rodeo the Allens experienced the joy of earning their daily bread and finding it cake. In short, they got money for work which they would have done willingly for love. Pete carried water and feed to the stock, and Mrs. Allen, a striking if not wholly convincing cowgirl, clad in chaps of orange-dyed goatskin, a woolen shirt and a broad-brimmed hat, sold plaster souvenirs for the druggist at a stand beside the gate. There was nearly always a crowd of men hanging over the counter before and after the performance, and she sold so many red elephants and baby vamps and dolls that in the final casting up of accounts the druggist turned out to be the only man who made any money out of the rodeo.

Flippen, glossy coated and skittish, hung around timidly at first on the edge of the group. As long as any of his friends were about he was content to play with Buster or teach Bunny to play The Cowboy's Lament on her harmonica. But the widow's laugh was a warm solvent for masculine shyness, and foot by foot he began to come nearer to the stand. Sometimes he even conversed with her jerkily.

"Keep away, boys," directed the sheriff. "She's getting him gentled, ready to slip on the saddle."

"Slip on the saddle!" scoffed Spokane Curly. "She's getting ready to hitch him to a wagon. Look at them kids he'll have to take on.

"*He's wild and woolly and full of fleas,*
Never been curried below the knees —— "

The cowboy broke off suddenly as Flippen came around the corner.

"Who you talking about?" asked Flippen, standing over him with his white eyelashes standing out stiffly around his eyes like barbed wire.

"That outlaw Bill's trying to ride out there," said the cowboy meekly.

By the last day of the rodeo Flippen leaned over the counter and bought souvenirs openly, and even sat in the bleachers with the widow on one side and the children on the other.

"Well, I suppose when this is over we won't be seeing you any more," she said tentatively.

"No, ma'am, I reckon not."

"How far is it out to the ranch where you work?"

"Fifteen miles, thataway," he said, indicating the hills that rose to the west.

"It must be a lonely life."

"I like it thataway."

"Aren't the evenings awful long?"

"I'm a right good sleeper."

"We got to be on our way to California now, pretty quick. I'd rather stay around Bison if I could. The kids like it fine here too. Pete said this morning he'd like to live on a ranch and have someone like you learn him how to ride." She edged over a little closer.

"He's pretty old now. I wasn't more than three when I seen that a horse had four laigs to stand on and I only had two, and I've been riding ever since."

"It's hard for a woman to raise boys without a man in the house."

"You don't live in a house," said Flippen.

"No. What chance has a woman to make a real home when she has to knock around like I do?"

Flippen leaned forward and watched the ring through narrowed eyes. "That fellow can't ride," he remarked with maddening irrelevance. "If the Circle L outfit can't show anything better than that they better go into the sheep business." He rose. "I come on next, riding that outlaw buckskin that's trying to dig up the fence over there. Now you're going to see some real riding, Mrs. Allen."

"Do be careful, George," she said earnestly, laying her hand on his sleeve.

He showed the whites of his eyes and all but reared. Then he jumped over the rail and crossed the ring to the corrals with his rolling quick step, slightly bow-legged.

"You came up on him too sudden then," said the sheriff, taking Flippen's place beside her. "He's had the run of the range for thirty years and he's going to be hard to break."

She tossed her head and went back to her souvenir stand. Half an hour later a round of whoops and clapping marked the end of the rodeo, and almost immediately the counter was surrounded by riders wiping the sweat and dust of the ring from their faces, and ranchers, and noncombatants from the Bison Chamber of Commerce. Mrs. Allen stood on her toes, vainly trying to see over their shoulders.

"I don't see Mr. Flippen no place," she remarked. "Do you spose he got hurt?"

"No, he went back to the ranch. You won't see him in town again till next pay day," said the sheriff.

"Oh," said Mrs. Allen flatly.

The sheriff leaned over the counter and beckoned to her, his wide hat shutting out the crowd. "An outlaw that's run wild for years gets plenty mean. You can't never break them right."

The crowd departed on horseback and in cars of every description. Then various outfits drove off their steers, with bellowing and yelling and choking dust. Cowboys herding snorting, fagged horses that had played the villain in the show waved good-by to the Allens sitting on top of the corral. The white dust fell back on gum wrappers and empty cigarette cartons and crumpled programs, through which Bunny and Buster, jumping down off the fence, began to rummage hopefully.

Pete, who had gone into town, clattered up in the old car beside the fence where his mother was sitting. He stood up and handed her a package and a letter.

"I guess Miss Hibberd sent the ashes like you asked her to. See what she says."

"She's a real nice writer," said Mrs. Allen, slitting the envelope, "and she's not so dumb, either. Lissen to this:

"*Dear Madam:* According to your request, I am forwarding the ashes of your deceased husband, or such a portion of them as your frequent and festive funerals have left, under separate cover. Please do not write to Mr. Schneller about it, however, as I thought it best to send them without consulting him.

"Very truly yours,
"HENRIETTA HIBBERD.

"That was sure nice of her," said Mrs. Allen. "I think I'll send her one of them red elephants for a wedding present, long's she's not going to get this engagement ring."

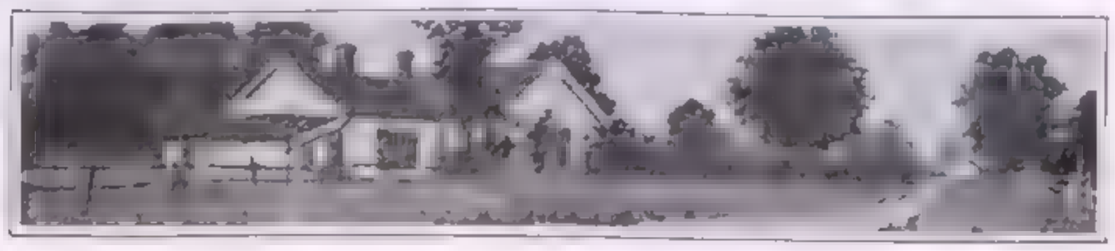
Pete wrenched a board off the grand stand and broke it up for kindling.

"I passed Flippen headed for the hills," he remarked presently. "Boy, he was ridin'!"

"Let him ride," said Mrs. Allen with spirit. "An outlaw like him ain't good for nothing but showing off in a rodeo."

She shaded her eyes against the sunset, watching the silhouette of a horseman till it became merely a vibrating blur.

"Let's get supper out of the way and get packed up for an early start in the morning," she said, jumping down off the fence. "No use hanging around here any longer."



THE TWO BLACK CROWS
on the Talking Screen!

"Why I was born with boxing gloves on."

"Boy, you're gonna die the same way"

YOU'VE heard them on the radio. You've laughed your head off at their phonograph records. Now hear them, real as life, in one of the funniest, most thrilling, all-talking entertainments ever screened! The two head men of fun and foolishness doing all their stuff—and more, too, in a marvelous Paramount All-Talking Picture—one of Paramount's Super Shows of the New Show World. It has everything; a million laughs, sensational new song hits, pathos, tense drama, grand singing and dancing. Don't miss it—be an "early bird" yourself and make a date now to see and hear Moran & Mack, "The Two Black Crows," in "Why Bring That Up?"

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Evelyn Brent

MORAN & MACK
in "Why Bring That Up?"

Directed by Geo. Abbott. Story by Octavus Roy Cohen. With Evelyn Brent & Harry Green

"Well, Amos, here we are—home again."

Hear them on the Air Sat., Oct. 12, over Columbia Broadcasting System —See and Hear them on the Screen!

Hear Moran & Mack "The Two Black Crows" on the air in the Paramount-Publix Radio Hour, Saturday, October 12, 10 to 11 P. M. Eastern Time over the nation-wide Columbia Broadcasting System. A taste of what you'll see and hear in their greatest fun-fest "Why Bring That Up?" now being shown by leading theatres everywhere.

PARAMOUNT-PUBLIX RADIO HOUR
EVERY SATURDAY 10-11 P. M. E. T.
COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

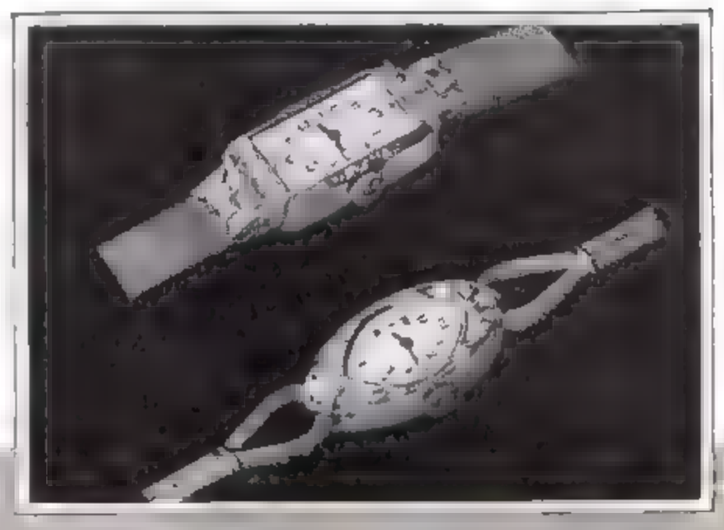
Paramount Pictures

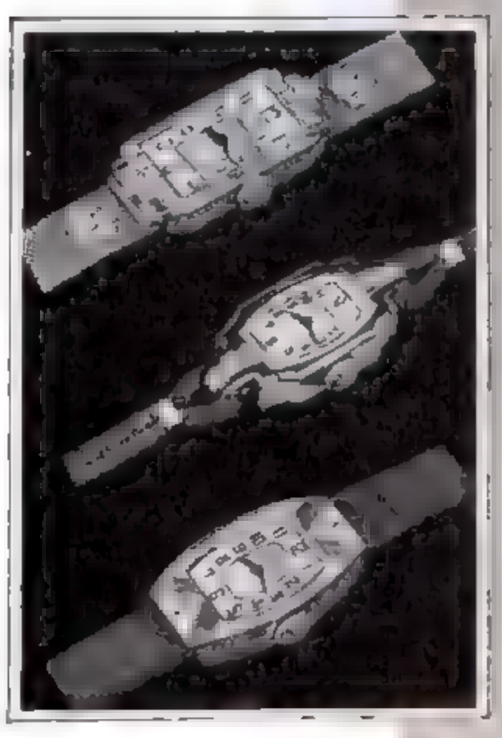
PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.

PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK

Two of the very newest conceptions in la Mode du Bijou! *Design 768 offers the smart diamond bracelet effect, achieved by setting a portion of the diamonds in either end of the gold mesh band where it joins the case. 18 full-cut diamonds in all. $300*

Most original is this cord attachment of solid gold looped through the ends of the new marquise-shaped case. A luxurious complement for the brilliant interplay of 10 diamonds encrusting the bezel. Design 769. $250





In design 329 the true modern touch lies in the parallel arrangement and new setting of the diamonds. And repetition of this motif in the smart mesh band makes watch and bracelet one unit. 32 diamonds. $375

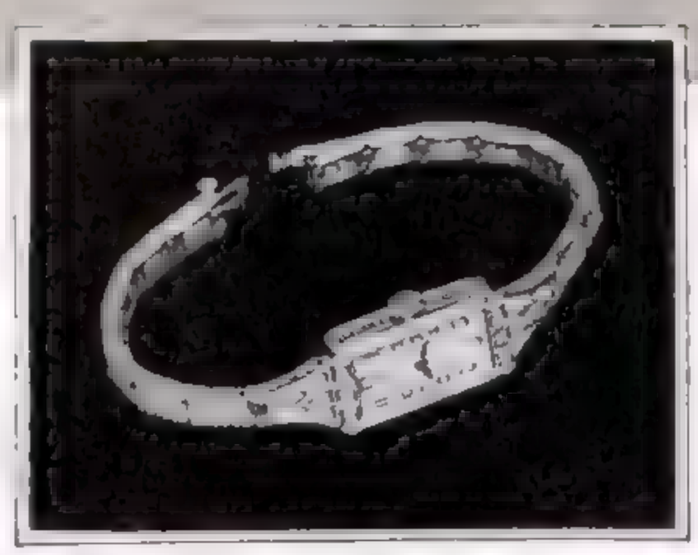
The decided contrast of inlaid black enamel enhances the lustre of 6 brilliant diamonds in design 770. An inspiration, too, is the black silk cord attachment with gold fittings! One of the newer Mode du Bijou *creations. $200*

Bold color contrast enters into design 304 with 4 large cabochon green onyx surrounded by the flashing fires of 14 diamonds. $325

Another of the most recent Mode du Bijou *creations is design 771. Here an ingenious placing of the diamonds contributes to an ensemble of exceptional brilliancy. 8 diamonds. $150*

A single diamond at each end of the bezel is given prominence in design 256. Four other stones complete the adornment of a case designed with subtle artistry. $135

Simpler in feeling is design 160, with parallel rows of 5 diamonds each. 10 stones in all. $160. One of the great variety of Gruen diamond-set watches ranging from $10,000 to $60.



It is primarily in the treatment of watch and bracelet as a single ornament that la Mode du Bijou *finds its expression in this distinguished timepiece—design 328. 18 diamonds. $285*

GRUEN
MODE du BIJOU
WATCHES

DIAMOND SET—*Offered now by Your Gruen Jeweler*

Far off, indeed, seem our old ideas of jeweled design when compared with the Gruen diamond set wrist watches pictured here!

Interpreting *la Mode du Bijou*—today's very newest vogue—these watches are conceived at style centers of two continents. Paris and Fifth Avenue collaborate in their creation!

And Gruen Workshops both in Europe and America have united to produce them. To bring them to the Gruen jeweler who is located in your own favorite shopping center.

At this jeweler's store, one of the best in your community, you can see them now!

His reputation, together with the Gruen name, is a splendid assurance that the diamonds are of unquestioned value. And the cases, built to traditional Guild standards, amply protect the fine Gruen movements.

GRUEN WATCHES

This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

When you call, ask him for the Gruen *Mode du Bijou* book, containing important information about diamond watches. Or write for it, to

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Paris New York Los Angeles
Toronto Berlin Biel Geneva

Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

ON THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 4)

families of the small business men and salaried people who lived in our neighborhood, I can say with some authority that life was no more exciting or worldly than it would have been in the smallest country community. If anything, we were in many ways less progressive. I can remember, for example, that in our block on Second Avenue there were two one-man barber shops, and both of these tonsorial artists pulled teeth as a part of their regular profession. If the members of your family were regular customers the barber charged nothing for this service, but to strangers the price was twenty-five cents. Bathtubs came to our neighborhood long after such conveniences were standard equipment throughout the country. All through my boyhood a wash tub beside the cook stove in the kitchen was the regular thing. There was a neighborhood shoemaker, a North of Ireland man named James Hoey, who made shoes for our family.

Ordinarily a mild and steady character, Mr. Hoey had the unfortunate habit of going on a spree once or twice a year, during which periods his shop was closed. On one occasion he chose the early part of September for one of his falls from sobriety, just a few days after an order had been placed for a new pair of school shoes for me, with the result that I had to start school in footwear that I was ashamed of. Every day when I passed his shop I would stop and see my partly finished shoes lying on his workbench, a sight that filled me with such resentment that I resolved never to patronize him again. The following spring, when again in need of footwear, I persuaded my mother to take me up to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and make the purchase at a regular shoe store.

Our grocery business was run as conservatively as any country store. The receipts averaged about $30 on ordinary days, and around $125 on Saturdays. We didn't have a telephone until 1896. There was, in fact, little need for one, because hardly any of our customers had phones, and anyhow it was the custom for people to do their shopping in person. Father always handled first-class merchandise and I imagine sold at a little closer profit than others. There were two wealthy German women, sisters-in-law, who used to drive over from fashionable Lenox Avenue every day to make purchases. Sometimes they came in a carriage, with a liveried coachman, in which case they took their purchases with them. Sometimes they walked, and then we delivered. One or the other would always give me a ten-cent piece when I took things to their house. I never mentioned these tips at home, knowing father would disapprove. We kept our horse and delivery wagon at a livery stable around the corner on a side street, and paid six dollars a month rent.

Father was not a particularly good business man, though he worked tremendously hard. Three times a week he got up at two o'clock in the morning to drive to the market on West Eleventh Street near the North River. Occasionally he let me go with him. It was nearly six miles each way, and in cold weather we wore ear muffs, big rubber overshoes and woolen mittens knitted by my mother. One of father's business shortcomings lay in the fact that he bought his merchandise largely on the basis of friendship, and I am afraid some of the houses he patronized were a bit careless about giving him their lowest prices because they knew he never shopped around. Then, too, he was overly easy with credit. His ledger was always cluttered up with uncollectable accounts. On dull afternoons he would thumb over the pages of the book, occasionally stopping to make out a statement against some person who he thought might be induced to pay, and then send me or my brother out to try and collect. Young as I was, I soon discovered a business truism—namely, that perishable merchandise is a risky basis for credit. An account more than three months old was rarely much good. Something in human nature seemed to stand out against payment for groceries that had been consumed.

But the main reason for father's failure to make progress was his optimistic purchase of his business property. When he moved to Second Avenue he had ample capital to finance his business but not enough to finance a three-story building. I have seen the same mistake made a thousand times since, in different parts of the country and by all classes of business men, from bankers to corner grocerymen. The idea seems to be that ownership of one's business property is a tremendous asset, and there is just enough truth in the idea to make a great many men take unnecessary chances. Like almost every other business problem, each case has to be decided on its individual merits; but generally speaking, unless a man has a substantial cash surplus that he is sure will never be required in his business, he is on dangerous ground when he takes on the burden of paying off a real-estate mortgage out of profits. As far as my father was concerned this burden was too much for him. He gave it up after ten years, letting the property go for what it would bring and thereafter rented from the new owner. Counting what he paid on the principal and as interest, I suppose the expense of occupancy was three times what it would have cost him during those years if he had rented.

Perhaps it may explain what life feels like in a great city to state that all during my boyhood I had no sense of New York as a whole. Our immediate neighborhood, within three or four blocks, was all I knew. Once, when I was nine, I was sent alone on a trip to visit an uncle's family in Oswego County, and when a man on the train asked me where I was from, instead of saying I was from New York, I merely answered "From Second Avenue." Some boys who lived on a farm near my uncle's place called me "a New York dude," which term seemed terribly unjust. Only once do I remember anything happening in our neighborhood that connected us with the kind of city life that was pictured in dime novels and other literature of metropolitan manners. Back of us, on First Avenue, was a manufacturing plant that made soda-fountain equipment, and one Saturday when the treasurer had been downtown to get the money for the pay roll a couple of thugs set upon him just as he descended from the Elevated station, and after knocking him out with a stocking stuffed with sand, they grabbed his bag of money and ran off toward the East River. My sister chanced to be looking out our second-floor front window at the moment and saw the whole performance; after the highwaymen were captured she was summoned to police headquarters to identify them. For this the management of the soda-equipment factory afterward made her a present of a little gilt clock. Sometime later I was over on Third Avenue and saw a similar timepiece in a jewelry-store window that was marked five dollars. When I carried this news home we felt the gift had been altogether too expensive.

We attended the Presbyterian church on Lenox Avenue. The Polo Grounds were over beyond that, just north of Central Park, and occasionally on baseball days my brother and I would drive our delivery wagon there and watch the game. Nearly all delivery wagons had canvas tops built over metal arches that were strong enough to support a person, and sitting on the top of a wagon one had a splendid view of the field over the low board fence. Sometimes there were about as many free spectators as paying ones. I suppose the people of our neighborhood occasionally went to the theater, but to most of us the gay section of Broadway between Union and Madison squares was only something to be read about in the newspapers, and that existed for a few rich people and for out-of-town pleasure seekers. Our life was as sober and unexciting as though we lived in the remotest of country villages. And to a great extent the same thing may be said today of the great mass of people who live and earn their livings in the metropolis, no matter what may be the impression given by writers who syndicate daily New York letters among the newspapers of the country and retail to an expectant public all the latest doings of prominent gamblers, song writers and night-club hostesses. At the present time I have a fairly wide acquaintance among New York business men, and I think no more than half a dozen have ever been inside a night club or would know where to look for one. Such entertainment is for carefree visitors. A man who has to be at his office at 8:30 A.M. can't run around until five A.M. and do much work that day.

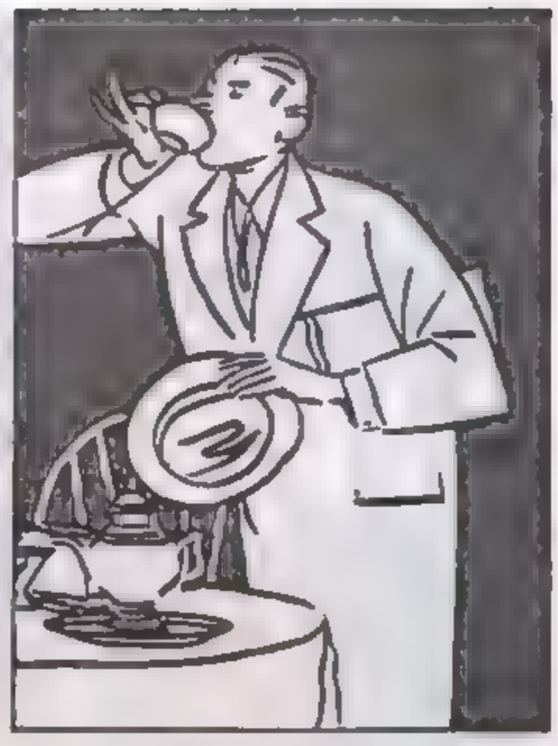
Big business came to our part of Second Avenue early in the 1890's when a chain-grocery organization opened a branch directly across from our store, and for a time things looked gloomy for us. The organization already had more than thirty branches, and people were saying the independent merchant was doomed to extinction. The new store had a bright green front and every day fresh printed placards were pasted on the show windows to announce special bargains. The clerks were young fellows who moved about briskly, quite in a different way from what we were used to in our neighborhood. The greatest innovation lay in the fact that it sold goods mainly in packages. Previously nearly all grocery merchandise was sold in bulk; each sale of crackers, sugar, dried fruits, and so on, was a matter of scooping out of a barrel, weighing on the counter scales and tying up in a brown paper parcel. People liked the new way because it made shopping quicker; and besides, with the name of the manufacturer on the package, there was a feeling that the quality of the merchandise could always be depended on.

More and more our customers began drifting to the store across the street. Even our two star customers, the German ladies on Lenox Avenue, quit coming to us. One day, six months or so after the opening of the chain store, I heard father remark gloomily that his receipts had fallen off one-third. He had always been able to discount his bills, but now he had to begin asking for credit, a circumstance that vastly lessened his chances of competing with the new establishment. One morning in the early part of June a man named Arthur McNeel came in the store, representing a downtown wholesale grocery house. Father had bought from him for years, and on this occasion gave him, as usual, an order for whatever was needed at the time. Mr. McNeel jotted the items down in his order book and when that was done he asked in a hesitating way how father wanted to pay—whether he intended to settle with the driver upon delivery of the merchandise or if he expected credit.

Father was an extremely mild man, but he flushed up angrily as he answered that this was the first time his responsibility had ever been questioned. I had never seen him really angry before, and probably this is the reason I remember the scene so distinctly. It was one of those wonderful June days that sometimes happen in New York. A sprinkling cart had just gone past, cooling off the asphalt, and the breeze that drifted into the store was tinged with the smell of the fresh vegetables that were banked up in front of our two show windows. A train rattled along on the Elevated, pulled by a little dummy steam locomotive. Father stood back of the counter, bristling with indignation. Mr. McNeel leaned toward him apologetically.

"I hate to tell you this, Mr. Armstrong," he said, "but the house has given me instructions to sell you on a C. O. D. basis.

(Continued on Page 75)



What price *quick lunch* ?

GUARD against indigestion, as millions now do, with a stick of Beeman's Pepsin Gum after meals. Perfected over 30 years ago by Dr. Beeman, this delicious gum is today a favorite with those who buy chewing gum as an aid to digestion. And everybody loves that keen, refreshing flavor and wonderfully smooth quality. Try it today!

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

aids digestion

Will you be a White Fireman for a week?

WHO is the White Fireman? He is used in this advertising to symbolize loss-prevention engineering service—a nation-wide service, supported by insurance companies, having for its purpose the reduction of loss-hazards. Consultation on proposed structures, inspection of property, testing of materials and equipment, and many other kinds of technical assistance comprise the work of this service. Ask your North America Agent.

North America Agents are listed in the Insurance sections of classified telephone directories under "INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA."

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Co.—Founded 1792

NEXT week (October 6 to 12) is Fire Prevention Week, time for mobilization of the Nation's forces for the protection of homes, industry and resources against America's greatest enemy—FIRE. Next week every citizen is expected to be as fire-conscious as the White Fireman and DO SOMETHING to reduce America's fire loss, the greatest per capita fire loss in the world.

Home owners will have their chimneys and flues put in good condition, will call in competent electricians to check up on the safety of all wiring, will see to it that all rubbish is removed from premises, that metal containers are provided for ashes, that open fireplaces are equipped with screens, that matches are placed out of reach of children. They will instruct members of their households to be careful in the use of electrical appliances. They will warn against the dangers of using flammable cleaning fluids. They will emphasize the importance of care in the disposal of lighted cigars, cigarettes and matches. They will have extinguishers installed.

Owners and managers of manufacturing, mercantile, hotel, apartment, office and storage buildings will have careful inspections made to assure themselves that all fire hazards are properly protected and that fire-protection equipment is in efficient working order.

Every week is Fire Prevention Week for the White Fireman, symbol of the organized loss-prevention service supported by insurance companies. He is working day in and day out to protect property owners from loss. He is ready at all times to help owners of property reduce fire hazards. Responsible insurance agents and brokers will tell you how to secure his services.

Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents or Brokers

(Continued from Page 73)

Things aren't like they used to be since the store across the street opened up. Competition is going to make trouble for a good many old-time grocers, and I guess the house feels it has got to watch its credits more closely. Of course, if you want a little time on this order I've just taken, I guess I can get them to stretch a point."

Father interrupted to say he wished no one to stretch a point for him, and if Mr. McNeel's house felt that way the order might as well be canceled then and there. However, this was not done, for Mr. McNeel was a diplomatic man, and when the goods arrived father paid the driver, though he had pretty well to empty the cash drawer to do so.

That night after supper we held a family council. Father was frankly pessimistic about our future and talked about closing out his business and trying to get a position at his old trade of school-teaching. My brother, eight years older than I, was just turned twenty-one and had taken a course in bookkeeping and stenography at the business college on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. Suddenly he spoke up.

"I don't see any reason to get excited," he said cockily, "just because there's one more grocery store in the neighborhood. If you'll let me run our place I'll bet I can bring our business back to where it was, and more too!"

Father asked him, with a tinge of sarcasm, what he could do to effect so wonderful a change.

"There's nothing wonderful about it," my brother answered. "Those fellows across the street haven't any mortgage on the trade around here. They haven't even got as good a chance as we have. They're strangers, while everyone knows us. All we've got to do is to run our store as well as they run theirs, and there'll be no question about who'll get the business. The trouble now is that we're behind the times and they're not!"

Nothing was decided on at the time, but after a few weeks father agreed to take a back seat and allow my brother to put his ideas into effect. The sign over the door was changed to James Armstrong and Son. My brother did the buying. A good deal of the merchandise that we formerly carried in bulk was replaced by package goods, trade-marked by well-known manufacturers. An arrangement was effected with a sign writer down the street to paint neat placards announcing our prices; formerly we had scrawled these in pencil on odd bits of cardboard. These and other changes father accepted philosophically, except one thing. It had always been the custom on Second Avenue for grocers to cover their floors with sawdust; and when my brother proposed to do away with this, father objected strenuously, saying it would no longer look like a grocery store if this item were omitted. It required a month of argument before he would give in. I know it seems a bit far-fetched to say these simple changes pulled our business out of the slump into which it had fallen, but such was really the case. Within a year we were doing a greater volume than ever before, in spite of the chain competition across the street. Since then I have seen the same thing occur with enterprises far more important than retail grocery shops. To say that "times change," means merely that each coming generation is pushing on to new modes of life, demanding to have its desires satisfied in new ways. It is surprising how much easier it is to swim with the current than against it; and, after all, the difference between failure and success is less than many people imagine.

III

MY FIRST job outside the family grocery store was in a part of the city entirely different from the New York that I knew. Most of the boys in our neighborhood quit school and went to work at sixteen, and when I reached that age I felt the time had come to embark on a business career. The proceeding was ordinarily quite casual; as far as I know, none of the boys I grew up with deliberately sought any particular calling. The main idea was a job, and the channel through which jobs were obtained was the want-ad page of a morning newspaper. September was the best time, because so many boys who had vacation positions were quitting to go back to school, and accordingly I chose that month to make my start. One morning I went over the list of Boys Wanted and wrote down several addresses. The first one gave a number in Maiden Lane, and there I went, taking the Second Avenue Elevated at our corner.

I had never been in Maiden Lane before. Running east from Broadway to the river, this narrow, twisting street had been an important center of business for the better part of a century, but in 1896 most of the buildings were fine old brownstone and brick residences from two to five stories high, remodeled for commercial purposes. There were only two modern structures with passenger elevators, a fact that was impressed on me during the following months, when I tramped up and down the stairways of the district in the pursuit of my calling. Even now, a stone's throw from Wall Street, where real-estate values are higher than in any part of the world, a few of these old Maiden Lane converted residences are still in service.

I got my job in the most casual manner. The newspaper advertisement gave only a street number and the instruction, "Call at Room 12." When I got to the place indicated by the advertisement, there were two doorways side by side, but leading into different buildings. I went up what I supposed was the proper stairway to look for Room No. 12. I found the number on a door on the third floor, but it was marked Private; a painted finger pointed to another door, on which was the sign, JEWELERS' CREDIT BUREAU. I went into this room, where several young men and women were working at desks, and after I stood awkwardly a few minutes, hardly knowing what to do, a youth looked up from his work to demand what I wanted. When I said I was looking for a position he replied shortly that no additional help was needed. I was going out when a tall, youngish man with a closely cropped Van Dyke beard came from the private office and told me to wait a bit. This was George Lumson, manager of the Jewelers' Credit Bureau.

Directly he called me to his desk and said he might be able to use an extra boy, as it was the beginning of his busy season. I told him who my people were and how much schooling I had. Fortunately, Mr. Lumson lived in Harlem and had occasionally made a purchase at our grocery store, which perhaps influenced him to give me a trial without further references. He told me I could start work at once at a salary of three dollars a week, the prevailing wage for office boys in those days. This was for me the beginning of more than seven years' employment in Maiden Lane.

I learned afterward that the firm whose advertisement I meant to answer was a private detective agency. If I had not chosen the wrong stairway on that September morning I might have spent my active years in ferreting out crimes instead of selling merchandise. I often think now, with most of us, the most important events of our lives come about through similar freaks of chance. There is hardly a man of my acquaintance but who has some story to tell in which his career was changed by some haphazard circumstance—a chance meeting with some person, a back-page item in some newspaper, a turning down one street when he ordinarily went some other way. Such things make life the fascinating adventure it is.

The Jewelers' Credit Bureau was an organization of some sixty important firms in the Maiden Lane district engaged in the wholesale diamond business and kindred lines. Some were importers of precious stones, with buying offices in London and Amsterdam, some were manufacturers of gold jewelry—platinum was practically unknown at that time—and others were general wholesalers carrying assorted stocks of watches, diamonds and similar expensive merchandise. All did a country-wide business and sent their travelers to every part of the United States. As the sales ran into large figures, and as such merchandise was generally sold on long time, it was necessary to maintain an agency that could furnish exhaustive information on which to base the credit of dealers. The business of the Jewelers' Credit Bureau was to supply data of a more intimate nature than those ordinarily compiled by the general credit agencies.

My work in the bureau at first was mainly that of delivering these credit reports to the various offices of our members. Though the credit-information profession was probably less scientific than at present, it was amazing how accurately and intimately the business of a man could be analyzed at long range. Like all other credit agencies, we had a local representative—usually a lawyer—in every important town throughout the country, and these men were supposed to report on the financial standing of local merchants. But the lawyer drew no salary for his work; his only hope for recompense lay in the fact that when a bankruptcy occurred he was appointed to handle the case for the creditors; so it was natural that his reports were usually of a pessimistic nature. In contrast to this information were the statements sent in by the merchants themselves. The merchant was ordinarily optimistic. He was inclined to set a valuation on his stock based on original cost, even though a good portion of it might be shopworn and long out of date. The same thing often occurred in the matter of his accounts receivable. In one bankruptcy that occurred while I was with the Jewelers' Credit Bureau a prominent Southern firm had been listing as assets more than twenty thousand dollars' worth of book accounts. When the firm finally fell into the hands of the referee in bankruptcy it turned out that four-fifths of these accounts were outlawed and uncollectable. Yet there was no evidence of conscious misrepresentation. These accounts were on the firm's books, and the partners held cheerfully to the belief that sometime, somehow, all would be paid.

In between the reports of the lawyer and the merchant was the real condition, and it was the business of the bureau to learn what this might be and to report it impartially to our members. I imagine a great many business men would be surprised if they knew how little attention some credit executives give to the actual figures on a financial statement in comparison to the human traits that are revealed through everyday business transactions. Practically all our work at the Jewelers' Credit Bureau was assembling these human data. Whenever one of our members asked for a report on a concern we circularized all the other members, requesting that any of those who had had dealings with the concern in question should send us a statement of their experiences—whether the concern in question discounted its bills or allowed them to run to maturity, whether it gave notes in settlement of its accounts and if so, whether it sometimes asked to renew the notes, and so forth.

But even these facts were considered of less importance by many credit executives than other bits of information that to an outsider might appear quite trifling. The reports from our members came to us on yellow sheets supplied by the bureau; and after they had been scrutinized by Mr. Lumson it was my job to deliver them to the firm that had asked for the information. This was one thing I liked to do, because it gave me a certain precedence over all other errand boys in the district. They had to stand around in business offices until someone got ready to attend to their wants, but when I went in with my bundle of yellow credit-information slips the door to the executive office was opened at once. Usually I stayed until the president or credit

(Continued on Page 79

IF
you have a
LEAKY
ROOF

we can save you money

Here's a method that makes leaky or badly worn roofs as good as new for years to come—a method as easy as painting. Simply give the roof an all-over coating of Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating. It saves the cost of a new roof, of frequent repairs and leak damage. Thousands have saved money this way—so can you.

There's No Tar In It

Anyone can ask for roof coating, but those who *know*, ask for RUTLAND—guaranteed to be made *only* of asphalt, asbestos and a slow-drying mineral oil. There's not a drop of tar in it. After you put it on, the oil dries out and leaves on the roof a tough, mineral coating of asphalt bound together with asbestos fibres—thoroughly, lastingly waterproof.

When a product like Rutland is available, why buy a new roof? Why bother with frequent small repairing jobs? Why risk leak damage?

You can use Rutland Roof Coating over any roof except a shingle roof. It comes in liquid or paste; colors, red and black. Ask for Rutland Roof Coating at dependable hardware or paint stores. Dealers who sell it are the kind who build their business on quality and customer satisfaction. If you can't find it locally, write us.

Send coupon for free booklet "How To Renew Old Roofs"

RUTLAND FIRE CLAY CO.,
Dept. B-42, Rutland, Vermont
Gentlemen: Please send me a free copy of your booklet "How To Renew Old Roofs", and name of nearest dealer.
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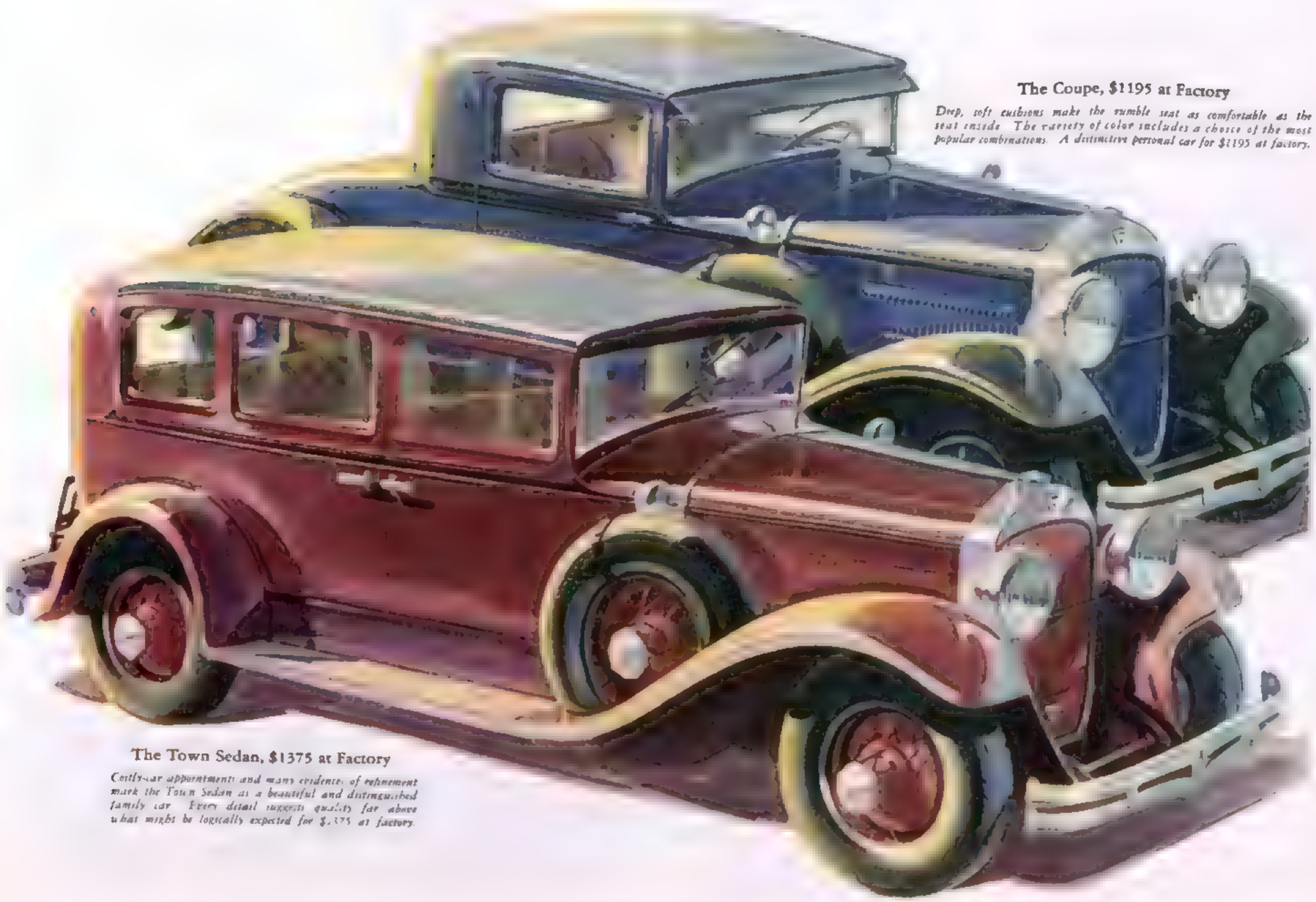
RUTLAND
ASPHALT & ASBESTOS
ROOF COATING

ALSO MAKERS OF RUTLAND PATCHING PLASTER

The GREATER HUDSON

In all the field you cannot match these great Hudson Values

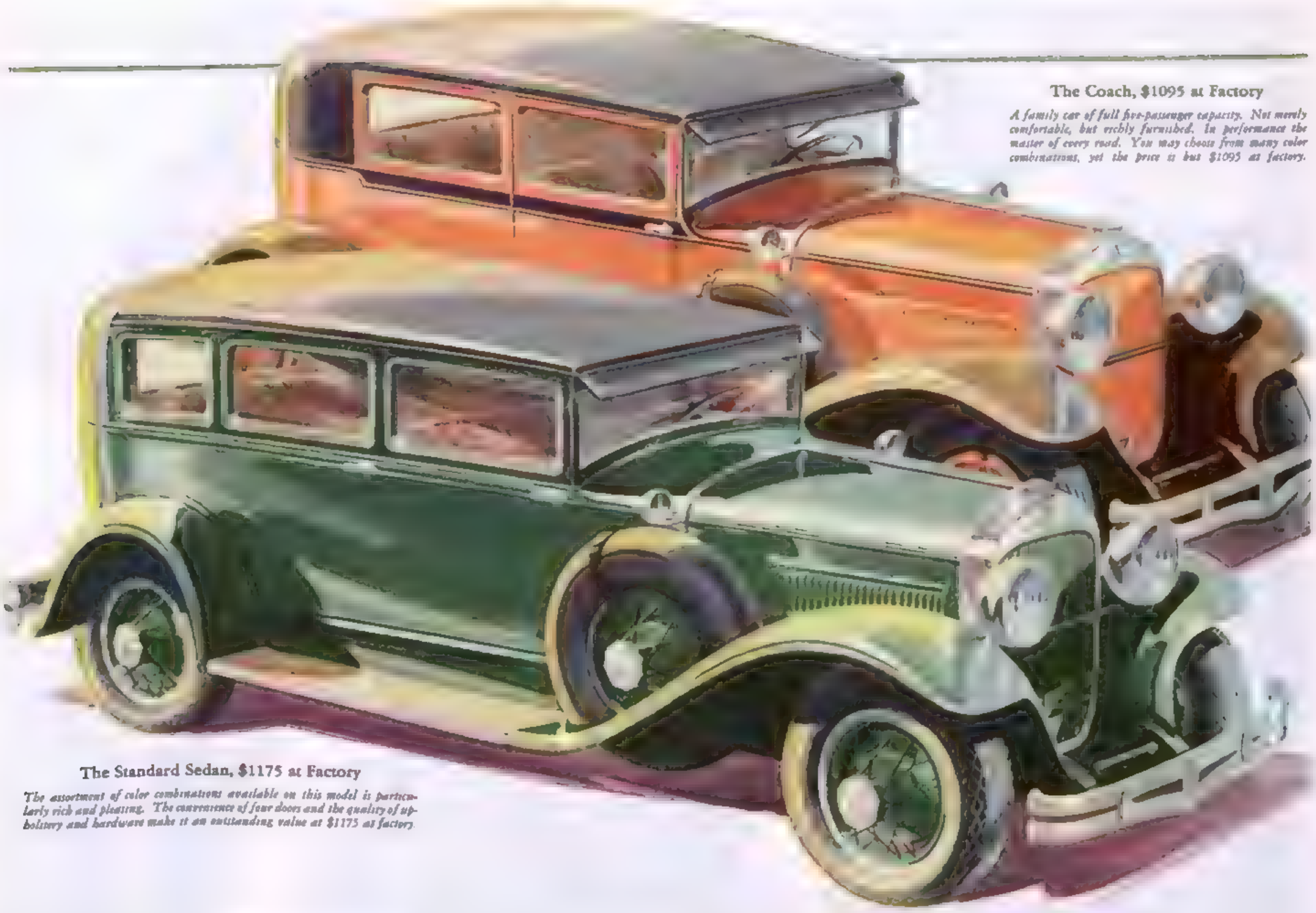


The Coupe, $1195 at Factory

Deep, soft cushions make the rumble seat as comfortable as the seat inside. The variety of color includes a choice of the most popular combinations. A distinctive personal car for $1195 at factory.

The Town Sedan, $1375 at Factory

Costly-car appointments and many evidences of refinement mark the Town Sedan as a beautiful and distinguished family car. Every detail suggests quality far above what might be logically expected for $1375 at factory.



The Coach, $1095 at Factory

A family car of full five-passenger capacity. Not merely comfortable, but richly furnished. In performance the master of every road. You may choose from many color combinations, yet the price is but $1095 at factory.

The Standard Sedan, $1175 at Factory

The assortment of color combinations available on this model is particularly rich and pleasing. The convenience of four doors and the quality of upholstery and hardware make it an outstanding value at $1175 at factory.

In all the field you cannot match these great Hudson values — in Performance, Appearance, Quality and Price Advantage.

Commanding beauty and richness distinguish each of these fine body types. In every detail of finish and fittings they express the utmost in comfort and luxury.

Never in Hudson history have we presented such beautiful bodies. Never such value. Never such price position.

On these, as on all Hudsons, personal choice of color, which has been hitherto a limited and costly luxury, is now available in many options, at no extra cost. The variety is so great that you have almost individual distinction.

The public verdict, expressed in sales, excels all Hudson receptions of the past, and acclaims it the outstanding fine car value of motordom.

Wide Choice of Color at No Extra Cost

$1095

AND UP - AT FACTORY

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Beautiful teeth, firm and white

—with a minimum of brushing

BEGIN today using Listerine Tooth Paste and see how quickly it rids teeth of discoloration and deposits and makes them white and lustrous. Brushing is reduced to minimum.

That is because we have included in this paste, modern polishing agents. They are harder than tartar but softer than enamel.

So they quickly remove the former and polish the latter without damage.

Carried by your brush, they penetrate and cleanse tiny crevices between the teeth where decay so often gets the upper hand.

After you have used Listerine Tooth Paste note how clean, fresh, healthy, and invigorated your entire mouth feels—something like the sensation given you by Listerine, itself.

It must be evident to you that Listerine Tooth Paste is exceptional, else it would not have leaped from obscurity to leadership in 4 years. Try it yourself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Buy a hat with what it saves you

Buy yourself a new hat with what you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.

The saving averages about $3 per year per person, assuming you use a tube a month.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . 25¢

(Continued from Page 75)

manager glanced through my bundle to see if further information was desired, and it always interested me to see what was considered most important. At the bottom of each yellow sheet was a blank space under the heading General Remarks, and I noticed that the executive almost invariably ran over the remarks portions first. Sometimes there would be a notation to the effect that the concern being investigated had on occasion taken discounts to which it was not entitled. Or the comment might be, "Has returned merchandise without cause," or, "Has canceled orders." Often, when there were a number of such notations, the credit executive would shove the sheets aside without even looking at the formal financial statement, and instruct me to tell Mr. Lumson that he was no longer interested in the concern.

Even as a boy I noticed that the most progressive concerns in the district made use of the bureau's service as a means of increasing sales. One of these was the Charles H. Rennolds Company. Mr. Rennolds was about sixty-five at the time, a tall, spare man with long thin legs and gray whiskers that were parted in the middle. He always wore a Prince Albert coat that was turning green with age. He was originally from Vermont, coming to New York as a young man and finding work with a Maiden Lane house for which he traveled a number of years before getting into business for himself. Hardly a day passed but that I delivered him reports on dealers in various parts of the country. The members of the Jewelers' Credit Bureau were entitled to one hundred reports a year without any charge above their annual dues, but beyond that number they had to pay a fee of three dollars for each report. Mr. Rennolds spent several thousand dollars a year for this extra service. Once in my ignorance I remarked to Mr. Lumson that the Rennolds Company must have a lot of bad accounts on its books to be so constantly looking up the records of retail merchants.

"Don't worry about Charles H. Rennolds," he answered with a laugh. "He's got fewer bad accounts than anyone in the Lane. He uses credit reports to create business."

At the time this seemed a most contradictory remark, for I had the idea, current with many people even today, that credit reports were compiled solely to inform manufacturers and wholesalers when to shut off supplies from hard-pressed merchants and when to send the sheriff to collect the past-due account.

Later on it happened that I went to work for the Charles H. Rennolds Company and had a chance to see how a really skillful executive could use credit information to build his business. Every day Mr. Rennolds spent a part of his time at this work. His establishment occupied the second floor of one of the old Maiden Lane mansions. There were no private offices. He sat at a huge flat-topped desk, protected from the general public by a wooden railing, and grouped around him were the desks of his department heads. He wore nose glasses for reading, but none for distance; and when he wished to take them off he had a peculiar habit of blinking his eyes in such a manner that the glasses would pop off his nose and shoot to the end of the black cord that he wore around his neck.

He had a single expletive that he used on all occasions—"By Jerry!" A thousand times I have seen him as he sat poring over a stack of yellow credit reports, suddenly send his glasses flying and call out excitedly to one of his lieutenants: "Here's a fellow we ought to be selling, by Jerry! Find out which one of our traveling men is nearest this fellow and send him to make a call!"

It was enviously said around Maiden Lane that Mr. Rennolds had the gift of second sight in the matter of extending credit, for, though apparently he took chances on many of his customers, he was almost never mixed up in bankruptcy proceedings. But really there was nothing mysterious in his methods outside of the fact that he was a keen judge of human nature. Once he satisfied himself as to the personal qualifications of a prospective customer, he was willing to go the limit, sometimes to the point of advancing cash to pay off other creditors who were clamoring for payment. Perhaps I can best explain his viewpoint by quoting what I once heard him say to another Maiden Lane business man:

"When you sell a man goods on credit you're in partnership with him. You don't choose a partner entirely for the money he's got, do you? No, by Jerry! You choose a partner because you respect him and because you believe he's going to play fair with you. Anyhow, that's the way I figure it. When I find a man whose record shows he doesn't take discounts unfairly, or doesn't cancel orders, or doesn't do any of those things that I wouldn't like to see a partner do, why, then I want that man for a customer."

IV

BEFORE I went to work in Maiden Lane I had a vague sense of New York as a place where people lived and earned their livings by working in stores, offices and factories. If I thought about it at all it was with the idea that the business houses and factories existed to supply New York people with the things they needed, just as our family grocery store supplied the families in the neighborhood of Second Avenue and One Hundred and Tenth Street.

Maiden Lane gave me my first knowledge of New York as a great metropolis, the clearing house and market place of a continent. In the offices of manufacturers and wholesalers one heard talk of conditions on the Pacific Coast, of good or bad times in Galveston, New Orleans or Buffalo. Maiden Lane had been the center of the American diamond and jewelry trades since the 1840's. When I went there practically every building was occupied by firms engaged in these trades, and those unable to find space in Maiden Lane itself located as near as possible, in John, Nassau and William streets. To have a Maiden Lane address was considered a distinct business asset. The first skyscraper was built shortly after 1900, at the corner of Broadway; it was the intention of the promoters to have the sole entrance on Broadway, but pressure from the diamond trade was strong enough to force a change in plans that gave another entrance on Maiden Lane so tenants might have the benefit of that name on their letterheads.

Most business phenomena can be traced back to very practical and human beginnings. The diamond trade, importing its merchandise from Amsterdam and London, required large sums of money at times, and it was quite natural that the early diamond merchants should establish their headquarters in Maiden Lane, only a stone's throw from the Wall Street banking district. As far as I know, these two thoroughfares are the only ones in the world that have been exclusively identified in the public mind with certain lines of business. Rue de la Paix, in Paris, is a luxury street, but not of any specific luxury. Fleet Street, in London, is not altogether given over to the newspaper profession. But Wall Street, in New York, inevitably meant money, and Maiden Lane meant diamonds.

I worked a little more than a year for the Jewelers' Credit Bureau, but always in the back of my mind was the desire to get into the real business for which Maiden Lane was celebrated. One of my acquaintances was a youth named Fred Ackerman, who was employed by one of the big gem-importing houses, and during the lunch hour we often walked together about the district, stopping frequently to look at the lavish displays in the show windows. On these occasions Fred always contrived to give me a sense of inferiority. He assumed a tremendous knowledge of diamonds, based on some months' employment in the line, and would criticize the gems for my benefit. He knew numbers of trade terms and would tell me that certain stones were Jaegers and that others were Silver Capes. Often he declared cynically that he could detect carbon spots or other imperfections in gems that were advertised as flawless.

Once his expert knowledge was put to an unfortunate test. There was no such thing as Saturday afternoon closing at that time, though most firms paid their employes on Saturday morning. One noontime, with our wages in our pockets, Fred and I walked up Nassau Street as far as Park Row to view the city from the top of the World Building, then the tallest structure in downtown New York. We had done this and were standing about the covered entrance of Brooklyn Bridge, when a very shabby negro youth dodged out of the dark alley that separates the bridge from the World Building. Fred was half a head taller than I and dressed with more distinction, which was probably the reason he was selected as the better prospect by the mysterious stranger. The latter was apparently in great fear, for he kept looking apprehensively over his shoulder as he accosted Fred and furtively pulled from his pocket a ladies' ring set with a sparkling brilliant.

"Don't ask me no questions, boss," he muttered, "and don't take no time to decide. If you want this ring it's yours for five dollars."

Fred glanced at the bauble that its possessor held carefully cupped in his hand, and then, giving me a knowing nudge of the elbow, he reached in his pocket for the five-dollar bill that was his week's wages and handed it over to the colored salesman, who disappeared down the alley as suddenly as he had come.

We walked back to Maiden Lane, thrilled at the adventure. It was patent to us that the colored man had stolen the ring and that, hard pressed by the police, he had been obliged to get rid of it at any sacrifice. Fred would take no chances by examining it while on the public street, but he claimed to have appraised the stone during the brief moment it was displayed by the mysterious salesman. It was, he averred, of exceptionally fine quality—a Silver Cape in all likelihood. He figured the weight as about two carats. When we parted to go to our respective offices, Fred assured me that he would hold his purchase for two weeks in case the person from whom it was stolen should advertise for it, in which event he would claim only a modest reward. But should the owner never turn up, Fred would sell the stone to his firm at a figure based on one hundred dollars a carat, which was about the market price of fine-quality diamonds in those days.

But these splendid plans were never realized, for the Silver Cape diamond turned out to be pure glass, and even the mounting was only electroplate. The colored salesman had probably purchased it for a quarter at some Park Row novelty shop. When the story leaked out to the errand-boy fraternity of the diamond district Fred had a rather difficult time. It was another case where some trifling circumstance will change a man's career. He quit his job to take a position in a brokerage office in Wall Street and has, I understand, made a considerable fortune. Meeting him a few years ago, we talked over old times and he told me he abandoned the diamond business principally because he couldn't stand the quips of the Maiden Lane errand boys.

Mr. Lumson of the Jewelers' Credit Bureau sympathized with me in my ambition to go with some house where I would have a chance to become a salesman. He always regretted that he had not taken the same step himself. He used to say that the work of an association secretary had the disadvantage that a man had as many bosses as there were members, and that it was humanly impossible to satisfy them all. I sensed the truth of this from Mr. Lumson's own actions. Ordinarily the most affable of men, he invariably had a spell of nervous irascibility for a week before and after the semiannual membership meetings.

Because I visited the Charles H. Rennolds Company oftener than any other firm, I decided to apply there for a job, and one day when I delivered a bundle of credit-information slips I broached the subject to Mr. Rennolds. He squinted his eyes to remove his nose glasses, caught them expertly in his hand, and looked me up and down as though he had never seen me before. Then he said he would think it over. A couple of weeks later he told Mr. Lumson to send me around to go to work.

The Rennolds Company was at that time one of the most important houses in the diamond district, started by Mr. Rennolds directly after the Civil War. Its functions were partly that of jobber and partly that of manufacturer. It imported large quantities of diamonds from Europe and owned a controlling interest in a Swiss watch factory. It also operated a plant in Newark, where it manufactured mountings for diamonds and other articles of gold jewelry. Mr. Rennolds was a very rich man, though beyond maintaining a fine brownstone house in Fifth Avenue and a pair of fast-stepping carriage horses, his tastes were of the simplest. He seldom was gone more than twenty minutes for luncheon, which he took at a German resort around the corner in Nassau Street. In those days some of the American watch manufacturers were not finding the going any too easy on account of the competition of the older-established Swiss concerns. One American factory in particular was constantly hard pressed for ready cash, and Mr. Rennolds frequently advanced money for its operating expenses.

One day the president of the watch concern was in New York and came to our office with his usual request. He was a handsome, expansive man who liked to entertain and be entertained; and after pocketing Mr. Rennolds' check he remarked pleasantly:

"I wish you'd tell me how it is that you've always got money when everyone else is hard up."

Scarcely appearing to have heard the question, Mr. Rennolds asked his visitor if he had lunched that day at Delmonico's, as was his custom when in New York. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he demanded to know how much the check had been.

"Oh, I guess it was around twelve dollars," the manufacturer answered carelessly. "I had a couple of friends with me and we had a small bottle of wine along with the lunch."

Mr. Rennolds blinked his eyes and shot his glasses off his nose aggressively.

"I lunched at Schulte's around the corner," he said, "and my check was ten cents for a sandwich and a small stein of beer. Maybe that answers your question about why I have money to lend."

The Rennolds Company employed about a dozen traveling men, who covered the country from Maine to California. Our poorest territory from point of sales was New York City itself, though this was largely because of certain shortcomings on the part of our city representative. Mr. Rennolds' only son, Sidney, held this position. He was an attractive, good-looking young man in his middle twenties, on whose education a good deal of money had been expended with the idea that some day he would take over the operation of the business. I never could make up my mind whether Mr. Rennolds actually believed in his son's genius or whether he deliberately chose to shut his eyes to what was known by everyone else in the establishment. When Sidney first left college his father sent him out on the road, but this was discontinued when it was found his expenses frequently equaled his sales. After that he was given the job of calling on the New York trade.

Each morning Sidney started out with earnest protestations as to the sales he intended to make that day. There was a colored man named Ike Braxton who was employed by the house as sample carrier,

(Continued on Page 82)

Brilliant New Models

CADILLACS—LA SALLES—FLEETWOODS

Here are, in all probability, the most highly perfected and completely appointed motor-cars ever created.

TWO very striking and impressive facts will be revealed to you by even the most casual study of the new Cadillacs, La Salles and Fleetwoods.

The first is that Cadillac's great social and reputation value is expressed—in these new models—in price values that are far and away the most generous offerings in the fine car field.

The second is that every car in these three groups is characterized by a meticulous regard for details that surpasses even Cadillac's finest previous creations.

Nothing has been left undone, in equipment, finish and appointment, to achieve the very utmost in comfort, safety, dependability, driving facility, roominess and luxurious environment.

More Power-Easier Handling-Safer

The new Cadillac-LaSalle V-type power plants establish these cars, more emphatically than ever, as the outstanding performers of their own exclusive class. Smoother-than-ever operation, eager velvety responsiveness at low speeds, and a superabundance of power for any and every emergency, combine to excel even Cadillac's enviable reputation for brilliant performance.

The Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission and the Safety-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes, which have revolutionized gear-shifting and braking, and both of which are protected by basic patents and are, therefore, not available in any other car, have been raised to new heights of efficiency and ease of operation.

In all the new Cadillac-La Salle windows, doors and windshields, the indispensable protection of non-shatterable Security-Plate Glass is standard equipment.

A new harmonized steering system makes these cars amazingly easy to handle both in city traffic and in cross-country driving.

The adjustable front seats are even more easily adjusted than in the past. Clutch; fuel system; electrical equipment; spring suspension; frame construction; front and rear axle construction—every mechanism and appointment in these cars has been refined and improved to the extreme limit of today's motor-car engineering and manufacturing knowledge.

Radiant New Body Lines and Fittings

Grace of balance, harmony of proportions and classic symmetry combine to achieve a perfection of design that has no peer in either American or European practice.

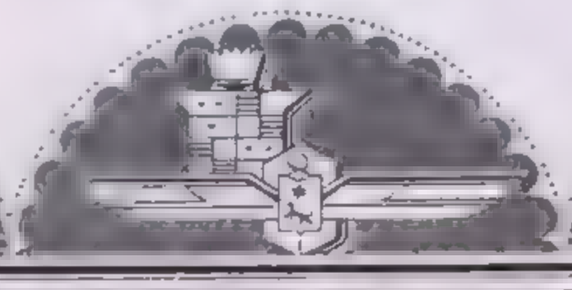
Lower and longer in appearance than ever before, the new Cadillac-La Salle Fisher and Fleetwood bodies reveal a new conception of the streamline effect that is the very spirit of fleetness, poise and power.

Luxurious in new artistic color combinations and special fittings, with new touches of modernity in the fashioning of mouldings, louvres and valances, these Fisher and Fleetwood bodies establish a decidedly unique and singular criterion of quiet elegance and quality in coachcraft.

Drive One of These New Models

Just a single ride in these new Cadillacs and La Salles, just a turn at the wheel of one of them, and you will concede that here are, in all probability, the most highly perfected and completely appointed motor-cars ever created. Any Cadillac-La Salle dealer will cheerfully place one of these new cars at your disposal.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



NEAL
BOSE

(Continued from Page 79

and from our front office windows we would see the two going briskly toward Broadway to take the cable car up to Union Square, where the important retail jewelry houses were located. In chilly weather Sidney always wore a blue overcoat with a cape that he threw carelessly back over one shoulder to show the bright scarlet lining. Ike shuffled along behind, a black leather sample case in either hand. At half after four they came back to the office, both complaining loudly of the day's hard labor and of the discouraging business conditions. I think Mr. Rennolds was the only person in our entire organization who was ignorant of the fact that Sidney spent the major part of his time at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel playing pool with gay companions, while his colored assistant slept on a bench in the hotel baggage room.

Once a messenger boy brought in a letter that I signed for, and as it was addressed merely to "Mr. Rennolds," I laid it on the desk of Mr. Rennolds, Senior, who happened to be out at the moment. Had I been older I would have used better judgment, for the envelope was pink and heavily perfumed. Coming back to his desk, the chief read the letter over several times, evidently much annoyed, and then threw it in his desk drawer. Toward evening, when Sidney returned from the Union Square district, his father handed him the pink letter and indignantly demanded to know what it meant. Sidney read it and gave it back.

"If you really owe the lady money, father," he said severely, "I certainly think you should pay her."

Some of the Maiden Lane concerns would occasionally sell to private citizens in spite of their Wholesale Only signs, but Mr. Rennolds always held out against this practice, which he believed unfair to the retail merchants. It frequently happened, however, that an out-of-town dealer would send one of his customers in to us for some expensive article that he did not have in his own stock. When this occurred we would sell the person at the regular retail price and afterward mail a check to the dealer for the amount of the profit to which he was entitled.

Even at my age it interested me to see how clumsily a salesman who was trained to sell only at wholesale would often act in these retail transactions; I have read a great many treatises on the art of salesmanship, but I have never seen this point touched upon. When a merchant buys a wholesale bill of goods he is exclusively interested in the money he is going to make on the goods that he buys. Naturally, he wants merchandise that will give his customers satisfactory service, and he wants to buy as cheaply as possible. Yet these are only minor considerations. What he wants most is merchandise that he can sell quickly and make some money on. The best wholesale salesmen I know confine their arguments strictly to the profits that may be made on their merchandise.

But when a retail salesman and his customer face each other across the counter there is an entirely different situation. The customer wants the merchandise to keep, not to sell again. He is not much interested in technical explanation. He has usually made up his mind beforehand as to the amount of money he can afford to spend. He is thinking mainly of the personal satisfaction he is going to get out of the article for which he exchanges his hard-earned dollars. Good retail salesmen understand these things and stress the personal note.

Once, during my first year with the Charles H. Rennolds Company, a dealer in Colorado Springs wrote in to state that a customer of his was about to make a trip to New York and wished to purchase a fine chronograph. We were to make the sale at the regular retail price and remit the profit to the dealer. We carried at the time one of the most complete stocks of these expensive watches in America. They were made in Switzerland, and besides being timepieces of great accuracy, they also indicated the changes of the moon and had a stop attachment for timing races to the fifth of a second. One of the most fascinating features was an arrangement by which, through pressing a lever, the watch would strike the hours and quarters. The best ones sold at $1000 and upward.

In due time the gentleman—a wealthy cattleman—came into our office and introduced himself. Evidently he liked to spend money on luxuries, for he wore an enormous fur coat that came down to his shoe tops, and the ten-carat diamond stud in his shirt front was matched by another of the same size on the little finger of his right hand. Ralph Cummings, head of our import-watch department, asked him to sit at one of the office desks, and brought from the vault several dozen chronographs for his inspection. The Westerner was a silent man. He would pick up a timepiece, heft it in his hand and then set it down again without a word, not even asking the price. This went on for some time. As any retail salesman will testify, such behavior on the part of a customer makes selling extremely difficult. Even captious criticism is easier to contend with than mute stolidity. It was evident that Ralph was becoming uncomfortable. To make conversation he mentioned the number of jewels in the different watches and talked of their fine workmanship, but with the only result that the man from the West seemed considerably bored. I was watching from a little distance, fascinated by the stranger's Wild West appearance, when I saw him yawn and look out the window. From experience in our family grocery store I knew this meant he would probably leave without buying, and in fact he did start to get up from his chair. He chanced still to have one of the chronographs in his hand and was just in the act of laying it on the table, when, in the enthusiasm of my seventeen years, I declared myself in on the proceedings. I still recall my exact words.

"Gee, it would be a lot of fun to have a watch like that," I said admiringly—"one that you can make ring in the dark whenever you want to!"

Ralph gave me a furtive kick in the shin as a warning that I should get away from there, and I hastily obeyed. But for the first time the stranger began to show human interest. He turned the winding stem a few times to set going the chronograph's mechanism, started and stopped the horse-race apparatus once or twice, then held it to his ear and pressed the lever several times to hear the ringing of the hours and the quarter hours.

"I reckon I'll take this one," he said finally. "How much is it?"

Upon being told the price was $1800 he pulled out a roll of bills, paid over the amount and went out as phlegmatically as he had come in.

I have no defense for my forwardness in this proceeding. The kick in the shin was well deserved. But I still believe I made the sale. In my blundering way I introduced a human note, made the customer regard the article in the light of an interesting possession, not a mere piece of merchandise.

I have said that not all the Maiden Lane wholesalers adhered to the practice of selling exclusively through dealers. The street was a show place, and thousands of visitors to New York came to look at the displays of gems and other expensive merchandise in the windows of the shops that lined the sidewalks on both sides. Some of these places were strictly wholesale, but others would sell to anyone who happened to drop in. But I believe this double policy usually brought its own penalty, and the profits made through retail sales were more than wiped out because many dealers refused to do business with firms that tried to carry water on both shoulders. In every line that I know of the retailing wholesaler is a disturbing influence, not good for the trade and often less successful himself than he would be if he stuck to his trade of wholesaler.

The business of selling is inextricably bound up with the vagaries inherent in human nature. On one of the upper floors of the building occupied by the Rennolds Company there was a concern that specialized in rare gems—fine emeralds and rubies, as well as diamonds and pearls. One of the partners lived in Europe, where he was constantly on the lookout for unusual jewels. In the 90's the concern owned one of the finest stocks in America. Starting as wholesalers, the concern gradually drifted into retailing exclusively, its customers being mainly wealthy Wall Street business men. Every day at the Rennolds Company office we would see prosperous-appearing individuals toiling up the stairway of our building on visits to this concern. Even in those low-priced days sales of pearl necklaces or diamond tiaras amounting to $25,000 to $50,000 were no unusual event in the modest third-floor offices.

It would be reasonable to believe that with such a reputation and with so established a clientele the firm would have prospered anywhere. That is what the partners believed, at least. The time came when ambition prompted them to abandon the old location and open a regular store in the fashionable uptown district. Apparently everything was in their favor. Four-fifths of their Wall Street clients drove by the new store in their carriages twice a day on the way to and from business; so for them the new place was easier to reach than the old Maiden Lane quarters. Added to this was the ground-floor location on a busy retail street, where transient trade could be counted to swell the receipts from regular clients.

But the project resulted in complete failure. Within a couple of years the losses mounted to the point where the partners were obliged to close out the business in order to save their private fortunes. All sorts of theories were advanced as the cause of the debacle. Perhaps it was because wealthy business men, constantly immersed in humdrum affairs, liked the touch of romance connected with the climb up an old-fashioned stairway to a place where they could be shown rare gems gathered from all parts of the world. Perhaps it was for the more commercial reason that business men, no matter how prosperous, like to buy as cheaply as possible and believed they saved money by patronizing an unpretentious upstairs establishment. Or it may be that the exclusive atmosphere that was a part of the firm's assets was dissipated when it became just another establishment on a commercial thoroughfare. Whatever the reason, it furnished another proof that nothing can be taken for granted when you are dealing with the public.

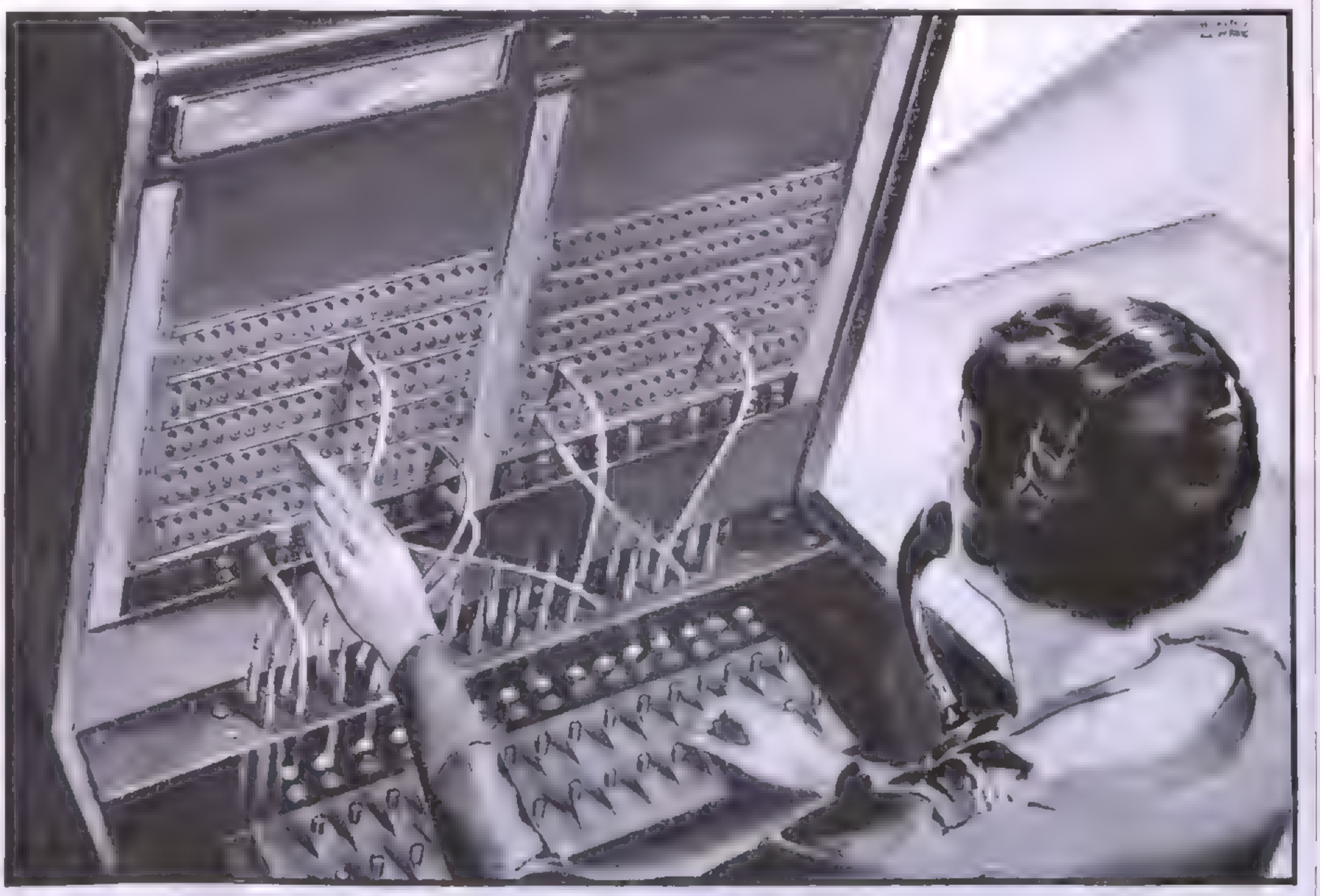
From the time I first went to the Charles H. Rennolds Company I had the ambition eventually to become a traveling man, but because I was found to have a small talent for figures I found myself more and more employed in the bookkeeping department. In those days we had no adding machines. Typewriters were used for general correspondence, but invoices and monthly statements were made out in longhand. Our head bookkeeper was Mr. Baines, a precise, thin little man who had pursued his calling in Maiden Lane for more than forty years and during all that time lived in a small New Jersey town some thirty miles from Manhattan. Mr. Baines had two fads, in both of which he took the most intense interest. For one thing, he was a connoisseur of fish. He had at his home an aquarium stocked with unusual specimens, and such was his enthusiasm that he also had on his tall bookkeeper's desk at the office a square glass receptacle full of water, with shells and rocks at the bottom, and populated by a family of tiny fish, none more than an inch long, that came from somewhere in the West Indies. He purchased food for these pets at a store on Vesey Street, and gave them their meals with punctilious regularity three times each day.

Mr. Baines' other fad was that of amateur fireman, and he held the office of assistant chief of the volunteer department in his New Jersey village. He also took this activity very seriously. I think I never saw a human being enjoy himself more than Mr. Baines did during one lunch hour in Maiden Lane. There was a small fire in Pine Street, and I chanced to be standing at the corner of Maiden Lane and Nassau when I saw a fire engine drawn by three huge white horses emerge from City Hall Square, a quarter of a mile to the north, and come plunging down the Nassau Street incline. There was a jangle of traffic at our corner, with no policeman in sight. Mr. Baines always lunched at Schulte's restaurant, next to the corner, and evidently some psychic sense warned him of the crisis, for of a sudden he burst out of the Schulte doorway, a napkin tucked under his chin and a partly eaten sandwich in one hand. He paused but a second to grasp the situation; then, with surprising agility, he leaped to the middle of the street and took command. With a single imperious gesture of the hand that held the sandwich he stopped the westbound traffic, and then, wheeling about, he stemmed the eastbound flood. When all was clear he stepped majestically to one side and stood erect and motionless, a picture of dignified authority. As the engine swept by, one of the firemen clinging to the rear saluted good-naturedly and the crowd on the sidewalk set up a cheer. Mr. Baines walked stiffly back to Schulte's to finish his luncheon.

During the years I acted as his assistant Mr. Baines and I had but a single disagreement. From November until February all the Rennolds office help worked three evenings each week. There was no extra pay for this, except that the firm paid for supper. The older employes ate where they pleased and turned in a bill for whatever they spent, at the end of the week, but Mr. Baines always insisted that I should go with him and allow him to settle for both of us. His favorite supper restaurant was Smith's, a place without tablecloths, close to the Washington Market, that is still remembered regretfully by many old-time New Yorkers for the values it offered. Mr. Baines always ate thirty-five cents' worth and left a five-cent tip for the waiter, and insisted that my check should be the same as his. Even at Smith's prices, thirty-five cents never purchased quite enough to satisfy me, but Mr. Baines claimed it was enough for anyone and held me strictly to that amount. One evening I went on strike

Near Seward, Alaska

(Continued on Page 86



THE FAR-FLUNG PARTS OF AN ORGANIZATION, ITS DEALERS AND ITS CUSTOMERS, ARE BROUGHT AS CLOSE AS INSTANT SPEECH

Great strides in invention, great expenditures . . .

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

BUSINESS, using the telephone, eliminates space and time. The far-flung parts of an organization with its dealers and customers are brought together by instant speech. The home, like the office, reaches out over an ever-widening circle of neighbors.

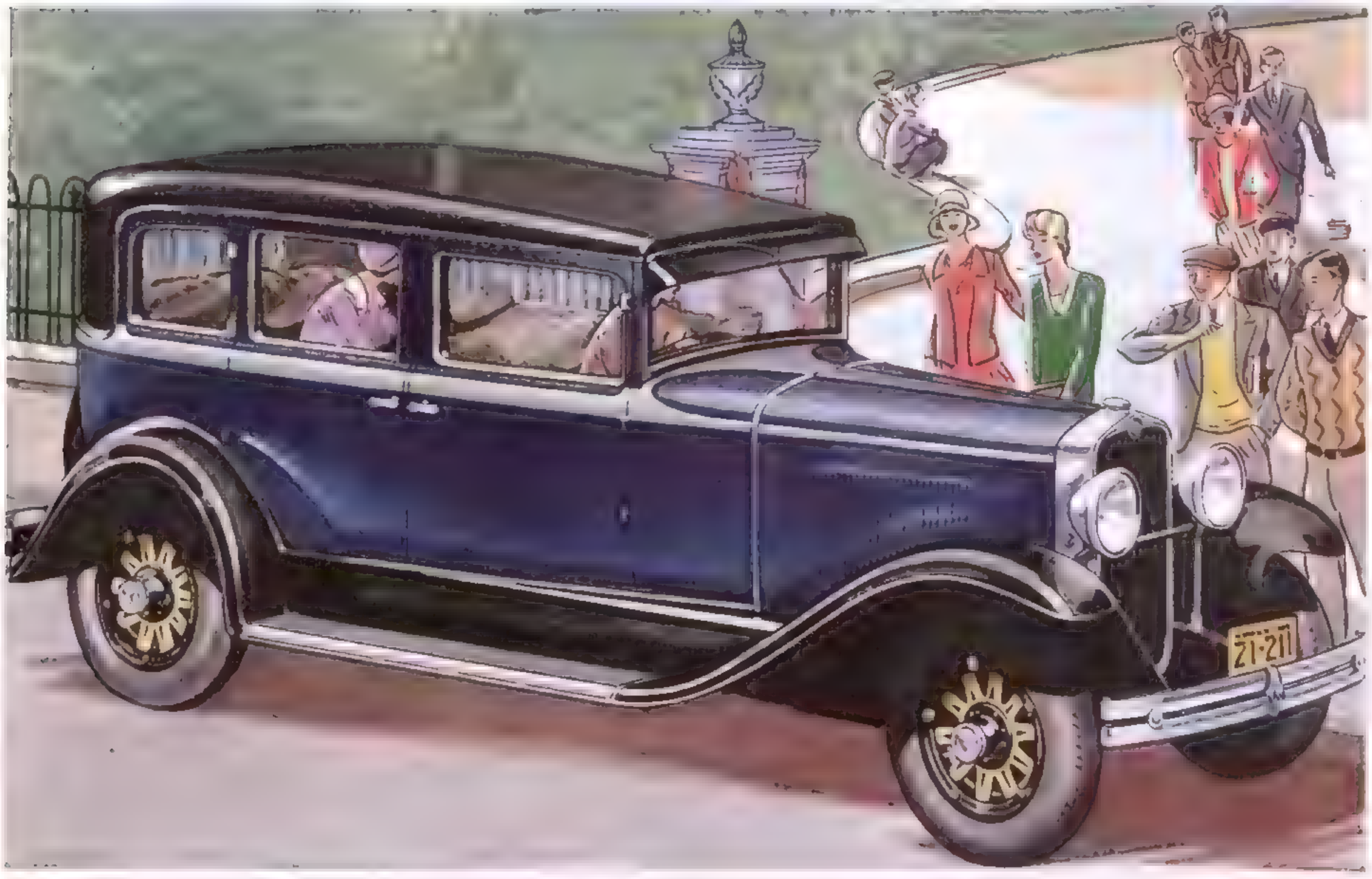
The telephone is tireless and quick. It runs errands near and far, transacts business, keeps friendships alive. Telephones throughout the house save time and fatigue. They bring the comforts and conveniences of the office to the women in the home.

Keeping ahead of the new developments in American life calls for great strides in inventions, great expenditures in money. The Bell System's outlay this year for new plant and service improvements is more than 550 million dollars. This is one and one-half times the cost of the Panama Canal.

This program is part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.

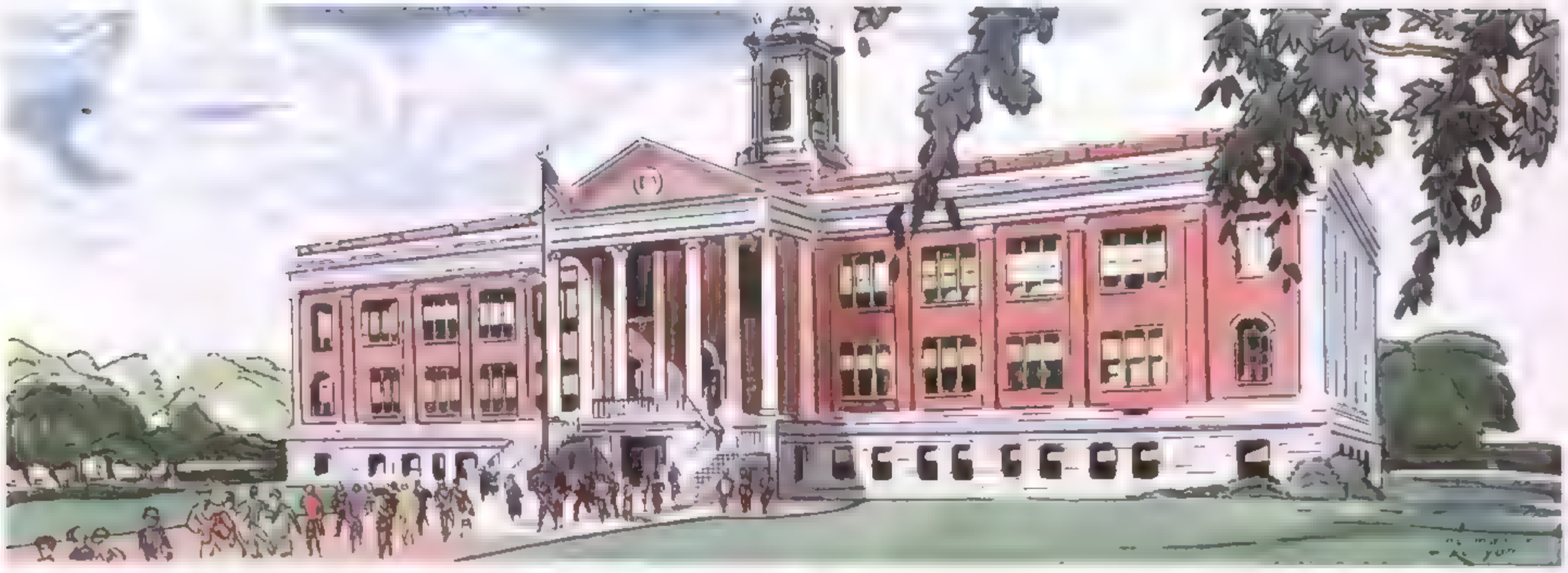
FOR THE AMERICAN FAMILY

Complete Luxury in Motoring Combining Brilliant V-Eight Performance with Responsiveness and Handling Ease



VIKING

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



The Viking has awakened a new interest in motoring in thousands of men and women, not only because it offers the brilliant abilities of a new 90-degree, V-type eight-cylinder engine—but because it requires so little effort to drive, answers so quickly to the will of the driver, and provides so many conveniences.

The driving position in the Viking may be easily regulated to suit any individual, short or tall. The front seat may be adjusted instantly to the most restful position. And the position of the steering wheel also may be regulated if desired. Clutch, brake, and accelerator pedals are easy to reach and to operate. Gears shift at a touch. Steering is effortless. All instruments are conveniently grouped on a handsome panel, with both direct and indirect lighting. And the windshield of non-shatterable plate glass is tilted to prevent annoying light reflections.

These important comfort factors add the final touch to the luxurious performance of the Viking 90-degree, V-type eight-cylinder engine. This remarkable power plant develops 81 horsepower in a constant, effortless flow. It delivers greater speed than the average motorist requires, with an ease that permits complete relaxation at all times. Its response to the throttle is remarkable, both in getaway from a standing start and in acceleration at the higher speeds. Exceptional smoothness and quietness prevail throughout the entire speed range.

The Viking 90-degree V-eight engine is the survivor of rigorous trials and accurate comparisons on the great General Motors Proving Ground. It is extremely rigid, accessible, economical, and simple in design. Prominent among the advancements it introduces are the horizontal valves and new down-draft manifolding method of fuel distribution. The efficient lubricating system, with its new precipitating-trap oil cleaner, and the thorough cooling system are other particularly noteworthy features of Viking engine design.

The sturdy Viking chassis also contributes to the luxury of Viking performance. Its low center of gravity, balanced weight, and generous wheelbase provide remarkable roadability. And self-energizing four-wheel brakes of the internal-expanding type assure safe, smooth deceleration. Four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers and thermostatically-controlled radiator shutters are standard equipment.

The fleet, low lines and smart appearance of Viking's tailored bodies by Fisher reflect the luxury of Viking performance. Inside and out, high quality and careful workmanship are evident. Rich upholsteries and appointments lend charm to the interior decorating scheme. The deep-cushioned seats are as comfortable as easy chairs.

In appearance, in performance, and in provisions for comfort and convenience, the new Viking offers definite advantages which appeal to every member of the family. The sum of these qualities is a measure of value and a degree of satisfaction not to be found elsewhere at Viking's price. Examine and drive the Viking. Compare it with other cars. Learn at first hand the thorough enjoyment and practical advantages a new Viking will bring you for a moderate investment.

▼ ▼ ▼

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values. Viking delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

$1595

f. o. b. factory, Lansing, Mich
Spare Tire and Bumpers Extra

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 82

and threatened to take the matter to Mr. Rennolds himself. I actually did this next morning, telling Mr. Rennolds that I wanted heavier suppers. I offered to go home for them and pay my own car fare. He laughed and said I could eat up to seventy-five cents' worth thereafter.

An incident occurred the following August that I often think about. Mr. Baines always took his vacation that month in order to go with his fire-fighting organization on a series of fireman's day parades in various New Jersey villages, and one day our cashier handed me a check for two thousand and some odd dollars that had been sent in by a retailer who had a store near Union Square. I will call this gentleman Mr. Hotchkiss, though that is not the real name. I had often been on errands to his establishment and knew him by sight—a reserved, unimaginative-appearing man with a white mustache and goatee. I looked up Mr. Hotchkiss' page in the ledger and found nothing standing against him. Thinking there was some mistake, I went to the cashier for further information.

It appeared there was no mistake. Some fifteen years previously Mr. Hotchkiss had a minor interest in a firm of retailers on Broadway that went into bankruptcy through certain reckless speculations of the senior partner. Mr. Hotchkiss went out without a dollar, but through friends in the trade he managed to get enough credit to start over again by himself. His business prospered, but for himself Mr. Hotchkiss practiced the most rigid economy. For fifteen years he lived with his family in a rented second-floor apartment, and it was said he had never been away from his business a single day during that time. When the time arrived that he could manage it, he sent, quite casually and with only the briefest note of explanation, checks to all Maiden Lane wholesalers who had been involved in the fifteen-year-old bankruptcy. Each check covered principal and interest.

It is said youth is imaginative and age is not. Yet I am inclined to think otherwise. I recall that at nineteen I saw nothing romantic in this transaction and that I was mainly concerned with the proper method of entering a payment in the ledger when the man who paid apparently owed nothing. I wrote Mr. Baines for instructions and he answered that I should credit it to the profit-and-loss account.

It was not until I became much older that I glimpsed the romance behind the transaction, realized how this quiet and somewhat stodgy business man had lived his years in a world of ideals where nothing counted but his own sturdy sense of responsibility. Mr. Hotchkiss was a poet of life, a Shelley of the business world.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROMPTU

(Continued from Page 32

"Dear lady, I shall fill your cup to the brim," he said recklessly. "I love you."

"Be silent!"—furiously.

"It is true. I knew it when I saw you across the piano. My plan to recover the stone was as perfect as human ingenuity could make it. But you had to enter the scene. Your uncle broke my father's heart as surely as if he had taken it in his two hands. It was not the stone; that did not matter. But that the man he loved and trusted more than any other human being should betray this love and trust—that made an end of him. I was only ten years old. But I became a man in that hour. I wrote and threatened him. If that letter is still in existence ——"

"I have it! Do as I bid you!"

"To the end of the world!"

Something had gone wrong with the scene; she had wanted to see him cringe.

"Life isn't worth much now," he said. "But I am not the kind of man who permits the law to snuff out his life. You snuff it out." He smiled. "I am going to walk straight toward you, and if you do not shoot me I shall take the pistol away from you."

He began to walk toward her slowly. The pistol did not waver. One step—two—three—four. Her hand began to tremble. Five—six—seven—one step more! She threw the pistol halfway across the room and covered her face with her hands.

"I—I can't!"

He forced down her arms and pinioned them to her sides. Then he kissed her—her mouth, her eyes, her hair—but tenderly and loverly. He released her, recovered the pistol and offered it to her.

"Come!" he said.

"Come? Where?" Her thoughts were without coherency; her emotions were on the whirligig; her obsession gone.

"Why, to the police station! And you, Elsie, are going to take me there. Come, while I am in the mood for it. But I swear to you by the memory of the love I bore my father that I did not kill your uncle. We pay, don't we? Other people's bills along with our own. Follies—ten thousand of them—and we pay each time a stiffer price. That adventure into your camp was half sardonic, half rollicking. But fate had to appoint that moment for your uncle's tragic death. Come!"

But Elsie groped for the nearest chair and sat down. She knew that it was his voice; she knew that were she alone all her cold fury would return, all her will to vengeance. And the smothering rain of kisses, instead of filling her with loathing, filled her with another emotion which took away from her the strength to stand. Not to fight him, strike him; not even to want to strike him!

"Come!"

She did not speak.

So he knelt beside her. "You will not hold to your purpose? In a corner of your heart you know that I did not do it. I'm a madman; I have done crazy, impetuous things because I was trying to find you and couldn't. With a man of my temperament things ripen quickly. Elsie, if you really hate me, loathe me, then life isn't worth hanging on to. If you can look me in the eyes and say you still believe I killed your uncle because of a boy's crazy threat and a man's crazy caprice, then I will go and give myself up. And they will hang me. And that will be the end of it. Look at me!"

The voice, the voice! she cried inwardly. If only she could get away from this voice which seemed to disintegrate her will! She dared not look into his eyes. There was strange madness in this house, and she must fly from it. By a superhuman call upon her will she managed to pick up her hand bag, dash into the hall, down the stairs and presently into the street, up which she fairly raced. . . . He had kissed her, and she couldn't strike him!

"Miss Hetherstone! Miss Hetherstone!" someone called from the curb.

She paused and turned bewilderedly. Her car and chauffeur, which she had forgot utterly!

"What has happened? Shall I find a policeman?"

"No. Take me back to the hotel. And do not ask questions."

"But your orders! Who was this man you were afraid of?"

"Return to the hotel. And if you wish to remain in my employ forget this day—all of it."

"Very well, miss."

Gerry Owen came running into the room. He saw Willard studying the chair Elsie had vacated.

"She gone?"

"Yes"—listlessly.

"I heard everything, Chick. We must trek out of here at once. That copper didn't ask anything about me. So over to my ranch we go."

"No go. Gerry, I'm going to give myself up."

"In a pig's eye! Haven't you tumbled? That girl doesn't believe you did it. She's been under a terrific mental strain, and this was the crack-up."

"You heard what she said?"

"But she didn't shoot you, did she? And in the end she got scared and ran away. But the point is, she didn't come here without protection in the offing. And it's this protection I'm afraid of. Get what you need together, and I'll hunt up a taxi. Hop out of it! All I want is a week up there. If you give yourself up, good-by. You haven't a Chinaman's chance. You've said it and I know it. What the devil do you care what she said, considering the state of her mind?"

"You saw her?"

"With both eyes. I can see how easy it would be for you. She's a corker. But will she ever care anything for you if you give up without a fight? She'll be that kind of girl, Chick—that kind of girl. I know women. Because I'm red-headed and freckled and homely, they always come to me with their troubles. This girl's had two terrible jolts. She has lost her uncle and learned that years ago he committed a sneaky crime—something that wasn't done in her set. First shot, she believed you killed Hood. Anybody in like case would have believed it. Then she gets the true story. No matter. To her jingled mind, you killed her uncle. Vengeance. She would hale you into court by her lonesome. Then her brain would turn right side up and life would go on again. Now I believe that's just what made her run away—her brain has turned right side up. She won't give you away now. So look alive and get together what you need. There's a piano you can thump over in my joint. From now on I'm running this show. All I want up there is a week. Will you obey me?"

"All right, Gerry."

"Then I'll scout up a taxi. And what's more, I'm going to use five or six taxis. And it will be a whale of a flatfoot who'll be able to pick up my trail."

Gerry rushed from the house.

Willard remained before the chair. Things happened like this. The war had proved to him that nothing was impossible, no matter how absurd it appeared, no matter how incredible. While he had been racing to the highway, Marcus Hood had gone to his death in violence. He laughed, but caught and savagely smothered this laughter before it got too deep. He had kissed her. Why hadn't she fought him, beaten him in the face?

Elsie's chauffeur was not satisfied. Something queer about this adventure. Three days and nights, hanging around that house in Park Avenue. Finally getting inside, and then running out as if she had forgotten her name. Something connected with her uncle's murder. So at nine that night he acquainted the police with his suspicions. Later the police forced the doors of the Park Avenue house, but found no living thing. However, they found a photograph of Captain John Murray Willard in uniform. One thing led to another inevitably.

The Hood murder case broke out on the front page again because Captain Willard's description tallied exactly with that of the unknown who had stolen the Blue Rajah and killed Marcus Hood. A good-looking young millionaire. Human interest for everybody.

XIV

WESTWARD of the Hood camp there were four parallel dirt roads, wending north of the state highway. Three of these roads Owen had investigated with microscopic carefulness. The result was zero. He had gone miles up each road but had found no evidence of a car having turned right-about, nor evidence of a hiding place in the forest, nor evidence of broken road shoulders. Berks had not got lost up any of these three roads. There remained the fourth, and upon what he found in this road hung the life of his friend.

Willard had not killed Hood. But somebody had, and nothing pointed to this somebody. He had left a path as invisible as a bird's in the air, and yet the path was there. A mad gesture on Willard's part; the peculiar and singular braggadocio of a brave man. Smoldering in his heart all these years was the treachery of the man his father had loved. To pay back Hood in his own coin. With this result! It made a man's brain wag a bit.

But he had got Chick out of that house in time. He had been a fox there. So long as the name of the Hood-case fugitive remained unknown, chances of discovery had been negligible. Now Chick's photograph was in the newspapers and his dramatic adventures under it. Seemed strange that the newspapers couldn't read the truth in that biography. Soldier, explorer, musician—more appetizing for the gum chewers. And his pal, Gerry Owen, must dig up a miracle to save him.

Hang the girl! She had upset the apple cart. But who had told her the truth about the Rajah? The old butler; no question about that. But twist it about as he would, Owen could find in the warning only good faith. In some mysterious manner the butler had fallen upon the truth and had tried to foursquare his conscience by warning Chick.

Owen's conviction that Berks had lied about getting lost went into the category of hunches—at least, so far. If the fourth road revealed nothing it would be a case of flight to foreign lands—Ishmael till the crack of doom.

As a base for his operations Owen had selected the hotel in the village twelve miles west. And this evening he got back to it at suppertime. In the dining room he found two state troopers—good-looking, hard-bitten chaps, one with chevrons.

"Good evening," he said as he drew out a chair. He was hungry, and his mind was busy.

"Good evening," responded one of the troopers.

The one with the chevrons stared at Owen peculiarly. "Well, I'll be tinker dammed!" he said.

"I beg pardon!"

"I say, is your name Owen or Owens?"

"Why, Owen!" Who was fair startled out of his boots. "You seem to know me, but I admit I don't recall you."

"We didn't meet socially. I may forget to get up in the morning or to go to bed at night, but I never forget a face."

"Neither do I," said Owen, sitting down. "I swear I never saw yours before."

"George," said the sergeant, turning to his companion, "remember the yarn I spun to you the other night? Well, this is the man. Twenty-odd thousand miles around the world, three or four billion people in it, and this man Owen has to drop into supper tonight! Get that?"

"I pass," said Owen, nervous and distressed.

"What are you doing up here?"

"Motoring about. Vacation. Maybe I'm going fishing. But do you think it's fair to quiz me till you've told me where we've met?"

The sergeant laughed. It was good-humored laughter. "Well, this is the bedtime hour on the radio. So here goes: Once there was a church. Its steeple was gone, the roof; the doors were still there and, funny thing, still locked. Someone was tapping our wires. We decided to stop it. I was detailed on that job. You and I stalked each other around that ruined church for an hour. I thought a mite quicker than you did. I doubled suddenly,

(Continued on Page 91)

SWISH! – *it's open*
Another swish!. *it's closed!*

ONE gentle pull with thumb and forefinger and a Talon Fastener slides open or closed! Light as a feather, flexible as a ribbon, so easy to operate, and with nothing to get out of order . . . is it a wonder Talons are replacing out-of-date fastening methods? They're rust-proof; keep dust out, too! And once in place they're *there* . . . to stay!

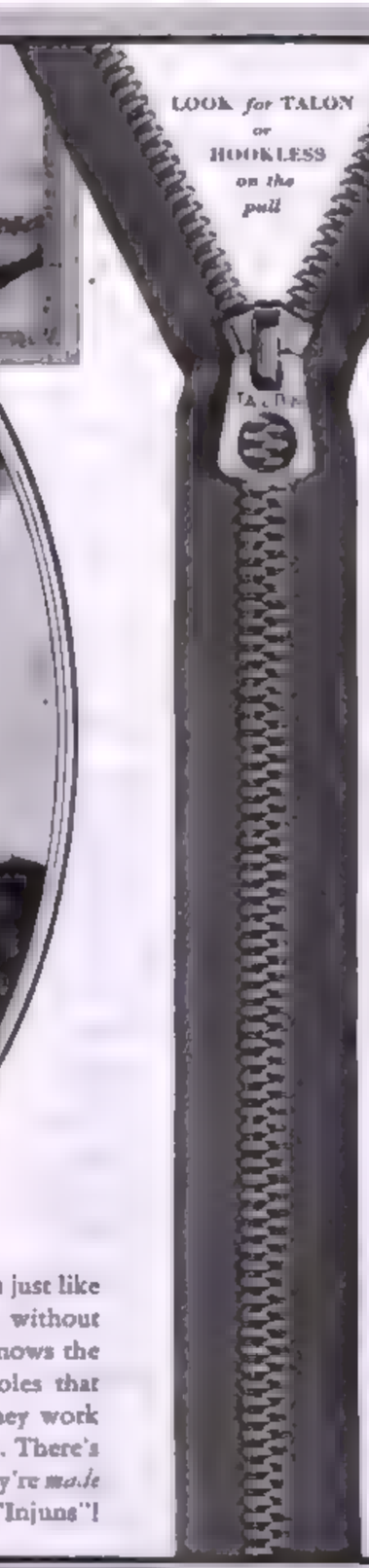
The newest of the new things—rubber footwear, luggage, sporting clothes, hunting and camping equipment, children's garments, household items—are fitted with Talon Slide Fasteners. Look for the name Talon or Hookless on the pull-tab when you buy. Manufacturers place Talon Slide Fasteners only on merchandise that is smartly styled and superbly made.

PARIS HAS ENDORSED slide fasteners for the handbag. Designers now use them on their smartest models. And how wisely, for—aside from their neat, well-tailored look—everything is safe inside when the lasting Talon grip is on the job

GOING ON A TRIP? It's mighty handy to have a kit bag so quickly opened and closed with one flick of the Talon Slide Fastener. Bags may be had with Talon-fastened covers, too! So swank and smart! And good for years and years to come.

NO END OF STYLE in Talon-fastened rubber footwear. See how trimly these hug the ankle. And Talons never rust, remember. Wet or muddy—it's all the same They never stick or jam, but always work like new

ALL FASTENED IN FOR PLAY! Overalls just like dad's are now made to *slide* open and shut without any help from mother. And only a mother knows the blessed freedom from buttons and buttonholes that Talons bring. You'll be surprised to find they work even better—if possible—after every washing. There's nothing about Talons to get out of order. They're *made* to stand wear and tear from just such young "Injuns"!



TO KEEP SOILED LINEN IN ITS PLACE! With a Talon-fastened door bag like this, one's closet can be kept in much better order. No gaping edges to expose soiled linen; no fumbling with a drawstring that's always getting tangled.

Special Introductory Offer

List on the margin of this page the names of the Talon-fastened articles in which you are particularly interested. We will gladly send you *free* the names of the manufacturers. Also if you want a length of Talon Slide Fastener for home sewing we will send you for 25¢ a 50¢ nine-inch length on white tape—a special introductory offer. Also a 32-page Talon catalog, profusely illustrated with pictures showing hundreds of articles equipped with Talon Slide Fasteners.

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☐ Send me *free* names of manufacturers of the Talon-fastened articles I have listed on the margin of this page
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THE NEW

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132" Wheelbase
$1675 f. o. b. Buick Factory
Wire wheel equipment extra

The word *v*
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Buick

THE MOST discriminating motorists in America—men and women who buy their motor cars on the basis of quality alone—are joining in an unprecedented countrywide demand for the new Buick. More people have entered orders during the few weeks this new Buick has been on the market than in any similar period in all Buick history. They have purchased from two to five times as many Buicks as any other car priced above $1200. And they are continuing to buy Buicks in unrivaled volume, day after day and week after week.

This can mean only one thing: *In the judgment of these buyers, as in the judgment of the nation as a whole, Buick for 1930 provides an unsurpassed combination of beauty, performance, comfort and safety at a price which stamps it the greatest value ever offered in the fine car field.*

Let us examine this new Buick in detail. Let us review, one by one, the features which are enabling it to win the most enthusiastic demand ever accorded any quality car.

New Fisher Bodies of Classic Beauty and Luxury

The new Buick Bodies by Fisher have no counterpart anywhere in the Buick field, or for that matter among automobiles costing many hundreds of dollars more. From every angle—front, side, rear or three-quarters view—these longer, lower, more luxurious bodies are surpassingly beautiful. Every part is tailored; every detail—even at the rear around the gas tank—exquisitely modeled. And then, too, these new Buick-Fisher creations are as artistic and admirable inside as out. New and richer upholsteries, new hardware and fitments, new appointments of comfort and convenience endow the roomy, restful interiors with an elegance and good taste reminiscent of the finest effects of skilled interior decorators.

New Peaks of Performance in Buick's 99-Horsepower Valve-in-Head Engine

But even though people everywhere are acclaiming these new Buick bodies the most colorful and captivating motor car bodies of the year, it is still in performance—in sparkling, magnetic behavior on the road—that the new Buick reveals its greatest margin of leadership over other cars. The mighty new Buick Valve-in-Head engine, developing 99 horsepower in the 132" and 124" Buicks and 80½ horsepower in the 118" Buicks, widens Buick leadership almost to the point where there is no possible comparison.

Here are marvelous new pick-up, swiftness, hill-climbing. Here are smoothness and flexibility—an elastic response throughout the entire speed range. Here, without any increase in fuel consumption, are abilities so mani-

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g now that
ck is here

BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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Moreover, those who drive or ride in this magnificent new Buick have at their disposal facilities of comfort, convenience and safety not combined in any other automobile regardless of price.

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With all these amazing advancements, this new Buick—built in three new series, with three new wheelbases—is offered at new low prices. This is a feat of value-giving that only Buick with its tremendous volume production could possibly achieve.

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118" Wheelbase Models . . .	$1225.00 to $1295.00
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THOUSANDS of far-seeing business men have installed the Iron Fireman.

Here is the chief reason—*it salvages a handsome profit out of overhead that formerly was wasted!* It cuts power and heating costs remarkably.

So notable is its record of fuel savings that the Iron Fireman is called "*one of the outstanding mechanical developments of the age.*"

It has merited this tribute by saving millions of dollars in fuel bills for industries, homes and buildings throughout America. Among its thousands of users are many leading hotels, apartments, schools, churches, public buildings, manufacturing plants of every kind, office buildings, greenhouses, laundries, dairies.

The Iron Fireman scientific principle of operation, "*Forced Underfiring*," automatically feeds coal to the fire from below. The fuel in its passage upward to the fire is gradually warmed, until it reaches the proper temperature for burning. During this warming period the gases are gradually released, and mixed with the correct amount of air, under pressure, insuring *complete combustion*. All heat-giving gases are forced up through the firebed and consumed. Consequently there is no smoke from the stack . . . no soot in the boiler tubes. Heat and power are steady and reliable regardless of rapidly changing weather conditions. No valuable heat units are wasted!

Such results cannot be obtained by unscientific hand firing, with its smoking, wasteful stacks—with its constantly varying boiler pressures.

Iron Fireman has startled industry with its accomplishments!

It actually

—saves labor costs
—burns lower priced coal
—gives steady, even heat or pressure
—operates automatically
—eliminates smoke
—saves 25% to 50% of its cost each year
—increases plant efficiency

So the popularity of the Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burner has swept America. Thousands are in use.

If you have a boiler from 5 to 200 boiler horsepower, make a thorough investigation of the Iron Fireman now.

A nation-wide engineering and sales organization makes Iron Fireman service available everywhere. Ask your nearest Iron Fireman dealer to check up your plant and make a report and recommendation. If it looks good, buy an Iron Fireman. If not, there is no obligation. Catalog and descriptive literature mailed on request. Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, Portland · Cleveland · St. Louis.

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The IRON FIREMAN Automatic Coal Burner

Thousands in use throughout America

(Continued from Page 86)

and as you poked your head around the corner, I let you have it on the chin. Couldn't make any noise, you know. I knocked you cuckoo. I turned the torch on your mug. That's why I remember you and you don't recall me. To me you were a Heinie in a Yank's dress suit. So I took your gun, hoisted you on my shoulders and got you back to the lines, announcing that I'd taken the wire tapper alive. A week later I learned I'd knocked out one of the aces of the Intelligence, and that you had gone to the church to be captured. For what purpose I don't know. But I was almost laughed out of the Army. They say that redtops don't forget punches. There's a nice little plot o' grass out in front ——"

"No!" Owen laughed and thrust his hand across the table. "You're right though. The world is small. But I never knew who turned that trick."

"If we were in France," said the sergeant, "I'd stand treat. Wade into your chow and we'll talk afterward."

"The world's pretty dull now."

"Oh, I can't say as it is," replied the sergeant. "There's lots o' fun and excitement up here. Are you looking for trouble? If you were a trooper I could hand you a platterful twice a week. Bootleggers and murder and all that."

For a while speech ceased and food began to vanish.

"Where's this bootlegger's alley?" asked Owen.

"Around Malone. There's half a dozen alleys. Out of five bootleggers, we catch two, generally amateurs. Once in a while we chance on a real load of hooch, and then there's some pistol shootin'. Gee, when you think of all the bullets that's been popped in ten years and nobody nicked! If you want any fishing, I know some good streams that aren't posted."

"Thanks. On some job tonight?"

"You might call it a job. Ever have a guilty conscience?"

Surprised by the question, Owen did not answer at once. "Probably I have had, but just now I can't recall the time."

"Well, sometimes a crime is committed. It's so darn cut and dried that you're prone to sit back with your thumbs in your vest. The whole thing is as plain as the nose on your face—motive and everything. So you let Nature take its course. A little while ago a millionaire was murdered near here."

Owen reached for the sugar and dropped two lumps into his coffee.

"We did not know who the killer was for a while. But a couple of days ago the whole business came out in the papers. I mean, who he was and all about him. Aviator, traveler, musician, fine family, money galore. I took my thumbs out o' my vest."

"Meaning?"

"Not so cut and dried as it looked. Hunch. You've read about it?"

"Couldn't escape it. But where does the guilty conscience come in?" asked Owen calmly—calmly outwardly. To maneuver this shrewd fellow into that fourth road!

"Suppose," began the sergeant—"suppose I just looked at the front door of the crime, seeing everything cut and dried? Suppose if I'd looked at it from all four sides and found a hole in the wall? That's what I mean. This young fellow came up to rob Hood of a diamond. Something funny about that, when you learn that the young fellow is rich. He had an imitation stone which he palmed for the real one. And nobody would be the wiser till morning. Why should he go downstairs and kill Hood with the fire poker?"

"Have you found anything pointing the other way?" Owen wondered if his voice was steady, natural.

"No. This guilty-conscience stuff came to me too darned late. Maybe it's because I didn't take any particular shine to this bozo Berks. You know how it is. A hunch that kind o' sticks. You've followed the story?"

"Yes." Owen ran his tongue across his lips.

"Have you given the case any thought, Owen?"

"Well, it seems to me that you fell down on the check-up. You took Berks' word for it that he'd got lost for a few hours."

"Do you hear that, George, old-timer? Well, Owen, that's just where the guilty-conscience stuff comes in."

"And you're on that check-up tonight?"

"We sure are. Nothing may come of it, but I'm one of those guys who has got to be satisfied, by and large."

Owen breathed a prayer.

XV

"HAVE you looked up Berks?" Owen presently asked.

"Of course. No mix-up with the police, but the big jewel firms hint of shady transactions. All within the law though. What you'd call ethically crooked."

"I see."

"He gets lost up one of the dirt roads. A stranger up here might have got lost just as he said he did. But on his ticket there isn't any motive. That's the hard nut to crack. No motive of any kind. This getting lost accounts for a few hours. Neither Hood nor his guests had ever laid eyes on Berks or had any business transactions with him. So the idea of revenge goes ki-yootin'. He just curled up on the lounge and slept till I woke him up for the coroner. That a man had been killed twenty feet away didn't trouble his dreams any. He's under surveillance, so we can lay our hands on him easily. He was the goat—Willard's goat."

A little while later Owen and the two troopers had their chairs tilted back against the clapboards.

"Did you ever stop to think," said Owen, "that justice gets hold of a lot of criminals through tobacco?"

"Sure. Berks smoked cigarettes. But, as I said, I wasn't paying much attention to him. To me he was just Willard's goat. But Berks smoked a lot."

"What kind of a place is this Hood camp?"—casually.

"All the comforts of home in a clearing. They've tried to make a lawn of this clearing. But the grass is dry and rooty, there being no real topsoil. Muck flower beds all around the house. But we found no footprints in any of these. But there's a girl over there that'd burn your eyes out. Eh, George?"

"Uh-huh."

"How about the servants?"

"The butler kind o' got me. But he hadn't any motive. Got anything to offer?"

"Did you examine this clearing?"

"No. Because we were all so sure of the other fellow."

"Let us suppose Berks had a motive. He would know well enough what Willard's game was. Let's say that it was his motive to make the camp and waylay Willard and frisk him of the diamond."

"Not bad. But to get into the house through the opened French window he'd have stuck one of his feet into the muck flower bed."

"He might have seen who killed Hood."

"Holy Moses! Man, you've said something. If he had frisked Willard of that diamond, he'd have —— No, no; we're getting up a blind alley."

Owen's heart sank. "All right. Let's get back into the dirt roads. I'd begin with the one nearest the camp. When he found out his mistake—after two hours or more—he had to turn around. There's been no rain and the turn will be visible. He'd have to back and break down the shoulder of the road. If he told the truth, good night to this Willard chap. But if he lied, there's a story to be dug out of him. One thing leads to another."

"Interesting. Go on."

"Well, if he hid somewhere, there'll be cigarette butts, naturally. And then you can ask him why he lied. Any traffic on the road nearest the Hood camp?"

"Seldom at night. . . . George, let's take a look-see at the road? Get it off our chests?"

"Let me shoot you along in my car. I've a side light; you can swing it anywhere. And that will be better than using pocket torches."

"Fine! We'll give the road a couple of hours."

"But if we find anything leave me out of it. This is my vacation, and I don't want to hang around a country courthouse."

"That goes with me."

At four o'clock in the morning Owen's prayer was answered. They had gone miles up the road without success. But on the return Owen's eye caught the crumbled shoulder of the road.

"Here!" he cried.

They found the spot where Berks had hidden his car. The tracks were still visible in the muck. Eight cigarette butts, Laurens brand, in good condition, for all that the coals had been pressed out by heel. Near by they also discovered the old logging trail through which the trees from Hood's camp had been hauled when the making of the clearing had been in progress. From the road to the Hood camp was not more than two miles.

"Owen, I'm much obliged to you," said the sergeant. "If I hadn't had a guilty conscience, and if you hadn't turned up, that chap Willard wouldn't have had a ghost of a show. Now there's some doubt. Berks had some kind of motive. Cigarettes. What do you know about that, George? I guess you and I are only a couple of bum road cops. Want to go with us to the Hood camp tomorrow?"

"I'm going fishing," Owen declared.

"Well, let's shoot the car back to the ham and eggs."

When the troopers arrived at the Hood camp the next afternoon they found that the purpose of their visit had been anticipated. Elsie greeted them eagerly.

"I've found something," she said, "that puzzles me. I went over this morning to that lilac bush to trim off the dead flowers, and discovered these on the ground behind the bush."

She exhibited a small cigarette lighter and several cigarette butts. The lighter was initialed R. B.

The sergeant joyfully clapped his comrade on the back. "Well, George, that's that!"

"What does it mean?" she asked.

"That the real Berks did some lying about his time-table that night. He didn't go hunting for that lighter, George, while we were around. And when he saw that the other fellow's jig was up, he didn't take the trouble to come back."

"Do you think he did it?"

"Well, there's a chance now for an argument. Berks was hanging outside here half the evening. Either he did it or saw it done. And if it hadn't been for a chap we met in the village hotel last night, we wouldn't have had this fifty-fifty basis."

"What was this man like?" Elsie asked, feeling that her knees were going to buckle under her.

"We had a queer run-in during the war and I recognized him when he came into the dining room. Red-headed and freckled. . . . What's the matter?"

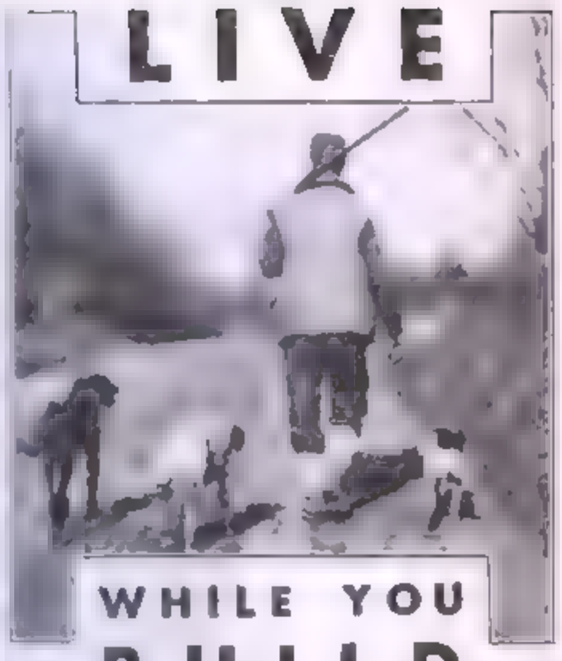
"Nothing, nothing! I was beginning to get used to it, and now it all comes back again!"

XVI

THE room was ordinary, the desk, the table, the chairs, the streaked whitewashed walls, the chromos and hunting calendars—the office of the small-town deputy sheriff anywhere in the United States. But the scene this room inclosed was not ordinary; no scene of which Elsie Hetherstone was a part could possibly be ordinary. So thought Gerry Owen, who could not keep his gaze from wandering in her direction.

He had gone boldly into the office to sit beside the sergeant of the state police. He had known that she would be in attendance. If she recognized him and did not denounce him it would signify that she no longer

(Continued on Page 95)



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If you have not received "*Piedmont Carolinas*," may we suggest you write for it today? It is full of pertinent facts for business executives.

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There is a Nokol model for every type and size of heating plant and fuel requirement.

Nokol brings the Luxury of Oil Heat *to a million new homes*

World's largest oil burner manufactory builds amazing quality into Nokol at a price anyone can afford.

YOU need not postpone the happy day any longer. All the luxury and comfort of automatic oil heat can now be yours. You *can* afford to have a Nokol installed in your heating plant. You *can* afford to heat your house with oil.

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The great Petroleum Heat & Power Company has undertaken to make Nokol Oil Heat available to a million new families. To do this, it has pledged its financial resources, prestige and engineering skill to the building of a Nokol well within the means of anyone with a basement heating plant.

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To build a greater Nokol is a task worthy of the leader. Nokol was the first automatic oil burner ever built for use in homes. Being the pioneer, it has proved the soundness of its principles longer than any other residence oil burner. Over 50,000 families are enjoying the satisfaction derived from the $45,000,000.00 they have invested in Nokol Automatic Oil Heat.

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The moment your Nokol is installed, home becomes a happier place in which to live. Housekeeping is changed to home making. The new freedom from the care of a heating plant adds pleasant hours to each day's schedule. There is so much more time for little tasks that add a touch of beauty to the home. Time for the children. Time for planning new recipes. Leisure for self-improvement. Men, too, get a great kick out of their "life-long vacation".

All this luxury is being paid for in what you are now spending to heat your house. It might as well be yours.

Send for New Booklet

You will want to begin enjoying Nokol Oil Heat at once. With the heating season just at hand, it is advisable to get every hour of the luxurious comfort that is due you. Prompt action will speed the happy moment. Phone your Nokol dealer to send out a highly-skilled oil heating man to examine your heating plant. Or send today for our newest booklet that tells the whole story in a most readable style. The coupon below brings it free and postpaid.

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HEAD OF THE CLASS
The habit of success is born in the classroom—also the habit of failure.

YOU know that your son or daughter has a normal, alert mind. Yet month after month the report card indicates discouraging failure. It humiliates you but the harm to the child is incalculable. There is growing in his or her mind a feeling of inferiority which may persist through life.

In a vast majority of cases, according to educators, the trouble is inaccuracy, mostly in spelling. The student understands the work perfectly but makes mistakes and is marked accordingly.

To a child, a word is a picture—but a *type* picture, not a handwritten one. It has been demonstrated that a misspelled word in type is detected instantly by most school children, whereas they will misspell the same word day after day in their written work

As an experiment, every pupil in a classroom was furnished a typewriter and taught to use it. An amazing improvement in spelling resulted. Why? Simply because each word, as typed, *looked* right. It corresponded to the type picture that was in the child's mind.

Give your child a Corona and encourage its use. Nothing else you could do would help the child as much. School marks will improve.

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The Corona is unbelievably easy to learn. In a week, a normal child can operate it faster than he or she can write by hand. You yourself will find Corona to be a priceless convenience in the conduct of your complex affairs of the home and of social, club and civic work.

To appreciate Corona, you must try it. We should consider it a favor if you would let us arrange to have a Corona delivered to your home for a trial—no obligation of course. It can be paid for gradually if you decide to keep it. There is a choice of several delightful jewel colors, some embellished in gold. Corona with standard keyboard costs $60. Corona Special with three row keyboard costs $39.50. Price includes attractive carrying case.

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CORONA *A UTILITY OF MODERN LIVING*

(Continued from Page 91)

believed that his buddy had committed the crime of which he was accused. She had recognized him instantly, and had said nothing.

Poor old Chick was right. The one woman. In this motley gathering she looked, thought Owen amusedly, like Circe among her pigs. The two detectives who had brought Berks up from New York, Berks himself, the coroner, the deputy sheriff and the clerk—something piggish about all of them. As for the state troopers, with their trig uniforms and tanned faces, they stood outside the picture.

The New York detectives had confessed that they had been unable to get anything out of Berks. He had laughed at them and informed them that he would tell his story his own way when he stood before the coroner or the deputy sheriff. He had not been permitted to have a lawyer, for this was an examination and not a trial.

He sat at a deal table, indolently; the deputy sheriff's clerk, who was also the stenographer, sat at Berks' elbow. The gem runner seemed quite oblivious of his surroundings and of the semicircle of menacing eyes. For even in Elsie's eyes were unuttered threats.

The deputy sheriff cleared his throat. "Berks, you've been found guilty of perjury in your statements at the coroner's inquest. You were either inside or outside the house when Hood was killed. Where were you?"

"I was outside."

"You saw this fellow Willard, then, commit the murder?"

"First, just where do I stand here?" Berks asked thoughtfully.

"You are under arrest for perjury and we are inquiring into the facts before we present your case to the grand jury. You lied, and we want to know why."

"I see. Where are all the other men who were at Hood's that night?"

"We aren't answering your questions; you are answering ours. Why did you lie at the coroner's inquest?"

"I was in a confused state of mind."

"So confused that you could go to sleep coolly in the room where the body lay?"

"I was tired. I had gone through a good deal that day. I want you to let me tell the story my own way. If you keep shooting questions at me I'll forget some detail."

Cool beggar, thought Owen. The deputy was going to find Berks something like a porcupine. But what kind of a story was it going to be?

Elsie studied from memory the faces of Van Cleve, Morgan, Descamps and MacFarlane. One could not corroborate the statement of the other; what each had been doing from the time they had entered their rooms to the moment of her alarming cry were statements which stood unsubstantiated. And yet she knew instinctively that none of them was guilty. Berks—the shady character of the man, the wolf which frequently shot from his bleak eyes. The man balanced on the wall, as it were. She heard the deputy's voice bellowing:

"You saw what happened inside the house! Tell it your own way, but watch your step! A man's life—perhaps your own—hangs upon the truth of this story you have to tell!" The deputy scowled.

"Well, the lives of two men hang upon what I have to say."

This bombshell held them all in the grip of such hypnosis that none observed that the door had been quietly opened and that upon the threshold stood a young man soberly but excellently dressed in summer gray, a bit of scarlet ribbon in his buttonhole.

"Which of you is the sheriff?" the newcomer asked quietly.

Double hypnosis.

Owen gasped but otherwise did not move. Elsie, however, covered her mouth with her palm. Here to give himself up! She wanted to cry out: "Fly!"

The expression on Berks' face went from astonishment to sardonic joyfulness. Company. The fool was giving himself up. Play with Roger Berks, would he?

"I'm the deputy sheriff. And who are you?"

"My name is Willard. I am under indictment for murder. Where do you want me to sit?"

"Get him!" yelled the deputy.

Two troopers, their guns out, started for Willard.

"Hold on!" cried Berks, rising. "I need this man's corroboration. He's a big part of my story. There are five policemen in this room. He won't get away. Bring him over here next to me."

The effrontery was too much for the deputy, but the coroner leaned toward him and whispered something.

"All right," said the latter. "But one of you boys guard the door."

A trooper thereupon marched over to the door and stood with his back to it, grimly ready.

"Welcome to our city!" said Berks ironically as Willard sat down beside him.

"You are John Murray Willard?" asked the deputy.

"That is my name."

"You have this diamond known as the Blue Rajah?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"In my home in New York."

"Where it rightfully belongs." All eyes immediately switched to Elsie.

"What do you mean, miss?" asked the coroner sharply.

"That the diamond lawfully belongs to Mr. Willard."

"It wasn't your uncle's?"—bewilderedly.

"No. In a moment of madness my uncle took what did not belong to him. Mr. Willard sought to recover it by a most unfortunate method."

"Do you believe he killed your uncle?"

"No."

Berks' bewilderment was quite equal to the coroner's. The diamond belonged to Willard?

"Gee, what a case!" whispered the sergeant to Owen, who nodded mechanically.

"Miss Hetherstone," said the coroner, "you told a different story at the inquest."

"I did not know the truth then."

"How did you find out the truth?"

"I am not prepared to answer that question, but will do so when I am properly put under oath. It seems to me that the main business is to hear Mr. Berks' story."

The deputy sheriff rumpled his hair. "Go on, Berks," he managed to say without a crack in his voice. All this was just a little too big and too sudden.

"All right, Mr. Sheriff. No man ever made a fool of Roger Berks and got away with it, skin-free. This chap here made a prime fool of me, and I had to pay him out. Besides, as I proceed you'll see that I had myself to look out for. But in trying to pay him back I suddenly found myself pretty far out on a dead limb."

"Just a moment," interrupted the deputy. He turned to Willard. "You're the man who kidnaped Berks and took his papers?"

"I am the man. Everything Mr. Berks told about that at the inquest was perfectly true." Willard looked tired.

"That's all I want to know. . . . Go on, Berks."

"After I was knocked down and bound by Willard and his companion, I tumbled right away to what was on foot. Willard, or Bassett, as he called himself, was going to lift the Rajah. The fight was so unexpected that I did not get a good look at the other fellow. The curtains were down."

The deputy spoke to Willard. "Where is your accomplice?"

"Here he is," announced Owen quietly, standing up. He smiled down at the astounded sergeant.

"Gerry!"—from the startled Willard.

Owen took his chair over to his friend and planted it beside him. He sat down.

Elsie's eyes grew blurred. She knew that eventually this was going to happen. Buddies. Both fearless and nonchalant; only one was not so masterful as the other. And would the other ever forgive her? What had she not said to him!

The deputy, quite dizzy by now, appealed to the sergeant of the troopers, "What'll I do with him?"

"Hold him for trial. If," the sergeant added under his breath, "there ever is a trial!"

"Get Berks' story," whispered the coroner fiercely.

He and the deputy sheriff indulged in some whispering.

"Why did you poke your fool head into this?" asked Owen miserably of Willard.

"Handcuffs. Didn't like the idea of a big parade from New York up. How far is it to the jail?"

"Right under us, Chick—right under us."

Berks eyed them venomously. "Willard, if we get out of this, I'll hang your hide on the door. Don't forget."

"No use telling you I'm sorry, Berks?"

"No use."

"No talking there!" warned the sergeant.

"Go on with your story, Berks."

"Well, I was bound and gagged in a chair. So when I got loose finally, I wasn't thinking pretty. To telephone Hood was not my idea of first-rate reprisal. Better, thought I, to walk in on Willard when he believed he had the game all bundled up under his arm."

Elsie shivered, though the room was summer warm.

"By the time I landed in Syracuse," continued Berks, "another idea popped into my head. I'd let Willard pull his stuff, and then hijack him on his get-away. What to do with the stone after I got it I hadn't figured out. I was mad—just plain berserker mad."

The sergeant nodded. He could understand that. He'd have been plumb mad, too, to be made a goat of like that. But he shot an admiring glance at the imperturbable Owen, who had adroitly if indirectly arranged this scene.

"Plain berserker," repeated Berks. "Put yourself in my place, Mr. Sheriff."

"You could have got the troopers and had Willard arrested for assault and battery and kidnaping," snapped the deputy sheriff; "and Hood would be alive today."

"But I want you to know that I wasn't quite hep to what I was doing. Brain storm. When a man is prompted by fury to do things, he's generally sorry after it's over."

For the first time Elsie's glance encountered Willard's. Perhaps the same thought had flashed into their heads. Prompted by fury.

"Well, I hid the car off the first dirt road, smoked a few cigarettes and then found an easy trail to the Hood camp."

"You have those cigarette butts, deputy," said the sergeant.

"I saw Willard and Miss Hetherstone in the music room. I like music. I don't like Willard, though I'll admit he's good at the piano. Well, to pass away the time, I hid behind the lilacs and smoked. Funny, but I never missed that lighter. I was still boiling mad. You see, if I had premeditated a serious crime, I shouldn't have been so careless."

"Not all crimes are premeditated," observed the deputy. "There are crimes of impulse."

Berks ignored this. "By and by the house went dark, and I got ready to trip up Willard. All I thought of was to get even with him."

Elsie felt her body gathering into tenseness.

"After a little a light popped up in the living room. I hurried to the window, but saw nobody. Then the piano began to play, and I thought Willard was at it. To my surprise I saw Hood come out of the music room. I didn't know who he was at the moment, but I soon guessed it. He crossed over to the wall safe, and then ——"

"Have done!" shouted the deputy. "Who killed Hood?"

"Lots of time," drawled Berks. "I saw a car heading for the main road. I knew it was Willard, making his get-away. All right, said I. Stew in your own juice."

(Continued on Page 99)

Good-bye
---and don't take
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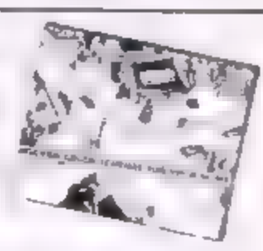


Name .....

Address .....

(Continued from Page 95)

Elsie was on her feet. "Who killed my uncle, since Mr. Willard could not have done it?"

"Nobody killed him," said Berks gently.

Stunned, all gazed at Berks. It was his hour, and he smiled thinly.

"What?" simultaneously barked the deputy sheriff and the coroner.

"Just what I say. Nobody killed him. He died a natural death. There wasn't any murder, but neither I nor Willard had a ghost of a chance of proving it." Then Berks shook a finger at the dumfounded coroner. "Small-town booster. Name in the papers and all that. Election in the fall. You fell down on your job. You emphasized the poker and the cracked skull and muted the condition of Hood's heart."

"The evidence pointed to murder and robbery!"

"It certainly did! Well," said the stormy Berks, "as Hood opened the safe—for then I knew it to be Hood—he suddenly clutched at his chest and staggered toward the mantelpiece, which he fumbled. Then he pitched headlong into the fire rack. He was dead probably before he struck. And that's God's truth!"

"You skunk!" cried the deputy sheriff. "And you let another man be hounded for murder for a crime you say wasn't committed!"

"Willard," said Berks, "you understand, don't you?"

"Yes. When we are angry we do things we're sorry for after."

Berks turned upon the deputy. "You country bumpkin, what would have happened to me if I'd rushed into the house? I'd be right where Willard is now. I saw the whole mess clearly. One or the other or both of us would be accused of murder. The circumstantial evidence was a mile high. Look at the newspapers. Not an item anywhere giving Willard the benefit of a doubt. If I opened my mouth before the right time, it would be my funeral. And how about the prosecuting attorney linking us together? He'd have missed a shot like that, wouldn't he?"

"The right time—what do you mean by that?" asked the coroner.

"Till every mother's son would have believed Willard had done the job. Till there wasn't a loophole left. On the first day of the trial, Willard, I'd have cut in with the truth. You believe that?"

"I begin to see. Did you have gloves?"

"Yes."

"So did I. A perfect case against either of us, with all those gems in the safe."

Berks faced the coroner. "I acted as I have to save both our lives. . . . Coroner, wasn't Hood's heart in a bad condition?"

"Yes"—reluctantly. "But there isn't a coroner in the world who wouldn't have accepted the evidence which appeared to the eye. . . . Sergeant, am I right?"

"Yes, sir. It was always murder till just now. But I wasn't quite sure who did it."

"Well," said Berks, "there'll be another autopsy. My lawyer in the morning will demand it."

"Very well," agreed the coroner.

"Willard, you see I had to let it ride this way?" said Berks.

"Yes. I gave you rather a raw deal. But I went berserker too. How much do I owe you?"

"Fifteen thousand, my commission."

Rough, tricky and all that, thought Owen, but this fellow Berks was a man.

"Well, gentlemen," said the sergeant, "the coroner can't discharge you till after the second autopsy. So downstairs you go, if you please."

As Willard passed Elsie she looked down. She remembered her furious accusation. Besides, her eyes were blinded by tears. Impromptu. Impulse of the moment—deadly or joyous.

Three blind angers. And all this muddled horror as the result!

Owen was last to enter a cell.

"From a punch in the jaw to this Ritz bridal suite," said the sergeant. "Owen, you're a pretty good scout."

"I am his friend."

"Well, that goes for me too." And the sergeant shut the iron door and locked it.

XVII

THERE was a tremendous powwow in the newspapers. Reporters and cameramen flocked to the obscure village. Three times the Hood case had broken into the front page, as craters break out on the slopes of volcanoes. The final eruption being the state's decision that it had no case against Willard, that there had been no murder, that Hood had died from what is known as a wandering blood clot, that he had been dead two or three seconds before his skull had struck the poker. The case collapsed with the suddenness of a parachute.

The state also decided to ignore Berks' perjury on the premise that a man had a right, in such peculiar circumstances, to make what defense he could.

Even the most blasé reporters got a kick out of the case, there were so many odd angles. Back files revealed no comparison. There were serious editorials, too, on the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence. In this case it had been easy to cry murder. No one censured the coroner. It was agreed that his deductions had been humanly logical. Ten thousand coroners would have made the same mistake.

The case was featured two or three Sundays. Then city editors leaned back and waited for the aftermath—Berks versus Willard, assault and battery and kidnaping—waited in vain.

Willard, Owen and Berks left the jail together. It was raining.

"Buzz saws are tricky things to play with. I haven't forgiven you, Willard," said Berks. "I accept your check without thanks. I take fifteen thousand when I could have taken a hundred. But to me there's been eighty-five thousand dollars' worth of rope around your neck. You'll always owe me something. Good-by and the worst of luck!"

"Gerry," said Willard as he stared at Berks' diminishing back, "do you know, I rather like that beggar."

"Cured?" asked Owen dryly.

"If you mean cured of being a fool, I don't know, Gerry. See you at the hotel later."

Owen laughed.

Suddenly Willard became lost in the crowd.

Elsie remained hidden till the reporters and cameramen disappeared. When she started for camp it was raining pitchforks, as they say in the North Woods district. No thunder and lightning; just rain, cool and sweet, but thick and monotonous. It would rain all day, for there was no break in the drab bowl above. Mist, like steam, rose from the parched earth. One could see only a little way into the forest.

The deputy sheriff's umbrella covered her to the car.

"We all make mistakes, miss," he said.

Elsie nodded and got into the car. To get back to the camp, to wander through all the rooms, no longer filled with sinister shadows. She peered through the rain-lashed windows. When she saw the trout run, boiling and swirling at flood, her fingers sank into her palms.

"Faster, faster!" she called to the chauffeur, who had betrayed Willard's identity to the police.

"All right, miss, but it's mighty slippery."

When at length the car rolled under the porte-cochère and Henry came down to open the door for her, she brushed him aside and ran into the middle of the clearing, and stood as straight as a pine, her arms tight against her sides, her hands shut, her face tilted to the rain, which presently saturated her. There was ecstasy in this tattoo upon her body.

All at once she sensed a presence near by. She turned. Willard, hatless, stood beside her. She had known from the beginning of things that this moment must arrive, from the hour he had entranced her by the magic of his fingers. She had fought other men with her wit and invisible stratagems, but there was no will in her to fight this man.

She loved him! All the torture, all the agony, the incredible madness, because she had known all along that she loved him! And had begun to a few minutes after he had started to play. To have read of such a situation, to have seen it enacted upon the stage, would have aroused in her only cynical amusement. In her world men and women did not fall in love at first sight. Too canny to be fooled by moonshine and poetry and lutes. He had kissed her like a madman, and she had not struck him! Oh, she would not lie to herself. She had believed him guilty; believed him capable of everything base and despicable, but neither could she shoot him nor surrender him to the police. The human eye that often saw not what the eye of instinct always saw—the truth!

"An eye for an eye is Biblical but unprofitable," he said. "All I intended was to pay back your uncle in his own coin. I did not know that he loved anybody or that anybody loved him. That would have made the adventure impossible. I'm sorry."

"All my life I have known only the kind and loving side of him. Obsessions."

"I have always been a creature of impulse."

"And see how far the ripples of this one have gone! I had my obsession, too," she admitted. "I entered your house that day with the single murderous thought in the whole mad business."

"Will you forgive me?"

Instinctively—and she was determined to let instinct guide her—she knew to what he was referring—that mad embrace. "For what?" she asked.

"Don't you remember?"—uneasily.

"Remember what?" smoothing her hair from her forehead where the rain had driven it.

"That unforgivable act in my own house, believing I should never see you again."

"What act?"

"I—I kissed you!" What a sophomoric sound it had!

"Did you?"

He understood. She had wiped the whole affair off the slate. Quite right too. But how lovely she was, her eyes sparkling like sapphires and her tanned cheeks shining like beaten gold! Well, presently he would go.

"It will rain like this," she observed, "all day." She turned her face to the rain again. "How clean everything has suddenly become! Naturally—he died naturally. His heart stopped. We human beings we think we know so much! . . . Yesterday I found a letter addressed to me. That operation in Paris—he thought perhaps he wouldn't pull through. For two years, immediately after the war, he had agents hunting all over the world for you. But you were in mid-Africa or the Himalayas. You see, he dared not write. He never wished me to know. He couldn't find you; then the old obsession returned. All men become mad, at some time or other, upon some one subject."

"Yes."

"And what is your madness?"

Suddenly the breath was shaken out of her. Another kind of rain fell upon her face.

"Good-by!" he said, flinging her roughly aside.

But she ran at him and took hold of his sleeve.

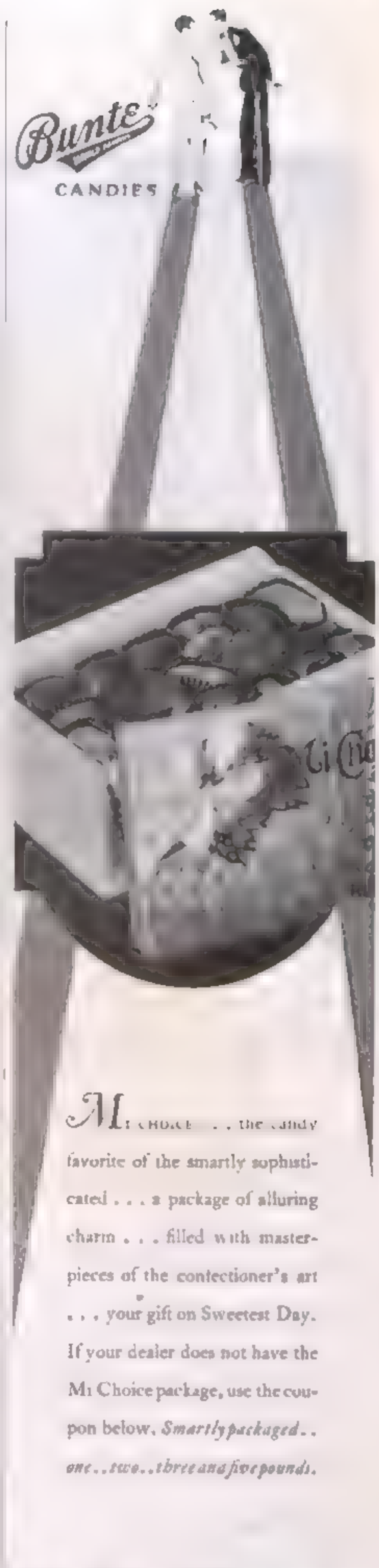
"It seems to me," she said breathlessly, "that you are always kissing me good-by forever. Won't you stay to luncheon? After all, you came here because you love me or because you are hungry, or both."

"Hungry!"—seizing her again.

"Luncheon is served."

Astounded, Elsie and Willard turned, to behold Henry, the butler. The smile on his saturnine face was hidden by the shadow of an enormous cotton umbrella.

(THE END)



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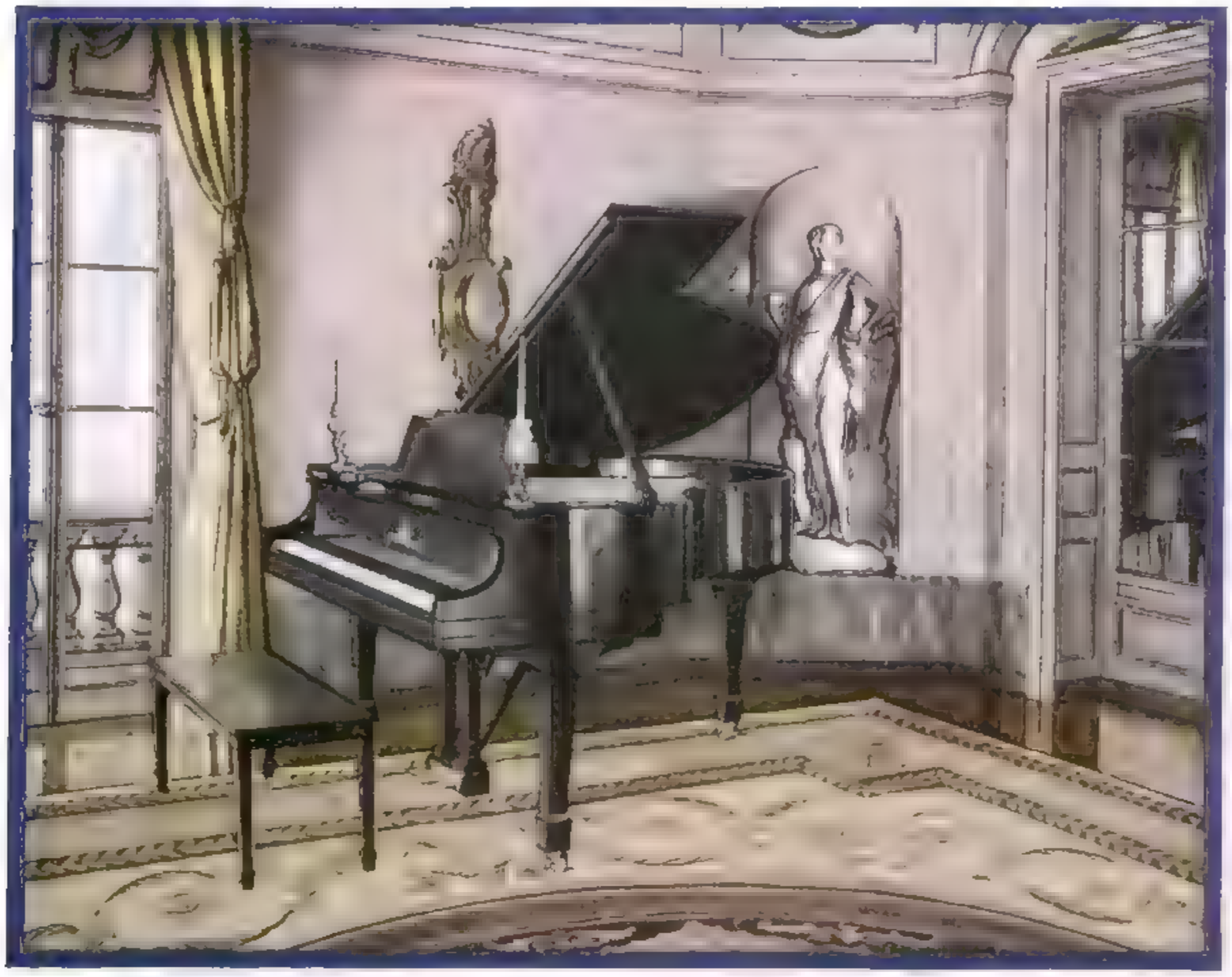

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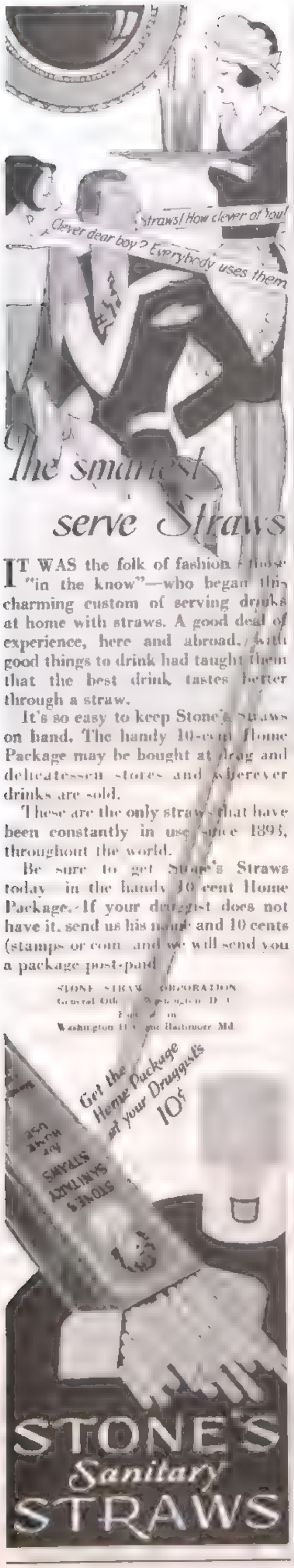
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RAFFERTY—WARD HEELER

(Continued from Page 25)

world loves all our murderers, our thieves. No matter how bad a man may be, somebody loves him and believes in him."

I looked up at her in amazement. "What are you doing," I asked, "classing Dan with murderers an' thieves?"

Nellie is the most persistent thing in the world when she is right, and she is most always right. She just kept plugging away at me.

"I never did until you refused to tell me the things you do with him," she said. "Now I hardly know what to think. When I asked you how you changed the law for Jimmy Brophy, you evaded the question. When I asked you where you got the money to buy this beautiful new car of ours, you started to tell me, then stopped short and did not finish. You seemed anxious to hide something, as though I would not like the truth."

"I told you the truth," I interrupted. "I hope you won't keep at me until you make me really mad. Dan Rafferty's the best friend a man ever had, Nellie. He took me out of the foundry an' put me into politics. Through him I got a good job. I got you an' we've got a home. Without him, I'd still be foreman of that lousy cleaning floor an' you probably wouldn't know I was alive. What more could you ask of a man?"

Once again Nellie was quiet for a long time. I realize now that she was picking her words just about as carefully as a person ever did, and I realize now how much those words meant to her. But I did not realize it then.

"What kind of a queer streak has got hold of you?" I asked. "You've never been like this before. I hope you aren't going to be one of those women that want to be the clinging vine and also the sturdy oak. My job is to make my way in the world an' get to be somebody so I can give you all the good things I want to give you."

Her fingers were playing with my hair again, and she looked at me very tenderly and said, "I'm not criticizing you, Eddie. I'm just trying to help you."

"I don't need any help," I complained. "I can't understand this whole thing. You've never been like this before. What the devil has got hold of you?"

She did not resent that at all. After a moment she said, "You spoke of the cleaning floor and how Dan got you away from that."

"I'll say he did!" I barked.

"Well, Eddie," she answered steadily, "I'd a whole lot rather have you foreman of the cleaning floor and working hard for your money than I would to have you the richest man in the world on money that did not belong to you."

"But, Nellie," I exclaimed, "where do you get the idea that the money I earn with Dan don't belong to me? I earn it, don't I?"

"I hope so," she said. "That's why I complain a little bit, Eddie. Every time I ask you anything about it, you never give me a complete answer. Other women's husbands have jobs and they do definite things, whether it's driving a truck or running a bank. Their wives always know where they are and everybody else knows where they are and what they're doing. With you, nobody knows. You have no regular hours and you never have any business to talk over with me."

All of a sudden I thought I saw a great light and I burst out laughing. I caught her in my arms and held her close to me and said, "Good Lord, Nellie, you aren't jealous, are you?"

But I knew just as soon as I said it I had guessed wrong. Nellie was not jealous. She stammered a bit and worked hard for exactly the words she wanted, but finally reached a point where she could speak her thoughts, and after that there was no stopping her.

"You know, Eddie," she said, "you drifted off that cleaning floor gradually, even though rapidly. After you met Dan it wasn't any time at all before you were working entirely with him and nobody thought about asking any questions. I just wonder a little if we have been doing the same thing. Things have come so easily and we have been so very happy and successful that we have not asked ourselves any questions."

"Why should we?" I exploded. "If we were starving to death, you would kick an' I could understand that. But what kind of a wife is it that kicks when her husband's successful?"

"It's a wise wife," she said slowly, "if she isn't sharing his success."

"You been readin' books," I scoffed.

"No," she said—"no, I have not been reading books. But there is something else, Eddie—something you don't realize, and it's a very, very big something."

"Been hearing any strange sermons lately?" I laughed at her. No matter what I said I could not shake her out of the serious mood she was in. She just shook her head no.

After a second she said, "Tell me all about this five thousand dollars you made."

"Well," I said, "thinking as you do now, you may misunderstand it. It may sound bad to you. But it really isn't." Then I told her the whole story. When I finished there was a hurt look in her eyes, not an angry one.

"Are there many deals like that, Eddie?" she asked.

"Do I get five thousand dollars many times?" I grunted.

"I hope you never get another one like that," she answered.

"You'll get over those ideas," I assured her. Then, recalling my conversation with Dan, I said: "Think of what that park will mean, Nellie, to the poor mothers around this neighborhood. Every time you go into the street you hold your breath for the kids that are playing there—motor trucks whistling by an' automobiles swinging suddenly around corners. This park will give them a place to go."

"Yes," she answered, "that is true." But the hurt look did not go out of her eyes.

"Sure thing," I went on sort of to build up the idea with her. "You got to think about the mothers an' about the kids, an' that's the only way those things can be done in this day of politics. Look on that side of it a little more."

Suddenly Nellie dropped her head on my shoulder and her arms tightened around my neck, and I realized fully then how really worked up she was. For a moment I thought she was crying, because her shoulders trembled. I took her arms and pulled them apart so that I could straighten her up and see her face. Never, before or since, have I seen her look so beautiful. In her eyes there was the kind of a story that no words can tell.

Her lips trembled and she said, "I am thinking of the kiddies."

I read the story in her eyes and I said, "Nellie! Do you mean it? Is it on the level, Nellie? Are we going to have a ——"

She just nodded and her face was on my shoulder again. I shouted right out loud. "By Jupiter, we'll name it Dan!"

That night when we were in bed and quiet, she said to me: "I have nothing against politics, Eddie—nothing at all—if a man is openly a politician. I think it would be wonderful if our baby could be born with a father who was called Honorable ——"

The very first thing I said to Dan the next morning was to tell him the wonderful news. He shook both my hands and we fairly danced around his old oak desk.

"Dan," I said, "just as sure as you're a foot high, I'm goin' to name that baby Daniel!"

He shook hands harder than ever and real delight was in his face. But all of a sudden he stopped and winked at me and said, "Daniel's a fine name for a girl!"

It was half an hour before we got down to talking sensibly. Then, as I told Dan the questions Nellie had asked me and all that sort of thing, the wrinkles came in his forehead again and I could see that he was worried. He said very little, but what he did say seemed to me a lot.

"Women get the queerest notions," he muttered. "What a rotten break it will be if Nellie's goin' to turn out like that!"

That night on my way home I realized what I said a little while ago—just when a man is happiest and most prosperous, he may be brewing the most trouble. Take me for instance. While all the town was talking about what a successful young man I was, and what a smart one, the truth of the matter is I was really quite a sap. I was as sheltered as a mountain stream flowing through a canyon. On the one side, to make me prosperous and successful, I had Dan Rafferty. On the other, to make me contented and happy, I had Nellie. Then, out of a clear sky, I saw where either or both of those sheltering banks might slip away from me. This was due to no fault of my own. If either of them misunderstood the other, they would part. That would leave me alone and absolutely in the middle.

There are a lot of men in the world in just the same position, and most of them think they are some pumpkins.

IX

NATURALLY, all this came to my mind suddenly and left me both dazed and scared. Just as soon as I began to realize that maybe some things were stirring under the surface, I began to get suspicious of everything. It seemed to me that Dan was quieter and did not talk so freely with me about things we might do in the future. I felt that he was not at all sure about Nellie and the effect she might have on me. I suspected that he was afraid to trust me as he always had in the past, and a blind man could see that, from a business angle, this was about the worst thing that could happen to me. On that account I began to resent Nellie's attitude, which, of course, meant resenting Nellie. In that way I felt that one of my protective banks had already begun to slip away from me.

Of course my home life changed too. Nellie sensed that there was a change in me, and I suppose just at that time she was in a nervous condition which served to magnify every little thing that happened. I think she was hurt, because I talked even less about my business affairs with her. She never did understand that that was because I had less to talk about. I did not try to explain, because I knew she blamed me and never realized that it was due to the fact that I got less from Dan to talk about.

The less I talked, the less she did, and then I began to see my other protective bank slipping away from me. Those were hard days.

It seemed so strange to me that the best friend I ever had in the world and the only woman I ever loved should be the cause of depriving me each of the other. I often wonder if that happens frequently in this world. The more I thought about it, the more worried I became, and the more resentful. Of course I was not much for any girl to marry, but whatever I was, Nellie had it all, and it did not seem fair to me that she should be the cause of anchoring me right at the starting line in life.

However, I had sense enough to know that the smartest man alive is not smart enough to play with other people's suspicions. And Dan was suspicious of Nellie and Nellie was suspicious of Dan. I figured there was only one thing to do and that was to bring them together and see that they had a good frank talk. This was not so courageous on my part as it sounds, because I had great faith in Dan's ability to make

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Nellie see things as I saw them. Going on that idea, I determined to have him satisfy both Nellie and himself at the earliest possible moment. I wanted to hit while the iron was hot, so I only let matters run for about a week.

One morning while I was shaving and Nellie was cooking breakfast, I called out to her, "Say, kiddo, do you know it's about two weeks since Dan's been here?"

Because I listened so hard for it, I thought I caught a strange note in her voice when she answered: "So it is. Time certainly flies."

"Well," I answered, "you know Dan likes to come out here, and the first thing I do this morning will be to ask him to come out to dinner tonight. You call up Mrs. Brady an' have her come over an' fix some of that swell corned beef. We'll have a reg'lar old-time dinner an' a good long visit with Dan."

Nellie just said "All right."

There was no punch in her words at all. I knew she did not care whether Dan came or not. Always in the past when I had suggested inviting Dan out, she would be all for it. She would come to me and talk about what we would have for dinner. She would always pick out the things she knew Dan liked and I would have to help her decide whether to have peas or corn or carrots, or something like that. Now she just said "All right." That upset me so that I cut myself on the chin. I could not stop the bleeding and I was late for breakfast.

Nellie came into the bathroom to see what was the matter. She put some salve on the cut and covered it over with a little piece of tissue paper. When she had finished, she looked into my eyes and kind of smiled in a queer way. I put my arm around her and kissed her and started to speak. She was not in a mood to talk.

She just patted my cheek and said, "Come, come, hurry up. Wash the lather out of your ears and get out to breakfast." Then she left me and I hurried out to the table. We did not say much during the meal.

When I left, she went to the front door with me and kissed me good-by. I tried to appear as though nothing had gone wrong.

"Don't forget to get Mrs. Brady," I laughed, "and have plenty of corned beef, because I can just see Dan now throwing back his ears."

She smiled that same queer little smile and I walked off down the street. You can believe me that I was some worried. Dan was too smart to be fooled about what Nellie was thinking of him, and Nellie was not smart enough to realize that what she was thinking might ruin my whole future. But I stood pat, and when I walked into the office I put it right up to Dan.

"Listen here, Dan," I said, "you haven't been out to the house in two weeks."

Dan looked kind of surprised, but I had a feeling that he was only pretending. His voice lacked sincerity when he answered: "By George, that's right, Eddie. Gee, that seems a long time, don't it? How's Nellie feelin'?"

"She's feeling pretty good," I told him, "an' she's planning on you for dinner tonight—corned beef."

"Hot dog!" Dan grunted through a grin. "Corned beef, eh? That little girl knows what I like! I sure would like to come out an' eat some of it too. But the truth is that ——"

"The truth is you are coming out," I interrupted him. "You are the best friend I got in the world an' something's gone wrong between us during the last two weeks—ever since I told you about the baby coming along. An', Dan, it's got to be straightened out."

He looked at me, his eyebrows lifted high and his lips apart so that I could see his gold tooth. This time I knew he was faking his surprise.

"What the devil you talkin' about?" he sputtered.

"You know what I'm talking about. You know mighty well, Dan, that we haven't been as close for the last two weeks as we usually are. The thing is worrying me sick. I want you to come out to the house tonight for dinner an' spend the evening."

"All right," Dan said slowly—"all right, I will. . . . How long is it since you've had a talk with Reynolds?"

In that way he changed the subject and we switched to business things. Reynolds was a druggist who ran a store near our office and he used to sell quite a lot of liquor on the side. He was always anxious to keep on the good side of Dan. Now and then I would drop into his store and buy a cigar. I never really put the bee on him at all for money, because, after all, his was a kind of piker graft and he was never slow about kicking in with fifty or a hundred dollars for the Dan Rafferty Voters League.

When I dropped into his store that day he called me back into the prescription department and we had a drink together. He asked about Dan and about Nellie. We just visited about such things for a little while and then we had another drink. When I turned to go, he smiled and handed me an envelope.

"Ask Dan if he would mind if I throw that into the pot for the Voters League."

"Oh," I answered, "thanks. Dan'll appreciate it."

"That's O. K.," Reynolds answered. He was grinning broadly. "No receipt is necessary, Eddie. We understand each other."

He had never spoken quite so broadly before. When I got outside I ripped the envelope open and dropped it into an ash can. There were two new fifty-dollar bills inside it, which I slipped into my pocket without very much thought. However, as I walked along, Reynolds' words came back to me and I realized that always before when he gave a hundred dollars it had been in one bill. Then the real meaning of his talk came to me. He had slipped the two bills in so that I could take one of them for myself if I wanted it.

Such a thought never had entered my mind. I would not have done it under any circumstances. Just the idea of cheating Dan made me mad enough to fight. But out of that little incident I got a whole lot. I wished with all my heart that Nellie could realize the difference between dishonesty and legitimate graft, and I promised myself that I would tell her just how things had happened and let her see for herself that I was just as honest as she was.

However, I could not do much that day, because my mind was centered on the dinner and the evening to come. The whole thing was easily doped out. Nellie had something in her mind—very deep in her mind. It was something critical of Dan and my association with him. I was not big enough to get it out of her mind.

Dan knew just about what the situation was and he had tried to dodge the issue by not coming out to the house. That proved where he stood, but when I insisted, he was too game to quit. Now the whole thing hinged on whether Dan was big enough, or smart enough, to get suspicions out of Nellie's mind.

In other words, to go back to my comparison of the mountain stream flowing between two banks, I stood right on the brink of a very high falls and I was absolutely defenseless against the action of either bank. If one of them went wrong, the other was bound to. The result would be that I would find myself unhappily married, with a little one on the way and no possibility of anything but a return to the cleaning floor for low pay and hard work. To save my life I could not think of any way for me to fight off this thing.

I realized that to give up one meant to give up both. In other words, if it came to a break between Nellie and Dan and I stuck with Nellie, I would lose her in the end anyway, because she would continually worry about causing the break between Dan and me. She would always think that I resented it, even though I did not, and before long we would bust up too.

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On the other hand, if I stuck with Dan, which I knew even then I never could do, because I could not leave Nellie, he and I would be bound to bust up, because he would feel that he had made me unhappy. So there I was. The fine, upstanding, successful politician in the district was absolutely out on the end of the limb with two saws at work in the hands of other people.

That was why I got home about half-past three and tried to get Nellie into good humor so that maybe after all Dan would not notice anything and we could go back on the old basis. But I did not get much chance to talk with her, because Mrs. Brady was there and the odor of corned beef showed that they were both busy in the kitchen.

I went out there and tried to get Nellie away from the hot stove and all the walking that seems necessary to put together a dinner like that. For a while she came into the parlor with me and rested, but I could not keep her there long. Whether it was worry over the meal or just because she did not want to talk with me, I did not know.

Dan was not due at the house until about six o'clock. Just to keep busy, I went in to wash up and change my suit. In the bathroom mirror I saw there was a scab on my chin where I had cut myself that morning. I tried to pick it off. That started the cut to bleeding again and I was kind of glad of it, because it kept me busy and away from thinking about the evening. All the time I could hear Mrs. Brady fussing around out in the kitchen.

She was a very fat woman whose husband had been killed while working as a switchman on the railroad. I guess she was able to live all right, but she was always complaining about the cost of things and always willing to go out and get a meal for the neighbors and so earn a little toward paying her expenses.

Nellie always said that the few dollars she got this way meant a lot to her, but I kind of figured that if she did not love to cook she would not have done it. It was just because she could cook things so well that she liked to do it. I always made it a point to tell her how good her food was, and I kind of liked her too.

Then I got to worrying about whether she would stick around while we were eating. Like most old women who spend a good deal of time alone, she took advantage of every opportunity to talk. I did not want to have anybody there that night but Nellie and Dan and myself.

I was as nervous as a girl in a wedding-license bureau and I saw myself getting as broke as the fellow that would be there with her. A thousand different schemes came into my mind about how I would start Nellie and Dan to talking about the work I did for Dan. Every one of them looked good at the start, but the more I thought about them, the worse they got.

Finally Nellie came to the door and told me it was 5:30 and I better be dressed to receive Dan, because she would have to clean up and dress too. I fixed my tie and went out and sat on the front stoop to wait for Dan. When he came along he was carrying a great big box of candy for Nellie, and I realized that I never thought of those things, because I had never brought home a box for her.

I supposed she would rather get it from me than from Dan. Most women like to think that their husbands think about nothing else in the world but them. I suppose that is a good hunch for a man to play if he wants to keep peace in the family. I should have known that, too, because once Dan told me that a woman would rather have a broken lead pencil as a gift from the man she loves than an eight-day grandfather's clock that would grow pansies from anybody else.

We went inside. "Where's Nellie?" Dan asked.

"I guess she hasn't finished dressing yet. She'll be out in a minute."

"Well," he laughed, his voice booming again and the big chain on his vest shaking, "a minute's long enough to have a drink, ain't it? I want to tell you right now that I been smellin' corned beef for the last three blocks, an' for a smell as good as that a man ought to sharpen up his appetite a bit."

Dan was in a laughing mood, but it seemed to me that all the laughing was with his lips. He knew as well as I did that he had something to face with Nellie that night and he was not letting down a bit. He was all politician.

We went out to the buffet, and while Dan poured the drinks I fished the two fifty-dollar bills Reynolds had given me out of my pocket.

"Oh, yeah," Dan said as he took them. They were crisp new bills and they crinkled. It almost seemed to me that they were trying to tell Dan how honest I was about them. He grinned at me over his glass and I saw his tongue run along the bottom of his gold tooth. Maybe the crown was wearing out a little and getting rough.

"Well," he grunted, "may your hair never fall out!"

"Yours too," I said, jerking my glass upward. "I mean, here's good luck."

We grinned at each other and winked and drank the liquor straight. I reached for the decanter to pour Dan a chaser. He laid his hand on my shoulder and winked at me solemnly. "Never mind the water," he said. "Just leave me get a deep breath of this corned beef. That's chaser 'nough."

The house certainly smelled of corned beef all right, but it was a good healthy smell and made me feel hungry. Jokingly, I said to Dan, "I don't mind the smell so much, Dan, but it kind of gets in my eyes."

He roared with laughter again and reached for the bottle to pour another drink. "Here's something for your stomach," he said. "Never mind your eyes, because you don't have to look at this to see that it's good." We laughed together, and as he poured the drink, Dan said, "After a hard day, two of these things strained through corned beef go pretty big. We better finish 'em up before Nellie comes in."

We clicked our glasses and drank the second drink. Dan was a peach. If it had not been for Nellie, I would never have had any trouble with him. We put the bottles and glasses away and walked back into the parlor. There was a big easy-chair there that Dan always called his own. He went right to that and sat down. He stretched his feet out in front of him and rested the palms of his big hands on his stomach. He looked very comfortable and the way he grunted convinced me that he was.

"Reynolds pulled a funny one on me today," I said, after getting Dan an ash tray and a match for his cigar.

"Yeah?" he queried.

"Uh-huh. I went in an' had a drink with him back in that back room of his an' he asked after you an' Nellie. We didn't talk about anything in particular. Finally we had a second drink. When I went to leave he slipped me a plain white envelope. He told me not to bother with any receipt either from you or from me. When I got outside I opened the envelope an' found the two fifty-dollar bills in there."

I paused for a moment and Dan just raised his eyes to look at me. There was a very faint wrinkle about the corners of his mouth. I grinned.

"You get the idea, Dan," I finished. I turned away from him and went across the room and sat down.

I fished for a cigarette and Dan watched me and said, "Want a cigar, Eddie?"

"No," I answered. "Dinner'll be ready pretty soon."

We sat quiet for several minutes and Dan patted his stomach and chewed thoughtfully at his cigar. Finally he straightened a little in the chair, looked at me and laughed.

"It's nothin' new to me to learn that you're honest, Eddie," he said. "But it is kind of interestin' to learn that Reynolds ain't."

That was all that we said about it. I had mentioned it to Dan only because he might want to use it on Nellie later on, but before I got a chance to mention that, Nellie came in. Dan jumped to his feet and spread his arms wide for her. She was smiling and I could see her little bent tooth. Her eyes seemed brighter than usual. She walked across the room and stood on her tiptoes to kiss Dan as he bent over her. He folded his big arms around her and she looked mighty small and dainty.

"By golly," he boomed at her, "it's a long time since I've seen you—too long a time." He held her close in his arms, kind of swayed her back and forth. His big right hand was patting her head and pressing it against his own chest. It made me mighty happy to see them that way. Nellie did not say anything and Dan went on: "You know what your old Uncle Dan likes for chow, too," he boomed. "Sure, it's a meal just to come into the house an' take a smell of it." He laughed uproariously at his own joke. It seemed to me his manner was a little forced. I hoped Nellie wouldn't notice that.

Still holding her close, Dan lowered his voice and said: "An' it's some great news you had for us the other day, darlin'. My land, it don't seem but a few months ago when you was cuddled up in your mother's arms so small you couldn't walk! I can remember how proud your father was! But I guess he had nothin' on Eddie here."

I could see Nellie's ears and she was blushing, but I knew what Dan said made her happy. I was beginning already to hand it to Dan. Finally he pushed her back at arm's length and looked at her from tip to toe. It was easy to see that he loved her.

"You little darlin'," he crooned at her, "you're the prettiest thing in town, an' the nicest."

I kept wondering how much fighting Nellie would be able to do with him after that. I kind of felt inside that I wished I had the blarney that was Dan's. But Nellie was not very much confused, after all. She just laughed and freed herself from his big hands, saying she had better go out to the kitchen to see what was being done to feed two hungry men. When she had gone, Dan turned to me.

"You're a lucky spalpeen—the luckiest in town," he said.

When we sat down at the table I made Dan be the father. It was a little warm in the dining room and Dan did not hesitate to take off his coat. He sat there at the head of the table and talked like a ten-year-old kid. Mostly, he talked about the food and how wonderful it was to have a home like ours. He never missed a chance to pay Nellie a compliment, although probably the biggest compliment he ever paid anybody was the way he ate Mrs. Brady's corned beef.

For me it was an uncomfortable meal. I could not wait for Nellie and himself to get started, yet I dreaded the moment they did start. Dan was the hail-fellow-well-met all through the meal and he kept up a running fire of conversation that prevented anybody else from saying much.

It was after the meal was over and we sat down in the parlor, all of us so full of food we could hardly move, that Dan himself, much to my surprise, brought matters to a head. Right out of a clear sky he turned to Nellie and said, "You an' Eddie are doin' very well, ain't you, girlie? You're happy?"

"Why, of course," Nellie answered. "Of course we're happy."

"An' nobody knows better'n you, Dan," I cut in, "that we're doing well. That part of it is your fault."

He just laughed tolerantly and beamed on both of us. "Anythin' more I can do?" he challenged Nellie. "There's nothin' worryin' you that I might be able to straighten out—nothin' you need that I might furnish?"

"No," she said slowly—"no, Uncle Dan, I guess not."

"The way you say that makes me think there is somethin'," Dan snapped. I did not know whether Nellie could see the change in him or not, but I could. His lips were smiling, but his eyes were set and hard and there was a squareness about his chin that appeared only when he had made up his mind he was going after something.

"You got the best doctor an' everythin' like that, haven't you?" he wanted to know.

"Yes, indeed," Nellie agreed.

"Well," he said, "you can't fool your old Uncle Dan like this. There's somethin' on your mind, child. What is it?"

Nellie glanced at me and I thought she had lost her nerve and was afraid to talk with Dan. From somewhere I got a whole lot of courage. I guess it came from the thought that if my worries were not settled right then, they never would be. I did not want to go through another two weeks like the past two.

"Nellie is worried, Dan," I said. My own voice sounded hollow to me. "She's worried about me. I told you about that. It was Nellie gave me that book, Politics in City, State and Nation. It was Nellie made me read it. I got little Jimmy Brophy out of a jam the other day an' Nellie don't quite like the way I did it. When I brought home that five thousand dollars we made on the factory sale, she didn't like that very much either."

"It isn't exactly that, Eddie," Nellie interrupted me. But right away Dan interrupted her and I thought to myself that if she knew him like I did, she would know enough to watch her step.

"Yes, it is," he barked—"it's just exactly that! Now you let me ask you a couple of questions, Nellie." He was almost glowering at her. He paused a moment and said, "An' you answer 'em, too—if you can."

Nellie folded her hands in her lap and her little chin set square and she looked Dan right in the eye. She was ready for anything, but she looked awfully small and delicate compared to Dan.

Dan cleared his throat and began: "You're bothered because you don't understand these things. Ain't that the truth?"

"Yes," Nellie said simply.

"O. K. Now for the questions: When Eddie bought that new sedan, where did it come from?"

"From the dealer's store," Nellie said.

"How did it get to the dealer's store?" Dan then barked.

"Why, it was sent there, I suppose," Nellie answered.

"Who sent it?" Dan was barking his questions and was not giving her a chance to finish one answer before he shot another question.

"The people who built it, I suppose, or the people he bought it from," Nellie answered.

"How many cylinders has it got?"

"Four—six, I guess—I don't know—perhaps it's eight."

Dan laughed sharply. "Do you like to ride in it? It don't ruin the riding because you don't know a thing about it, does it?"

"No-o-o," Nellie said dubiously.

"All right," Dan went on. "That sedan cost you about twenty-five hundred dollars, didn't it?"

"Yes."

"What did you do with the other twenty-five hundred dollars from that check?"

"Left it in the bank."

"How did it get in the bank?"

"Why, we just deposited your original check. Then, when Eddie bought the sedan he drew a check against that."

"I see," Dan went on. He was grinning now. "Then the truth of the matter is that Eddie never had any real money in that bank? He just put in a slip of paper—a check?"

"Why, of course, but ——"

"Well, how could he buy the sedan an' still have twenty-five hundred dollars in money when all he ever put in was a slip of paper?"

"The slip of paper was your check."

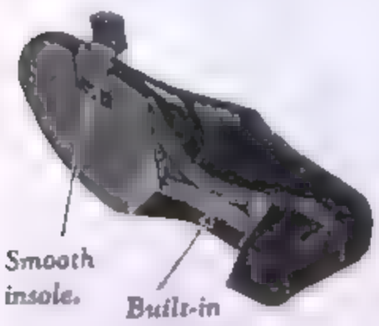
"Of course it was. But it was on the River Trust Company, wasn't it? I had no money in the City Bank, where Eddie deposited my check."

(Continued on Page 110)

Montgomery Ward & Co. offers

Two New Fall Creations in Fine Footwear

This shoe for women combines the latest style trends with the famous Foot-Health features of smooth insole, orthopedic last, and built-in light steel arch support. Soft, fine kid cutout ties made over a perfect-fitting combination last.



New medium vamp and 1⅛-inch heels, with rubber lifts. Genuine Goodyear welt sole construction. Postage prepaid on all orders by mail. Supplied in two colors: Black and rich brown. State size, width and color preferred, when ordering by mail. PRICE **$4.98** POSTPAID

Style, Wear and Comfort— Conservatively Priced

PERFECT fit, voguish lines, the finest of materials and workmanship—identify these two new Fall models from Ward's Footwear Division . . . The FOOT-HEALTH model for Women, illustrated above, features an invisible, built-in, light steel arch support which enables the wearer to walk or stand all day without undue fatigue. The woman whose feet tire easily will find this shoe, with its narrow-heel, orthopedically correct last and smooth insole, as ideally *comfortable* as it is good-looking and long-wearing. And where other shoes of equal quality to the FOOT-HEALTH model sell at several dollars more, Ward's price is only $4.98.

Real Luxury and Good Looks

The "New Yorker," shown at right, is a new number from the Fall selections in Ward's popular BEAU BRUMMEL line for Men. It is fashionable, roomy . . . a thoroughly fine Oxford in the latest Autumn manner, a shoe that masculine owners will find as luxurious on the foot as it is appealing to the eye. Yet the "New Yorker," in contrast with similar values selling elsewhere at from $6 to $7.50, is also priced at only $4.98.

Both these fine footwear numbers are typical of a complete Fall showing by Montgomery Ward & Co. that embraces more than 555 different shoe styles.

Direct Selling Cuts Price

All embody the sterling workmanship of some of the best-known makers in the country—and all, thanks to Montgomery Ward & Co.'s huge annual sales volume and direct distribution, are priced at an attractive saving you do not usually associate with such modern lines and lasting quality.

Go to your nearest Ward Store and see these Fall styles. They will challenge your most critical comparison with any $6 to $7.50 shoes you may have been wearing . . . and, like all the more than 40,000 other articles of quality merchandise offered by Montgomery Ward & Co., are guaranteed to satisfy or your money back.

BEAU BRUMMEL *quality is this "New Yorker" from tip to toe! Smooth calfskin uppers, that take a fine high gloss polish. Oak leather soles have smart rounded edges. Genuine Goodyear welt construction. Rubber heels. A thoroughly fine Oxford, in black calfskin, and built to save you several dollars at its price of only* **$4.98** POSTPAID

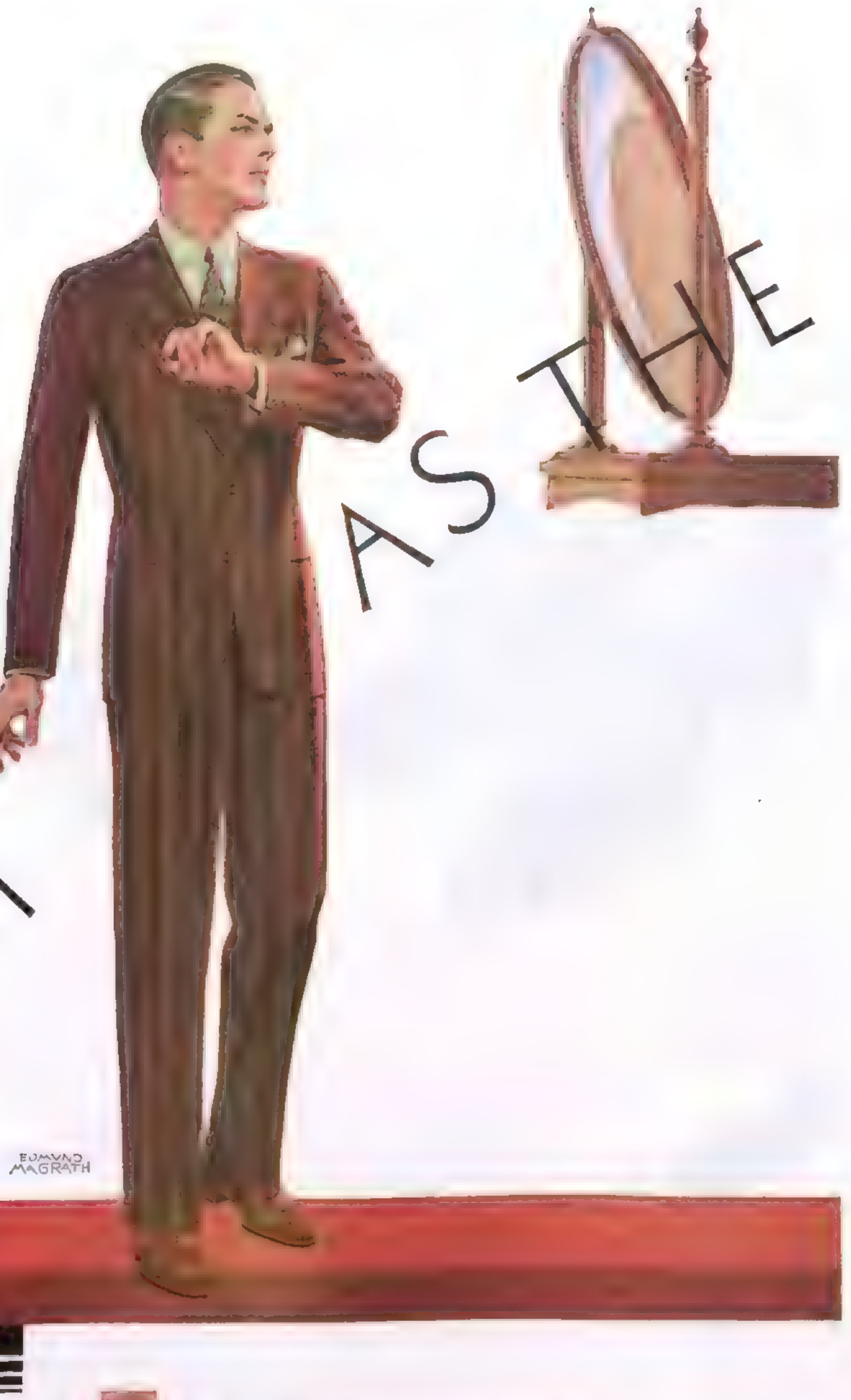
This mark of quality identifies our advertisements, our stores, and many of our exceptional merchandise offerings. Let it be your guide to quality and savings.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

CHICAGO · KANSAS CITY · ST. PAUL · BALTIMORE · PORTLAND, ORE. · OAKLAND, CALIF. · FORT WORTH · DENVER · ALBANY

Nine Great Mail Order Houses and More Than 400 Retail Stores Throughout the Nation

© M. W. & Co. 1929



THE Ram's Head label guarantees the cloth regardless of the price of the finished suit. The cost of clothing varies according to the quality of the tailoring. A low-priced suit made from Ram's Head Fabric represents low-grade tailoring, while the higher-priced suits represent better tailoring. Good tailoring is always worth its price.

DAY HE BOUGHT IT

ALMOST every new suit *looks* smart, but only high quality can give those *lasting* good looks which distinguish good clothing.

The style you see in a finished suit begins with the cloth and ends with the tailor. The style that remains in the suit *after you wear it*, depends entirely upon the cloth; for only good fabrics can hold the style that is tailored into them.

Styles may reflect extreme motives which represent passing fancies, but good taste is always in vogue. In reflecting the latest style developments, Ram's Head Fabrics offer a variety so extensive that every man can select a fabric that is suited to his personality. Every design combines style correctness with good taste, thus creating color harmonies that never grow monotonous.

Ram's Head Fabrics have been specially selected for their beauty, durability and fine tailoring qualities. Woven only from high-grade wools, they are rigidly tested for quality in material, color and weave. Every yard is guaranteed in quality.

When you select your next suit, remember that the lasting beauty of your clothing depends largely upon the quality of the cloth. Demand Ram's Head Fabrics. They are your assurance of higher quality in clothing.

American Woolen Company

Executive Offices: Boston, Mass.

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Dept. H, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York City

RAM'S HEAD FABRICS

"STYLES THAT SET THE STYLE"

This marks the "spot" where real tailoring values are found!

You'll find this sign on many store doors and windows throughout the land—and wherever you see it, you're within the range of service of one of the greatest custom tailoring organizations in America.
Our representative in your community may run a tailoring establishment. He may be a clothier or a haberdasher. But in every case he's a man who knows how to take your measurements by the English-American Correct Posture System, assuring you a perfectly tailored and fitted suit, topcoat or overcoat.

Our Big-Scale Buying Reduces Your Clothing Bill

The huge size of the English-American Personal Tailoring Service enables us to make most advantageous purchases of the finest quality fabrics from the best mills. The money saved by our big-scale operation is passed on to our customers. No local tailor buying in small amounts, working on a few suits at a time, can hope to match our prices.

THE CORRECT POSTURE SYSTEM
—a guarantee of individual fit

The exclusive English-American Correct Posture System makes due allowance for every characteristic of your build—and the way you stand and walk. When you receive your clothes, they will be truly
Mail the coupon for booklet "The Open Door" showing what well-dressed men are wearing.

TO TAILORS, CLOTHIERS, HABERDASHERS . . .
To all those who sell tailoring

There is still a chance for some alert tailors or stores to represent English-American on an exclusive franchise basis. No capital investment necessary. Wire or fill in the coupon now for our money-making proposition. We'll let you know if your town is still open.

ALL WOOL SUITS
Tailored to order
STARTING AS LOW AS
$22
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☐ Please send me booklet, "The Open Door," that shows what well-dressed men are wearing.
☐ I would like to be the English-American representative in my community. Send me details.
Name
Address
City State

English-American Personal Tailoring Service

(Continued from Page 106)

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," Nellie said slowly.

"It's got this much to do with it," Dan barked: "How could the City Bank give the automobile dealer twenty-five hundred dollars for this automobile an' leave twenty-five hundred dollars in money in Eddie's account just on a slip of paper drawn on another bank?"

Of course I could see that Dan was just cross-examining Nellie and trying to knock her off balance. I sort of hoped he would do it too. Nellie could see it, too, and she was trying to think out each answer, but Dan would not give her time.

"Well, how could it?" he insisted when she hesitated.

"Your check was good," she said. "The River Trust Company would pay them."

"Nach'ally," Dan growled. "What I'm askin' you is, how does the River Trust Company get the money over to the City Bank? Do you think a messenger runs over an' cashes every check?"

"Certainly not."

"Then how do they get the money? You can't live on checks forever." Dan was leaning forward now and almost glaring at her, although there seemed to be nothing really angry in his attitude.

"I don't know that," Nellie admitted.

"But because you didn't know," Dan went on emphatically, "didn't prevent you from takin' the car, did it? It won't prevent you from usin' the twenty-five hundred dollars, will it?"

"Why, no; but I think that is different."

"How is it different?" he asked. "Let me set you straight on this, colleen. It's the things you don't know that never hurt you. Your trouble right now is that you're tryin' to understand everythin' Eddie does. You want to know every detail an' you just nach'ally can't get away with it. Women ain't made for business. I admire you for takin' a big interest in Eddie an' in his progress through life, but I warn you now—an' I'm a lot older'n you are—don't let your interest an' your curiosity be a millstone around his neck."

When he said that, Nellie went white. Her lips were just a straight line across her face. But she kept her head, and when she spoke, she controlled her voice, although it was strained.

"I don't think I will ever hold Eddie back much," she said quietly.

I was feeling pretty nervous, so I butted in. "Nellie kind of thinks," I said to Dan, "that all the other women around here have husbands with regular jobs an' they an' the neighbors know just what they do."

"Do they?" Dan interrupted. "All right. What does the president of the bank do, Nellie?"

"He runs the bank," Nellie said.

"Sure. Eddie here runs the Dan Rafferty Voters League. So that's even. Now what does he do, this president, while he's runnin' the bank?"

Of course that stopped Nellie, and I began to have hopes she would see it from Dan's angle. I could see that Dan was pretty well pleased with himself too. He laughed in a good-natured, tolerant way and got up and walked over to Nellie. He chucked her under the chin with his big finger and kind of laughed at her like she was a child. I think that angered her.

She said, "Now, Uncle Dan, maybe I could ask you a few questions."

That kind of took his breath away, but he said, "Sure—sure thing. Shoot!"

"Do you operate a real-estate business, Uncle Dan?"

"Real estate?" Dan repeated. "Me—in the real-estate business? No."

"Did you own the factory that you sold when Eddie made that five thousand dollars profit?"

"Yes," Dan snapped—"certainly I owned it."

Nellie bit her lip and looked at me. For a minute I too thought Dan was lying. There was a second of silence, then Nellie went on: "How long did you own it before you sold it to the city?"

Dan said, "Ten days."

"To be perfectly honest, Uncle Dan," she said, "you had it sold to the city before you bought it, didn't you—and at a great big profit?"

"Certainly!" Dan exploded. "Is there any difference between buyin' land at one price an' sellin' it at another, an' buyin' shoes at one price an' sellin' them at another?"

"That's just the question," Nellie said kind of hopelessly. "Personally, Uncle Dan, I think there is, if a man has influence to sway unfairly those who buy from him. It worries me a lot to have Eddie mixed up in that sort of thing. I would not be fair to you or to Eddie if I did not say so. I don't think it's exactly—honest."

Something inside me seemed to catch fire when she said that. I whirled toward her and said: "That's a fine thing for you to say, Nellie—specially to Dan. He's known you an' he's protected you since you were too young to walk. He took care of your mother when your father died. An' it was money that came through Dan that educated you." I had to stop because I was so full I could not put my feeling into words.

Nellie was just as white as a sheet. She said, "I admit all that. But he did not educate me to do wrong."

Dan grunted. Then suddenly he burst into that wild laugh of his. He put his arms around both of us and said, "Come, come, children! You're both just kids. You forget all this squabblin' an' leave matters to your Uncle Dan."

I was all in favor of that, but not Nellie. She said, "No, we've gone this far and we might as well finish. If we don't come to a clean understanding, each of us is sure to carry a grudge against the others. Eddie feels that I am unjust for thinking as I do. He thinks I am ungrateful. I want to straighten that out.

"In the first place, I had nothing to do with the way you helped me, Uncle Dan. You were very kind and very generous and I hardly know what might have happened without you. But at the same time, you did it all of your own volition ——"

"Of course I did," Dan interrupted. "Why keep talkin' about it?"

Nellie did not pay any attention to the interruption. "You arranged a pension for my mother," she went on, "and I know that your door has always been open to my mother when she wanted advice or help of any kind. I shall never cease to appreciate that. But when you undertook to do a charitable and fine thing, you did not do it selfishly, did you? It was not your idea that I should always do exactly and think exactly as you wanted me to?

"The only appreciation that I could ever show for what you did was to make the most of every opportunity you gave me. I have done that. I did not fail you. From the time I was nineteen years old, I have supported myself and my mother. I don't see how a girl could do more, and if you were sincere in what you did for us, you certainly must agree with me, Uncle Dan.

"I cannot repay all you did. You knew when you began that I never could. You just had to be repaid by the knowledge of your own kindness. . . . I've been a good girl, an honorable one. I've shown my appreciation by making the most of the chances you gave me. Surely kindnesses done me when I was an infant are not now mortgages on my whole life!"

It was getting a little too deep for me, and a glance at Dan convinced me it was too deep for him too.

"I ain't got any kick coming," Dan said thoughtfully. "I should say I haven't. I don't see what brought all this up."

Nellie went to him and caught her hands on his arms. "I'll tell you what brought it up. I don't think Eddie is actually earning the money he gets. I think already he shows the results of having things come too easily. The way he goes around the district here, and meets and talks with people and gets money without any visible effort, is causing talk. The neighbors notice it and I know they do. They wonder about it.

"I'd never in the world do anything to interfere with Eddie and I'm not thinking about myself. There'll be another pretty soon, Uncle Dan—another that will mean more to me than all the rest of the world combined. I'm thinking of that other.

"Perhaps I am young and foolish, but I want my baby born into a world where people will respect it. Right now Eddie is a good clean fellow, and if he will study and work, he can better himself a lot. I have no objection to his staying in politics, but I want him to work. I want him to do something. A man in public life should be on the stage, so to speak, out where people can see him and see what he does. When nobody knows what a man is doing, everybody thinks he is doing wrong."

She went on like that for about ten minutes, and it seemed to me that she dragged every word she said right out of her heart. Just her sincerity impressed Dan as much as it did me. Finally he put his arm around her and drew her close and interrupted her.

"All right, honey," he said to her, his big hand patting her shoulder, "I guess I see what you mean. Just let your Uncle Dan tell you once again that Eddie's done nothin' to be ashamed of. I had my plans for him, but after all, your happiness ought to come first an' I'll change those plans."

When he said that I almost fell through the floor. The idea of me trying to make a living without Dan was something I could not stomach at all. My mouth went dry and I tried to speak to him. Before I could say anything, though, he had drawn Nellie close to his big chest again and was looking at me right over the top of her head.

"Yes, sir-ree," he said to her, while over her head he winked at me, "we'll fix this thing up all fine. If it will make you any happier to have Eddie out on the stage, as you say, that's the way Eddie will be." He laughed again and patted her shoulder. "How about it, Eddie?" he said to me, winking again.

"You bet," I agreed—"you bet, Dan—whatever you say."

"You mean, Uncle Dan," Nellie said, her voice muffled by the folds of his coat, "that Eddie can come right out in the open and run for office, and, if he is elected, really serve the people?"

"That's exactly what I mean," he said; "an' more than that, if I say so, he will be elected."

I thought of Mike Brennan right away, and also of Flatfoot. They both had said to me at one time or another that I would some day be running for office. I had laughed at the idea then.

"Do you mean it, Dan?" I asked him.

"Certainly I mean it!" he boomed. "We'll talk this thing all over tomorrow. Personally, I think you ought to go to the legislature first, Eddie."

That was a little too much for Nellie, and like women often do, she started to cry. She was a little ashamed of herself and left us then. But before she went she kissed Dan's cheek and explained that she would be back in a few moments after she had washed away her tears.

When she was gone, Dan looked at me. He took a deep breath and blew it through his lips with a whistling sound.

"Good night!" he grunted. "Don't women git the blamedest notions? Now you got to go to the legislature, I suppose, till after this kid is born. But never mind, Eddie, we can work the same that way. Cheer up, everythin' will come out all right."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

This year why don't you take it seriously?

Fire Prevention Week again . . .
October 6th to 12th

Next week the country will go through the annual ceremony of locking Fire in a cage. Yet before our very eyes, Fire will reach through the bars with impunity and *destroy property.*

Why? Because of our deadly habit of neglecting to practice what we preach. We give three loud cheers for the Fire Prevention Week parade . . . and then go home and snap cigarette butts into the wastebasket. Parades, pageants, and perhaps a little spasmodic rubbish-gathering. Is THIS all it amounts to?

Earnest people all over the country are bending every effort this week to make you conscious of Fire as the deadliest enemy civilization has to fight. Yet to a great number of people Fire Prevention Week is only a passing show—mildly interesting today—forgotten tomorrow.

As long as we let the other fellow do the preventing, just so long will Fire continue to levy its enormous and unnecessary toll in lives and property.

When National Fire Prevention Week becomes your *personal* Fire Prevention YEAR—every year of your life—then Fire's hands will be bound with shackles he *can't* break.

THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
AND THE HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY CO.
WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL

Dots!

On the map of a dozen states in the West and Northwest, tiny dots, seemingly innumerable, cling tightly to the thin black lines that indicate The Milwaukee Road.

How well the map-makers have depicted the dependence of cities and villages upon this railroad!

Altogether, along the 11,200 Milwaukee Road miles, there are 2,000 such dots, and in the town each represents this railroad has built its own plant. Upon the efficient operation of these plants, to a greater or lesser degree, depend the livelihood and happiness of all who dwell within the communities they serve. To them stores look for delivery of stocks; factories and farms, for marketing of products; homes, for food and furnishings; every man, woman and child, directly or indirectly, for something or other that enters into daily life.

More possession of these 2,000 "branch" establishments is sufficient to give importance to this railroad. But consider also the vital contributions they make in their respective towns—in service, in employment, in purchases, in taxes, in the activities of their personnel as citizens. Is there anything more essential to a community than its railroads?

For a copy of "Keynotes" containing information concerning this railroad, address The Milwaukee Road, Room 967-Y, Union Station, Chicago, Illinois.

The MILWAUKEE ROAD

America's Longest Electrified Railroad

FAMOUS TRAINS

The Olympian: Chicago-Yellowstone-Spokane-Seattle-Tacoma . . . The Pioneer Limited: Chicago-St. Paul-Minneapolis . . . The Columbian: Chicago-Twin Cities-Yellowstone-Spokane-Seattle-Tacoma . . . The Southwest Limited: Chicago-Milwaukee-Colorado Springs-Kansas City . . . The Arrow: Chicago-Milwaukee-Des Moines-Omaha-Sioux City

ELECTRIFIED over the Rockies to the Sea

IS AIR TRAVEL SAFE?

(Continued from Page 11)

To increase their opportunities many exaggerate their flying time. Sometimes they manage to impress a new employer and obtain a position. Fearful that any visible caution will betray them, they often attempt too much for their limited experience and come to grief. Department of Commerce inspectors have found numerous cases of exaggerated flying time. At one airport a certain pilot for a short time enjoyed the reputation of being an ace with countless hours in the air. He was even on the point of being taken into a select flying club when an inspector arrived to give him his test for a license. He made one excuse after another for delaying, and finally refused to take the test. Inquiries developed the fact that he had talked a great deal but had not flown since coming to the field.

He afterward tried to borrow a plane, but suddenly wary owners refused. A day later a new owner landed there. Before he could be warned the ace asked for the use of his plane, and the owner, having heard of his vast experience, agreed. The ace took off, reached an altitude of fifty feet and crashed ignominiously at the end of the field. The accepted belief is that it was his first solo. Yet it required a great deal of influence to keep local papers from scareheading a story of "a famous pilot's crash."

Most of these graduated students fail to realize their defects. At best they are capable of flying only when their planes are functioning normally. This is not sufficient. To be even an ordinary pilot a man must be able to handle a plane in emergencies, especially in case of engine failure. The average ten-hour student has never had any instruction in forced landings. If such an emergency does come he is panic-stricken, though the maneuver is simple as long as any landing area is beneath. He either tries to turn too low or stretches out the glide as though the engine were still running. The result is the same. The plane loses flying speed, stalls and goes into a spin or crashes from the stall.

The Real Causes of Crashes

Sooner or later most of these improperly trained pilots have accidents. If they do not survive, there is usually another cause-unknown story. If the pilot escapes he quickly prepares an alibi, partly to justify himself with his employer or with other pilots, but mainly so that he will be ready for the Department of Commerce inspector. The department investigates every accident, whether the plane and pilot are licensed or not. If a pilot has been guilty of careless or reckless flying, involving some breach of the air-commerce regulations, he may be fined. If licensed, he may also lose his license. That is why the alibis are made as convincing as possible. These are the stories which get into the newspapers. The reporters cannot wait for the inspector. When the true explanation of the crash is available it is only local news at best, except in an unusual case. Moreover, local sentiment in favor of a home-town pilot is stronger than the desire to reveal the truth, except in grave cases. So the whitewash story goes into print and into the public mind. The true explanation goes into the Department of Commerce records for the crash board to analyze.

The proof of all this is indicated by a few cases selected at random from 1400 analyzed by the board. Almost all of them would make good material for an as-it-really-happened column.

The first case is a little out of the ordinary. A few months ago a crash occurred at a Western airport, a plane being wrecked in full sight of a large crowd. Two passengers and the pilot were injured, though not gravely. The local papers led off with an account of the pilot's great ability, his experience of more than 3000 hours in the air, and his extraordinary handling of the plane when it struck the unexpected air pocket that caused the crash. The pilot admitted that it was the worst pocket he had ever encountered.

Not once was there a hint of any fault in piloting, either in the local papers or in the dispatches that went around the country. Several editorials resulted from the story. In each one it was pointed out that flying was still unsafe when an expert with 3000 hours to his credit could not avoid such an accident.

Here is what the investigation developed: The pilot had long been considered very poor by disinterested but competent observers. If he really had 3000 hours, they decided he must have been even more stupid than they had thought at first, for it seemed impossible that any man could fly that long and still be so ignorant of even the fundamentals of piloting. On the day of the crash he had approached the field at an altitude of from 75 to 100 feet. Suddenly he skidded around in a flat 360-degree turn. To accomplish such a turn in the space in which he attempted it, the plane should have been banked almost vertically. Even a ten-hour student would ordinarily have known better than to try such an impossible flat turn. In skidding around, the plane lost its flying speed, stalled and fell off on one wing. The low altitude naturally prevented a recovery.

Printed cause: Air pocket—incidentally, an obsolete term.

Real cause: Bad technic, bad judgment, carelessness.

The Ground Came Up to Meet Him

In the second instance an airplane crashed after a large amount of wing fabric had torn off during a loop. The pilot and his passenger were killed. Some of the newspapers mentioned the loss of the fabric. Others merely stated that the crash occurred after a loop. A reader could not but have thought that acrobatics are essentially dangerous. Yet looping, spinning, and other primary acrobatics are valuable in instruction, and are not dangerous at proper altitudes in properly designed planes.

The investigation of this crash disclosed that the wing had been damaged before the last flight and that repairs had been made by patching the fabric. The work had been done by an inexperienced man, so that the patch gave way under a moderate pressure and not a terrific strain. Furthermore, had the plane been inspected after being repaired, which is required by law after all but minor alterations, the weakness of the patch would have been discovered. But the plane was flown without such approval, and the pilot as well as his passenger paid an extreme penalty.

Printed cause: Strain from looping.

Real cause: Defective repairs.

The third case was one of those in which the note of mystery was strongly accented. The pilot was killed, reports stated, when his plane "suddenly went into a nose dive and crashed." There were hints that the controls had failed, though examination of the wreckage showed them to be intact.

It was found that the pilot had just learned how to fly. He had not been taught any acrobatics except how to get out of a spin. On buying a new plane he decided to experiment and learn a few stunts. His first attempt was a loop. He went into it slowly, and then evidently became confused, pushing the stick forward and stalling the plane upside down. The plane descended flat on its back until near the ground, when the pilot realized his error and pulled back the stick. The nose fell into a dive at once. The plane would have come on around into normal flight had there been more altitude.

Printed cause: Plane mysteriously out of control, perhaps jammed controls.

Real cause: Inexperience, lack of instruction in acrobatics, and carelessness in experimenting at a low altitude.

The fourth accident happened to a good pilot. He was testing a well-known type of plane for the official approval of the Department of Commerce. The requirements were that it should be capable of quickly coming out of a tail spin after a certain number of complete spins. The pilot took off, climbed up and put the plane into the spin. It kept on spinning until it struck the ground. The papers, in describing the crash, naturally mentioned the purpose of the test, and the inevitable result was an impression that the plane had failed to meet the requirements of the Department of Commerce.

Yet the fault was wholly the pilot's. That particular type of plane ordinarily made one complete spin for every 200 feet of altitude lost. But that was without full load. In the test it was loaded heavily, but the pilot forgot this or else did not take it into account. The heavy load made the plane descend faster, so that it lost about 350 feet for each full turn. The pilot had looked at his altimeter, figuring about how many spins he would make, and then had apparently gone to sleep at the stick. When he suddenly realized that the ground was closer than it should have been, it was too late to recover level flight.

Printed cause: Failure of plane's controls or structural fault of plane.

Real cause: Carelessness.

The next accident was the fifth that the pilot had had in two years. He had about 450 hours in the air, but from the first it had been recognized that he was one of those not fitted for flying. He lacked the instinct, the feel of flying speed which is a first requisite. He had been warned repeatedly by other pilots that he was too violent with the controls, that he almost stalled his plane on turns by holding the nose too high, and that he never had enough flying speed for a safe margin.

On the day of his fifth crash he took off cross-wind—a bad practice in itself—turned down-wind at 100 feet—a maneuver likely to confuse a poor pilot—and in making the turn stalled the plane in one of his habitual slow-speed climbs. With its flying speed gone, the plane went into a spin and immediately crashed.

Printed cause: The engine seemed to falter.

Real cause: Poor flying ability.

Chasing a Wild Plane

The next case chosen was rather peculiar. A pilot was in a hurry to leave on a cross-country flight, but there was no one at the field to help him start his engine. Accordingly he turned on the switch, opened the throttle slightly and went around to pull through his propeller. In his haste he completely forgot to put any chocks under his wheels.

The engine started, and so did the plane. The pilot had to throw himself to one side to avoid being run down. Then he raced after the plane, which was taxiing around the field at a fair clip, but not fast enough to take off. He had just about reached it when one wheel struck a rut and the plane swung around straight at him. He was not quick enough this time, and the wing tip knocked him down. The plane charged across the field and struck a fence and turned up on its nose.

A passer-by, seeing the plane's tail in the air, reported in town that there had been a crash. An ambitious reporter hurried out with his photographer, snapped a picture, learned that the pilot was only bruised, and dashed back to town to write an imaginative story headed: Plane Dives, Crashes on Nose.

Not until that night did he learn that the plane had not even been in the air. His paper was discreetly silent next day, and few of the townspeople ever knew what had actually happened. However, this was unusual, for most papers now conscientiously

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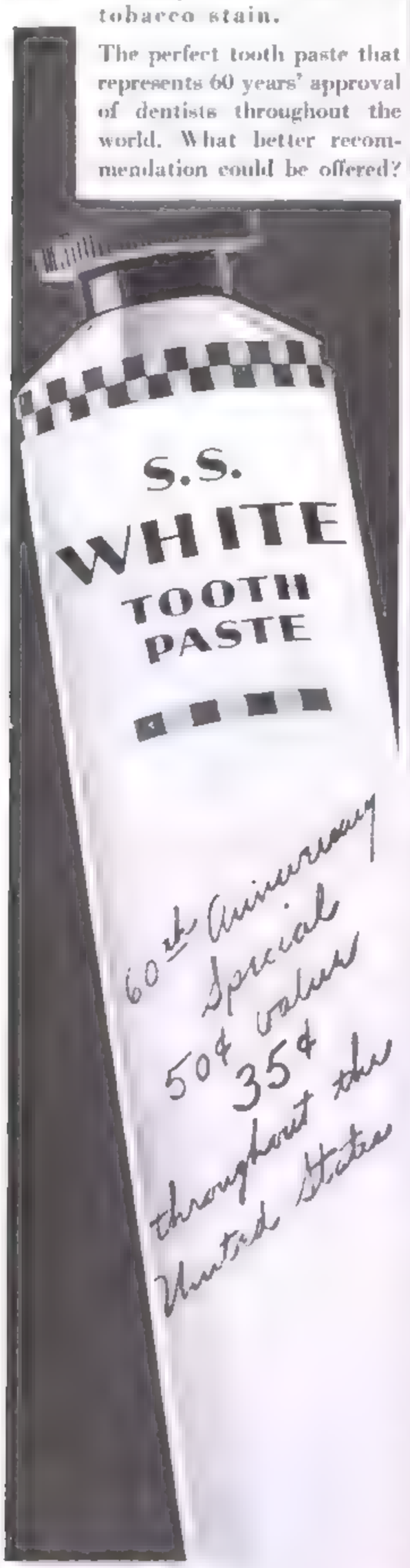
To Keep Smokers' Teeth Clean

Brush your teeth morning and night with S. S. White Tooth Paste and you will keep them free from tobacco stain.

The perfect tooth paste that represents 60 years' approval of dentists throughout the world. What better recommendation could be offered?



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seek the truth of crashes—though they don't always get it.

Printed cause: A steep dive.

Real cause: Forgetfulness or carelessness.

The seventh case brings out a tendency that is responsible for many avoidable crashes. The pilot—a new one—had just taken off from a field when his engine stopped. He crashed and was killed. Naturally engine failure was given as the cause.

Investigation disclosed that he was flying with an obsolete type of engine, which was already missing on the take-off. When it stopped he was entirely too low to attempt a safe turn back into the field. A slightly rough area lay in front of him, in which he could have landed with probably only minor damage to the plane. Instead, he tried to bank around in a 180-degree turn at 150 feet altitude. The turn was very flat, so that he lost speed and crashed on one wing.

There is a strong tendency, especially in new pilots, to try to turn back in such emergencies, though they risk everything and usually fail. Special instruction is now given on this point at good schools. It has been found that the instinct can be suppressed by planning the proper action in advance.

These seven instances are similar to hundreds of other cases to which the Department of Commerce has the key. The present rule of the accident board is not to give out identifying details, but rather to publish complete statistics and a general analysis. In this way there is no chance of blacklisting pilots, many of whom have altered their tactics and become good pilots after accidents in which they were at fault.

The accident board, or crash board, as it is popularly called, was organized to ferret out the causes of crashes and broadcast the information, so that such mistakes could be avoided in the future. It began with structural failure, which was attracting considerable attention.

Certain planes were practically death traps for new pilots, though their manufacturers did not seem to know it. One make was involved in several accidents, in most of which the wings were torn from the fuselage in flight, dooming the pilot and passengers unless they wore parachutes. Certain other makes had strong tendencies to get into tail spins from ordinary turns, and once in the spins they refused to come out, even when the controls were properly manipulated. Still others constituted fire hazards.

Planes Safe for Flying

Perversely, when structural failure really was the cause of crashes, inexperience of pilots was considered responsible by many. In one case a plane now known to have been one of the deadly flat spinners was crashed by a pilot with only fifty hours' flying time. He later swore that he had moved the controls properly to come out, but in vain. Other pilots firmly believed he had lost his head in the spin.

Then one or two experienced pilots crashed in the same way. Rumor became a certainty. The Government stepped in, insisted on changes, and from then on required full flight tests before approving any new type of plane for licensing. One or two manufacturers objected, stating their planes had been designed for complete safety. Shortly afterward one of the planes in question was being flown by the manufacturer's own test pilot. It was put into a spin according to Department of Commerce requirements. It spun several times, and suddenly the pilot jumped out and took to his parachute.

"Nobody in the world could bring that bus out of a spin like that!" he exclaimed when he landed. "I had a hard time getting out of it myself."

Now approved-type certificates are issued only after design plans, details of construction and the actual product have been found satisfactory by the Government. The traveling public may now be sure that airplanes bearing approved-type insignia on their sides are structurally safe. The only possible exception is that an unscrupulous owner may repair such a plane after an accident from some other cause, and not have it inspected before flight. However, severe penalties have been inflicted for violations of the law, and this has greatly reduced such trouble. The reputable companies will not engage in such practices.

The fire hazard has been almost eliminated. In the past year only .93 per cent of all accidents were caused by fire in the air, and most of these occurred with out-of-date planes in the unlicensed class. Reports of fire in the air are greatly exaggerated. Some months ago a large three-engined transport plane was described as plunging to the ground, a mass of flames, from which passengers escaped by a miracle. The truth was that the plane was landed under control, and a minor accident caused fire to break out after all the passengers had left the cabin.

Flying is rapidly approaching the point where modern planes cannot be made to fail from structural defects, except through sheer recklessness. There will still be news stories of crashes from this cause, some utterly untrue, some concerned with planes in the obsolete class, and a few like that describing a recent crash. The pilot was flying a new plane and after several startling acrobatics at a low altitude, he climbed up higher and then dived at the field. He made no attempt to pull out until near the ground. When he did try, the wings folded up and the plane crashed instantly. This, of course, can be compared with driving an automobile at eighty miles an hour and suddenly trying to turn around in the road without slowing down.

To Work Off Steam

Engine failure is still a popular excuse, but it is rare with modern engines. In one case where engine failure was given as the cause of a serious crash, it was found that the pilot had neglected to turn on his main fuel supply, so that the engine had naturally stopped after a smaller tank was emptied. In addition, he had been flying low over a congested area instead of at the altitude prescribed by law, from which he could have glided over the obstacles to a safe landing.

In another instance a nervous solo student did not push his throttle full on in taking off. The plane staggered into the air when he pulled back the stick, but the engine was turning over only at two-thirds speed, so a stall followed. The plane crashed without hurting the student, who excitedly told reporters his engine had cut out partly. All the field pilots knew the truth, but they let the story go through. Most of the real engine failure occurs with obsolete war-time engines. The modern power plant will operate faithfully with little attention.

When the accident board had eliminated most of the structural defects from the crash problem, it turned to the personnel question. It found a chaotic state, summed up by Clarence M. Young, assistant Secretary for Aeronautics, in these words:

"The causes of the majority of accidents are inexperience, carelessness, poor judgment and disregard of air-commerce regulations. Inexperience is one of the greatest factors. The remedy lies in more and better training."

Student pilots are likely to get the wrong attitude if not carefully taught. A student becomes confident as soon as his first solo is over. This is all right, but after a few hours of flight his confidence swells to overconfidence. He tries new maneuvers, often getting into bad habits. At a good school he will be given a check flight frequently, so a pilot can correct such errors. But some of the schools care little about this. If the student can pay for solo practice flights after finishing his course, well and good. He posts a bond for breakage, and flies with little attention from the school.

At one such institution the instructors were, to a man, "dizzy" flyers. They knew how to fly, but they were reckless. All the students naturally became imbued with this spirit. Lacking the experience of the instructors, they frequently had trouble. One student who had been soloing for five hours was given an old war-type plane for practice. Instead of doing ordinary turns, take-offs and landings, he began to emulate the pilot who had taught him, by diving into the field and zooming up over the hangar. Succeeding in this, he dived low again and tried a grass-cutter vertical bank with his wings twenty-five feet from the ground. He skidded badly, lost speed and crashed. His alibi was "bumpy air" and the field officials were content to let it stand, for the breakage bond he forfeited was much higher than the market price of the obsolete plane.

The airplane's speed and easy maneuverability are a temptation to indulge in fancy flying, but good operators forbid it in routine work. Sometimes veteran pilots engaged in air transport become tired of straight flying. They secure a stunt plane and go up to get rid of their reserve energy with a few acrobatics—a comparatively safe practice under such conditions.

A strange accident happened during one flight of this kind. Two expert pilots took off in a two-seater for a stunt hop, and, for half an hour they looped, spun, barrel-rolled, and performed other tricks, alternating at the controls. The signal for changing controls was a jerk at either stick—which is standard custom. Coming out of a spin, one pilot signaled the other to take control. But the other pilot did not notice, so the plane was left free to follow its own course. It was well balanced, but it gradually nosed down toward the ground.

An orchard lay just ahead. The plane passed over a row of power wires by a scant margin and headed for the tree tops. Each pilot thought the other was trying to frighten him, so they both sat back, determined not to be moved. The wheels clipped through the top of a tree. Still neither pilot would give in and show any alarm. Then, with a resounding crash, the plane dived straight into the next tree, snapped it off, and landed upside down in the middle of the orchard.

The pilots struggled out and declared heatedly what they thought of each other's flying. When they found out that neither one had been at the stick, they discreetly decided that "jammed controls" would sound much better. It was a long time before the truth finally came out.

Learning Where to Learn

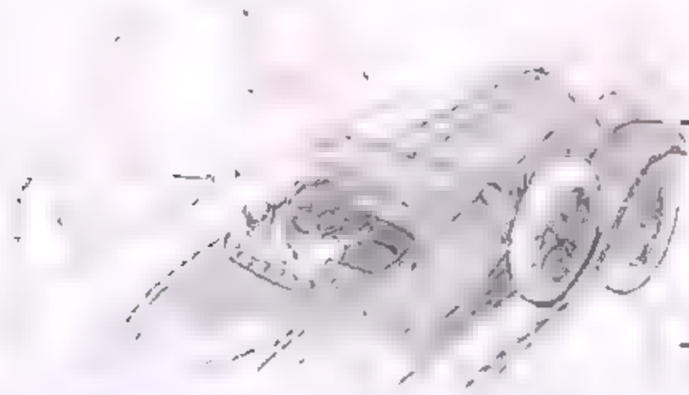
Low flying, stunting with paid passengers, stunting over cities, over airports and assemblies of people and along regular airways are all violations of air-traffic rules, but as inspectors cannot be everywhere, such dangerous practices may still be noted, though they are on the decrease.

With the change in training which is already taking effect, an entirely different attitude will be seen among pilots in the next year or so. Rating of training schools will drive out the cheap schools, those with poor planes and careless pilots and those which are commonly known as gyps because of their plain intention to take all they can get and give the students as little as possible in return.

The poor schools will be readily recognized within a year, when the Department of Commerce completes its list of approved ones. From that time on the outlook for commercial training will be very bright. Individual air colleges and others operated on the chain system will graduate students equal in ability to those who finish the Army cadet course, though their training will be along commercial lines.

But in the meantime there will be hundreds of admittedly poor pilots let loose, besides the hundreds already in the industry. Owing to the rapid expanse of aviation, it seems likely that these pilots will be given a chance to develop their ability later, so that they will eventually be absorbed as a class. There arises the question of how they can be restrained from endangering the lives of passengers during that period of change.

(Continued on Page 118)



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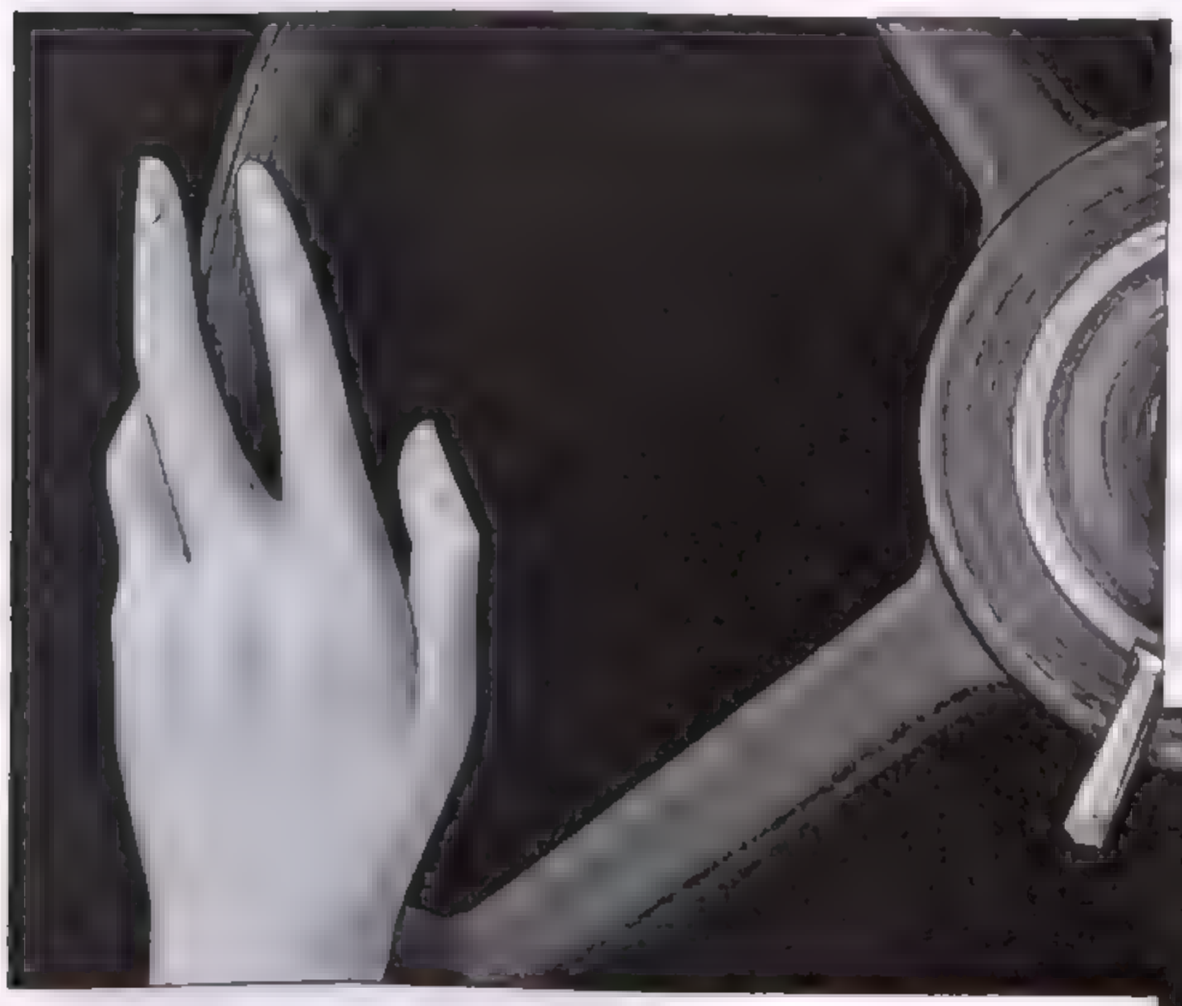

After rounding a curve Ross automatically straightens the car again. With Ross you can park in a tight place without tugging and tussling with the wheel. Ross gives easier, safer control over all roads, at all speeds and in all situations.

Most manufacturers of cars, trucks and buses have adopted Ross Steering as standard equipment. If you would know how easy steering *can* be, just go to any dealer handling Ross-equipped cars and ask him to let you drive one. He will do so gladly and without placing you under obligation.

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Some women (and *men*, too) pay with aching hands and tired arms and shoulders for the pleasure of driving. *Other women*—with Ross-equipped cars—drive without conscious effort and with no after-sense of nerve strain or muscular fatigue. It all depends on the *steering*. Steering actually means *handling* your car. Ross, with its exclusive *cam-and-lever* construction, gives new steering ease and stability—helps you *handle* your car.

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These Cars Are Ross-Equipped

THE MANUFACTURERS of the cars listed below appreciate the *importance* of steering, and want you to have what they believe to be the *best*. Therefore, they supply Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear as standard equipment (as do also 76 manufacturers of trucks, 30 makers of buses and 11 makers of taxicabs):

Auburn	Elcar	Hupmobile	Nash (Standard 6)	Studebaker
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Imperial & "77")	Gardner	Kleiber	Reo Flying Cloud	Windsor
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A-10

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4-PILLAR EVEREADY RAYTHEON

SO PERFECT THAT THEY REVEAL NEW GLORIES IN YOUR RADIO RECEIVER

4-PILLAR TUBE

Showing the exclusive, patented Eveready Raytheon 4-Pillar construction, with its solid, four-cornered glass stem, its four rigid pillars, and the solid anchorage to a stiff mica plate at the top.

UNLESS the tubes in your present radio receiver are perfect, you cannot realize the full volume, the rich, clear tone, the fascinating distance . . . the perfect enjoyment that radio has to offer you.

Put a set of perfect tubes in your present receiver . . . *new* Eveready Raytheons. Notice the tremendous difference in performance. People everywhere are remarking about the vast improvement in reception made by these new tubes in their own receivers.

You can HEAR the difference . . . and SEE the reason

It is easy to see why Eveready Raytheon Tubes are better. Their patented *4-Pillar construction* makes them *stronger* . . . which means the sensitive, finely balanced elements inside them can be accurately spaced within one-thousandth of an inch. It means this carefully planned spacing, which has a vital influence on

the performance of a tube, will never change with the many jolts and jars each tube receives in shipment. It means that Eveready Raytheon Tubes come to you with all their sensitivity intact . . . just as they leave our own testing laboratory.

Examine this diagram showing Eveready Raytheon construction! Observe the sturdy, four-cornered glass stem through which the four wire supports pass. Notice how the

TUBES

4-PILLAR SCREEN-GRID

Eveready Raytheon Screen-Grid Tube, ER 224. The four heavy elements in this super-sensitive tube make the exclusive 4-Pillar construction of vital importance.

tube elements are braced at each side as well as at the ends. See how they are anchored at the top also, to a stiff mica plate . . . making *eight* firm points of support.

No other radio tube is so strongly built as Eveready Raytheon. No other tube can have the advantages of Eveready Raytheon's 4-*Pillar construction*, for it is patented. But now any one can enjoy the capabilities of his radio receiver to the fullest . . . with these splendid new Eveready Raytheon Tubes.

EVEREADY RAYTHEON

TUBES OF ALL TYPES GIVE IMPROVED RESULTS

EVEREADY RAYTHEON TUBES are made in every type—for use in all-electric receivers and battery operated. The A.C. tubes are quick-acting. In addition, there is the famous B-H gaseous rectifying tube —the original tube for which the large majority of "B" eliminator units are designed.

In television and talking movies, too, Eveready Raytheon Tubes are leading. There is the Eveready Raytheon Kino-Lamp for receiving, and Eveready Raytheon Foto-Cells of several types for transmitting television and talking movies.

These greatly superior Eveready Raytheon Tubes are sold all over the country. To increase your enjoyment of radio, put a *new* Eveready Raytheon Tube in each socket of your receiver.

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EVEREADY RAYTHEON

Trade-mark

Pioneering in television. Above are Eveready Raytheon Tubes for television transmission and reception.

"I Earnestly Warn You Against Contact With Infectious Cleaner-Bag Dirt"

Mrs. Bennett—Doctor, I'm not feeling so well again this morning. I am wondering if I ought to have a change of medicine. I seem to have the same symptoms I had when I called you the other day. Can you send me something?

Doctor Gray—You should be feeling better. Tell me what you have been doing recently?

Mrs. Bennett—Well, I felt so much better yesterday. I even tidied up the house a little. Oh yes—I remember now I went out doors to empty the cleaner bag. But I bundled up.

Doctor Gray—A little fresh air never harmed anyone. But I think I see another reason for your relapse. I earnestly warn you against contact with infectious cleaner-bag dirt. The dust and dirt collected in the home must be handled with utmost caution, as it is likely to contain germs that cause disease.

Mrs. Bennett—Why doctor, I never thought of such a thing before.

Doctor Gray—Well, you remove the dust and dirt because you know its presence in the home is a menace to health as well as comfort. Is it any less dangerous after it is so collected?

Mrs. Bennett—No, it's the same dust and dirt, but how is a woman to dispose of it?

Doctor Gray—My dear lady, there is one safe way—get the cleaner that provides a safe and easy method for sealing up and disposing of such collected refuse. Get the cleaner that has no bag to empty.

Mrs. Bennett—Why doctor, I never saw one.

Doctor Gray—Surely, you have heard of the Air-Way Sanitary System. It not only does a truly amazing job of home cleaning, but all collected refuse is sealed in a sanitary cellulose filter fibre container which you detach bodily and burn or cast away. There is no possibility of contact with the refuse after it is removed from floors, walls, or furnishings.

Mrs. Bennett—Now that I come to think of it, a friend of mine has an Air-Way.

Doctor Gray—Air-Way is the modern home-cleaning equipment. It has established a new and higher standard of sanitation in the home because the user avoids all contact with the infectious dust and dirt which it collects.

Air-Way is represented in hundreds of cities and listed in the telephone books under "Air-Way Branch of {your city}." Sold direct—not in any store. A telephone call will bring a gentlemanly, bonded representative to demonstrate Air-Way in your home.

Air-Way
SANITARY SYSTEM

If you do not find an Air-Way Branch listed in your phone book we will gladly supply you with complete information about The Air-Way Sanitary System. Just write your name and address on the corner of this page, tear off and send it direct to the factory.

No Cleaner Bag or Container to Empty

AIR-WAY ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CORPORATION, TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A. · AIR-WAY LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

(Continued from Page 114)

During the past year or two the licensing system has been found inadequate. It is true that license requirements have kept out the extremely unskilled, inexperienced pilot from interstate commerce. The Federal law has held the obviously unsafe commercial pilot within the boundaries of states which have not yet realized the need for protecting their citizens by state legislation. But the basis of the licensing system has not been right, as is proved by the change that has just gone into effect.

Until very recently a pilot received a transport license authorizing him to fly any type of airplane, upon proof of his having had 200 hours in the air and on passage of theoretical, physical and practical flying tests. The practical test could be taken in any type of plane. It was not considered probable that owners of large planes would intrust them to other than pilots skilled in such types. But aviation grew faster than was expected. Private owners with no experience needed pilots. New companies found a shortage of the veterans they sought.

One owner hired a pilot with 1000 hours in the air, believing that this and his transport license proved the man's ability. But this pilot had learned on the old Jenny training plane. He had barnstormed in a low-powered two-seater for two or three years. He had never flown a plane with more than a 150-horsepower engine. The plane he was hired to fly was a cabin ship having a 425-horsepower engine. It had wheel brakes, operating individually. On the first flight he landed too fast and hurriedly applied the brakes. He pushed one pedal too hard, locked one wheel, and the plane whirled around, tearing off a wheel and smashing the nose. The pilot blamed the brakes and was excused.

Restricting Licenses

At another time a large three-engined plane crashed. In this case the story of engine failure was not accepted so readily. It was obvious that only one engine had stopped. A three-engined plane should have stayed in the air on two engines without difficulty, unless it was too heavily loaded, and this was found not to be the case. The plane should even have been under easy control with only one engine, as this would have given the pilot enough power to get back to his near-by airport and land.

Such a crash greatly undermines public confidence in the three-engined plane, which has been pointed out as the last word in safety and has been said to be quite free from forced-landing troubles.

It was evident from later developments that the pilot had never been given proper training in that class of plane. He should have been instructed—in the air—how to operate the plane on one, two, and three engines, and with all three off. But the investigation indicated that he was capable of flying it correctly only as long as all three engines were running at normal speed. The instant one engine died he was almost as much at a loss as though all three had stopped.

There have been several crashes of this kind, where pilots of experience in one or two types were attempting to fly planes with which they were not sufficiently experienced. In almost every instance the pilot's general ability and his possession of a license have been accepted as an indication that the trouble was with the plane or the engine.

Such crashes will be impossible under the new licensing system. All new licenses, and old ones as renewed, will be given for stated types by weights. One pilot will be authorized to fly land planes up to 4000 pounds in weight. Another, both land and seaplanes of any weight. But each one will be forced to prove his ability in handling every type for which he is licensed. And any pilot proved to have flown a type of licensed plane for which he was not specifically licensed will be subject to fine and revocation of his full license.

Public belief in flying will be strengthened when it becomes known more generally that regulations and traffic laws are becoming more and more strict. Probably the requirements for licenses will be made higher, especially for pilots who are to transport passengers, whether on scheduled routes or not. The regulations covering the established airway passenger lines will undoubtedly be the most stringent.

In its analysis of 1400 crashes, the accident board has found that 51.19 per cent were caused by errors of pilots. It is probable that the truth was disguised in some cases by witnesses and others in attempts to clear the pilots, and that the figure should be even higher. Bad weather caused only 6.92 per cent. Only .96 per cent were caused by darkness, in spite of the thousands of miles flown every night on schedule.

The Department of Commerce classification by types of accidents brings to light some important points.

CIVIL AIR ACCIDENTS

CLASSIFICATION	PERCENTAGES
Collisions in full flight with other aircraft	.64
Collisions in full flight with objects other than aircraft—trees, poles, houses, mountainsides, and so on	8.14
Crashes from spins or stalls after engine failure	5.14
Crashes from spins or stalls without engine failure	24.07
Forced landings	20.71
Landing accidents	17.36
Take-off accidents	1.93
Taxiing accidents	2.29
Fires in the air	.93
Structural failure	5.00
Miscellaneous	4.86
Indeterminate and doubtful—so little known of cause that no classification can be accomplished	1.79

Collisions in full flight with objects other than aircraft, and take-off, taxiing and landing accidents total 38.86 per cent. Most of these are caused by operating out of small fields surrounded by hazards.

A typical crash of this kind occurred in the eastern part of the United States. The field was small and was surrounded on all sides by obstacles, such as tall trees, power lines and buildings. In case of engine failure the pilot had no clear space beyond the field in which to land.

Common sense should have made pilots use all the area in taking off. One day a crowd of visitors came to the field. A pilot just leaving decided to give them a thrill. He taxied out into the middle, swung into the wind and opened up his engine. He waited till he was almost at the edge of the trees, then he zoomed sharply upward. Unfortunately his engine, which had not been properly warmed up, stopped just then. The plane landed in the trees and tore off its wings. Had the pilot used all the area, he would have been high enough to turn back when his engine stopped.

Scheduled transport pilots have strict orders to use all available areas, except at the huge ports, where this is not necessary. Regular transport companies do not operate out of bad fields with passengers.

Another significant figure in the analysis is that of spins or stalls with and without engine failure. The total is 29.21 per cent. Most of these occurred in nonschedule flights, mainly from the inexperience of new or improperly trained pilots.

A crash which took place a month ago will illustrate this. A young pilot returned from a school to his home town and purchased a secondhand plane. Two friends asked him for a hop. After the take-off the pilot dived down at the field and then shot up in a steep, climbing turn. The plane stalled, spun and crashed.

Look for NC or C

Afterward the pilot said that the nose went down when he pulled the stick back. He had been in the first part of a spin and had not known it. Later he admitted that he had not been taught how to get out of a spin. All rated schools must teach this from now on. Such an error is almost unknown with an experienced transport pilot, for accidental spins are beginners' mistakes.

Only 7 per cent of all accidents last year occurred in scheduled air-line work. Of these many were minor accidents, and some were in air-mail service, so that scheduled passenger planes had an almost negligible number of accidents.

This fact will finally become common knowledge. A traveler will then board a multi-engine cabin plane to fly over a fixed airway, knowing that the chance of a crash is as remote as in a train. Even if his morning newspaper is filled with accounts of airplane accidents, he will not be disturbed, for he will realize that they concern a branch of aviation as different as black is from white.

The better nonschedule operators are trying hard to get rid of the trouble makers among them. With better training methods, state laws driving out the irresponsible pilots, and better cooperation in that group, nonschedule flying will eventually reduce its accidents to a small percentage. Until that time a few suggestions may be of help to those desirous of using the nonschedule flying services with safety:

Fly only in licensed passenger planes, which bear one of these letters, followed by a number: NC or C; such as NC-919, or C-88. This will insure your flying with a licensed pilot, as it is against the law for an unlicensed pilot to fly a licensed plane. In case of doubt, the pilot may be asked to show his license. For training, choose one of the schools approved by the Department of Commerce.

Do not fly in a cockpit in which there are extra controls.

Be careful in flying with strange pilots operating individually. They may be veterans, but also, they may be inexperienced barnstormers. If they can show transport licenses, there is little risk, but it is best to fly with pilots attached to an airport or flying for a company of good repute.

Atlanta's Municipal Port for Air Mail and Commercial Planes

Keep Milk
SWEET, CLEAN
and SAFE
to the last drop

Lift tab to pour — press back to re-seal

Milk won't *stay* sweet, clean, and safe *unless you keep it tightly covered.* No other food loses flavor and wholesomeness so quickly when left exposed.

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YOU'RE CERTAIN to like Tip-Top as soon as you try it on. With its smart, octagonal case, its silver face and sunken dial, its graceful hands and numerals, Tip-Top looks at least twice its price. Best of all, the unique angle at which it is set on the strap makes it easy to read without twisting your neck or turning your wrist.

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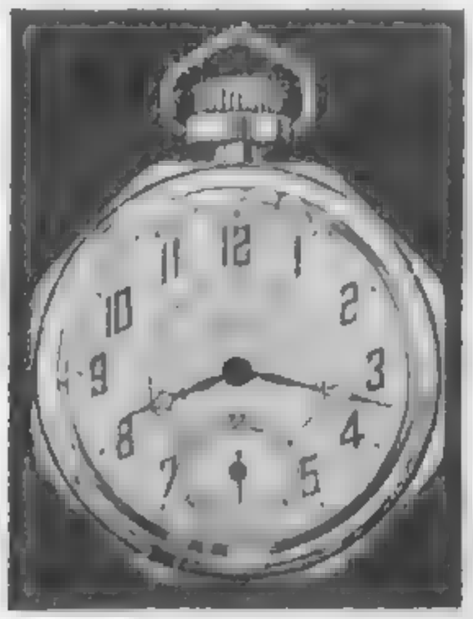
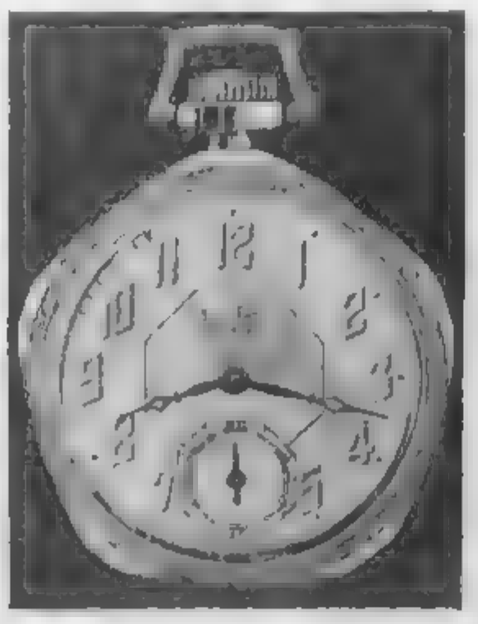


$1.50 Tip-Top Pocket Watch with octagonal design, silver dial and Krack-proof Krystal, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch. Radium dial, $2.25.



$2.00 Tip-Top Quintet with silver face, full *chromium-plated* case, raised numerals and Krack-proof Krystal is easily the handsomest watch at its price. Radium dial, $2.50.

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REDISCOVERING AMERICA

(Continued from Page 27)

and particularly those of us who live in the United States, suffer from a hemispheric inferiority complex. We assume entirely too readily that the native institutions of Europe and Asia are *ipso facto* superior to the native institutions of the Americas. We close our minds to the evidence that the early culture of the Western Hemisphere was in important respects higher than that of the so-called Old World. And if you suggest that it may even be using a misnomer to call our hemisphere the New World, in the opinion of most of your hearers you are merely stamping yourself as a little mad.

Like a good many individual inferiority complexes, this hemispheric inferiority complex may spring from egotism. Most of the people on this side of the Atlantic are the descendants of men and women who emigrated from Europe. It is naïve, but natural, of them to assume that there was nothing much here in the way of civilization before their ancestors arrived in the Santa Maria or the Mayflower. It is naïve, but natural, of them to conclude that if there was any worthwhile culture in this hemisphere before the arrival of Columbus, it was carried here by some earlier Santa Maria, coming from the neighborhood of those lands which our history has led us to consider the birthplace of the human race.

In many amusing ways this hemispheric inferiority complex shows itself today, especially among us citizens of the United States, who with blithe arrogance have reserved to ourselves alone the title of Americans.

Many of us feel that we have achieved the summit of social success when we have married one of our daughters to the bearer of a European title, irrespective of the true worth of the man. We rush to buy the works of British novelists and crowd our halls to hear these authors lecture, while our countrymen who write or talk equally well are comparatively neglected. Our art galleries are crowded with the canvases of Europeans, our millionaires pay fabulous prices for the masterpieces of dead Frenchmen, Englishmen or Italians; meanwhile American painters are as able artists as any wielding the brush today. It is easy for a third-rate European musician to get his compositions played by our symphony orchestras, whose European-born leaders reject the works of first-class American composers with the approval of the rich Americans who support these orchestras, and who have been taught to believe that America has no art of her own. American plutocrats generously provide large foundations for the pursuit of archæological investigation in Greece or Egypt, but it is like pulling teeth to get a dollar out of them to be spent in excavating the wonder and glory of ancient America.

Pre-Columbian America

It is understandable that laymen should suffer from the mistaken assumption that we owe everything worthwhile in our present culture to the Old World, but the entertainment of this hemispheric inferiority complex by some of our men of science is less forgivable and is more damaging. Even today a few scientists shut their eyes to the evidence that America grew up alone, and in the near past not a few archæologists and explorers have tried to explain the presence of a high culture in the Western Hemisphere before the advent of Columbus by the theory that early navigators whose names have been forgotten must have brought the rare flower of knowledge to the west from Europe or Asia.

The very splendor of the pre-Columbian American scene has tended to discredit it. Too wonderful to be real, men thought it—that is, to be really American. The same awe—almost an incredulity—which the first European settlers felt when they gazed upon the crumbling vestiges of civilizations which flourished in America when the British Isles were a wilderness, we feel today. But we ought to know better than the European discoverers. It is high time that we gave the justice of a proper appreciation to those early builders of gigantic roads, lovely temples and majestic palaces, to those geographical ancestors of ours—the first Americans. Although they had no say in the matter, we are their foster children.

There is still a great deal of mystery about those first Americans. However, our scientists, trying to solve the riddle, may be considerably helped by the presence of an educated public opinion and a popular sympathy behind them. Let us throw away our European prejudices to the extent of trying to gain an accurate appreciation of our American antiquities.

A Lesson for Peacemakers

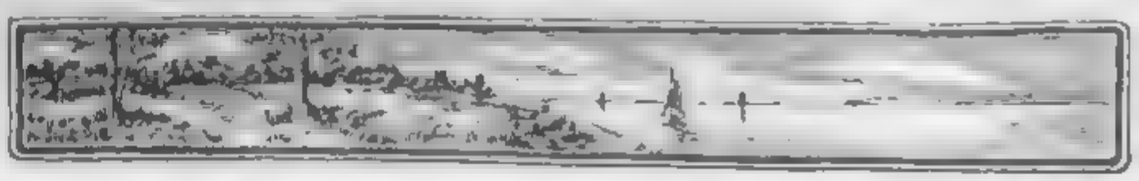
How few of us there are who have even a sketchy acquaintance with the high lights of the early American scene! Doubtless, in North and South America are millions of persons who consider themselves cultivated and who have heard of the famous Gobelin tapestries of Europe. But how many of these appreciators of beautiful things do you suppose are aware that both for arrangement of color and design, and for mastery of spinning and weaving, the tapestries of ancient Peru surpass any in the world? How many of our surgeons of New York, Mexico City, Montreal, Havana, Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires realize that in the Middle Ages no surgeons in the world could compare for skill with the surgeons of the Inca Empire in Peru or are aware that these Peruvian surgeons understood how to trepan an injured skull, and that they were probably the first medical men in the world to use anæsthetics in operations?

How much attention do modern students of government give to the empire of the Incas? Yet, in Peru, several centuries before the French Revolution—concerning which hundreds of histories have been written—was carried out the most successful experiment in socialism the world has ever seen.

Every high-school boy and girl in the United States has heard of the mysterious rock ruins of Stonehenge, England. But how many have heard of the equally mysterious, gigantic seats cut in the living rock near Titicaca, Bolivia? Or of the lovely great gateway carved from a single stone which stands at Tiahuanacu, in this same country?

Lately there has been much talk all over the world concerning the possibility of abolishing war. Would it not be worth the while of those who wish to establish perpetual peace upon earth to study two early American peoples—the Pueblos of our Southwest, and the Mayas of Central America—which seem to have been organized on a very pacific basis; and to study the obscure archaic culture which preceded the glory that was Maya and the grandeur that was Inca, and which likewise appears to have been little concerned with the pomp and splendor and folly of war?

If "the proper study of mankind is man," then every person of ordinary education should be familiar with such important phenomena of history as these; certainly every person who is an inhabitant of North or South America. Is it intelligent of us to be aware that the Normans were building



castles in England in the twelfth century and to be unaware that a noble and unwarlike American people, the Pueblos, were building great apartment houses in New Mexico and Arizona at about the same time? Is a man wholly educated who has heard of the aqueducts of the Romans but who has never heard of the greater aqueducts of the Peruvians?

Ask the next man you meet at the country club or in the smoking car what ancient people built the largest pyramid. The chances are ten to one he will answer, "The Egyptians." Then you will have the pleasure of telling him that at Cholula, near Puebla, Mexico, the Toltecs built a pyramid which is three times as great in bulk as the famous Pyramid of Cheops.

Not only have we Americans a shameful ignorance of the splendid past of our own continent but the further pity is that such knowledge as we have is confused and distorted. The chances are that when you mention American antiquities to your friend of the country club or smoking car he will say, "Oh, yes, the Aztecs and the Incas." He has probably never heard of the Mayas, much less realized that the Maya civilization was the fountainhead for the lesser cultures of the Toltecs and of the over-advertised Aztecs, and that the Maya civilization was also demonstrably superior to the Inca. By the way, the first syllable of the word "Maya" is pronounced to rime with "buy," not with "hay."

A point to notice here with a certain amount of irony is that Prescott, one of our few historians to pay any attention to pre-Columbian American civilization, knew very little of the Maya culture, which, to this day, has suffered lamentably for the lack of a good press agent.

The Inventors of Zero

The fact is the Mayas were the Greeks of the West. And a knowledge of them is especially desirable to the American of today, particularly the American of the United States, as in many ways life among the Mayas presented resemblances to life in the United States at the present time. In the Maya country, as in the United States, economic effort was fairly evenly divided among agriculture, manufacturing and commerce. The trade routes of the Mayas compare favorably in extent and range with the trade routes of the ancient Phœnicians and Sumerians. The Maya traders brought back pearls from Colombia in exchange for textiles and pottery, and they brought back turquoise from far-off New Mexico. The principle of the set-back, so conspicuous in the skyscrapers of New York, was first used by the builders of the Maya temples. The Mayas devised the serpent column, which is unique in the entire world. Their great, elevated stone roads were stronger and have endured better than have the roads of the Romans. Their painting and sculpture were superior to the art of the Egyptians. But it was their wonderful system of writing, their knowledge of mathematics, and their skill at astronomy which should make modern Americans particularly proud of them. The Maya system of counting time presents dates which are the number of elapsed days from a mundane era which equals October 14, 3373 B. C., in the backward projection of our present Gregorian calendar. The Mayas put this calendar into operation on August 6, 613 B. C. As the discoverer of this fact, Dr. Herbert J. Spinden, points out: "The writing out of the Maya calendar involved place value 1000 years before it was known anywhere in the Old World, and an eral count of days 300 years before the first eral count of years in the Old World—the Era of the Seleucidæ, October 1, 312 B. C." Maya mathematicians invented zero several centuries before its separate invention by Arabs.

If it is fair to judge by the Maya calendar, we may say that when the caravels of Columbus reached the Bahamas the Americans were better astronomers than the Europeans. At least the Maya calendar was more accurate than the Julian calendar, which all Europe was using at that time, and which Greece and Russia used into the twentieth century.

When this embarrassing fact began to be digested, Europeans with a hemispheric superiority complex joined Americans with a hemispheric inferiority complex in asking: "How could American Indians possibly have devised such an accurate calendar as that?"

There is not space here to examine the arguments of those who maintain that the flower of American civilization must have been derived by contact with the Old World before Columbus. Suffice it to say that these arguments are very flimsy, being based more on assumptions springing from the inferiority complexes of Americans and the superiority complexes of Europeans, than on any preponderance of evidence. Indeed, the evidence strongly indicates that irrespective of where American man originated, he certainly developed his own culture, without help from European, Asiatic, African or resident of that very very mythical lost Atlantis, which I should not even dignify by mention here but for fear of the criticism of corner-grocery scientists who would be displeased if their pet theory were omitted from this article.

It is not known yet where man originated. Some scientists say Europe, some say Asia, a few suggest Africa, and a very few dare to hint it might be well to investigate America's claim to the title, Cradle of the Human Race. But it is still the theory of the orthodox anthropologist that man came to America over an ancient land bridge from Asia. However, please remember that many of the leading savants directing the work of our museums and universities are Europeans, and a life-long feeling of superiority makes it difficult for them to conceive of American man being as old as European.

Anyway, it is worth remembering that the mammals of America are as old as the mammals of Europe and Asia. And almost every year we make discoveries which push back the horizon of human history in our two continents. At Folsom, New Mexico, at a depth of from four to nine feet have been found arrowheads which Mr. Barnum Brown, curator of fossil reptiles of the American Museum of Natural History, has declared to be "15,000 to 20,000 years old." And, *mirabile dictu*, these arrowheads are of quite a different style from those of our familiar aborigines and are much better made than the arrowheads found on or near the surface of the ground.

Out of the Dim Past

In a cave in Bishop's Cap Mountain, New Mexico, have just been found human bones which Dr. Chester Stock, who collected them for the Los Angeles Museum, says may have been clothed with flesh as much as 50,000 years ago, perhaps more. And in ancient gravel beds at Frederick, Oklahoma, Mr. Harold J. Cook, geologist, found an arrowpoint which he and other scientists roughly estimate as having an age from 350,000 to 400,000 years!

One reason why an appreciation of the great age of American man and the great height of his culture has been retarded is that learned but misguided persons have attempted to apply to America the method of measuring the early history of man which is applied to Europe and Asia. This has done America a colossal injustice. For example, the tools which European man is supposed to have made in the Early Stone Age were merely chipped. In the Later Stone Age his tools were polished as well as chipped. Whereas in America in very remote times stone tools were both chipped and polished. But if from this fact you argue that Early Stone Age man was a better workman in America or that his history goes back farther in America than in Europe, you will bring down on your head the wrath of the orthodox anthropologist—which is to say, the European-trained

(Continued on Page 124)

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I want to try 3-in-One on my razor. Please send sample.

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IT'S CURIOUS how many people judge value by price alone—feeling that they get the best only when they pay the most.

Shoes are no exception. Yet with shoes, as with every other article you buy, price alone can never determine value, for value depends on the quality you get for the price you pay.

It is through *value* that the International Shoe Company has made its greatest contribution to shoemaking. Value, above all else, has brought to it the largest shoe business in the world. Fifty million pairs—two pairs for every home in the nation—are bought each year by people who have found that International not only has elevated the quality of style, materials and workmanship, but at the same time has definitely lowered the price of quality footwear.

From the very beginning, it has never compromised with quality. Wherever leather should be in a shoe, International uses leather. No substitution is tolerated from its highest priced pair to its lowest.

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Thus, in the interest of better shoes, International has become the world's largest tanner. To provide those who prefer rubber heels or soles with the best that science affords, it established a plant that has doubled wear while reducing the cost of production. It built a mill that eliminates five profits between the bale of cotton and the finished shoe lining. It makes its own chemicals, dyes and finishes. It even cuts the cost of distribution by making the boxes which hold the shoes and the cases in which they are shipped.

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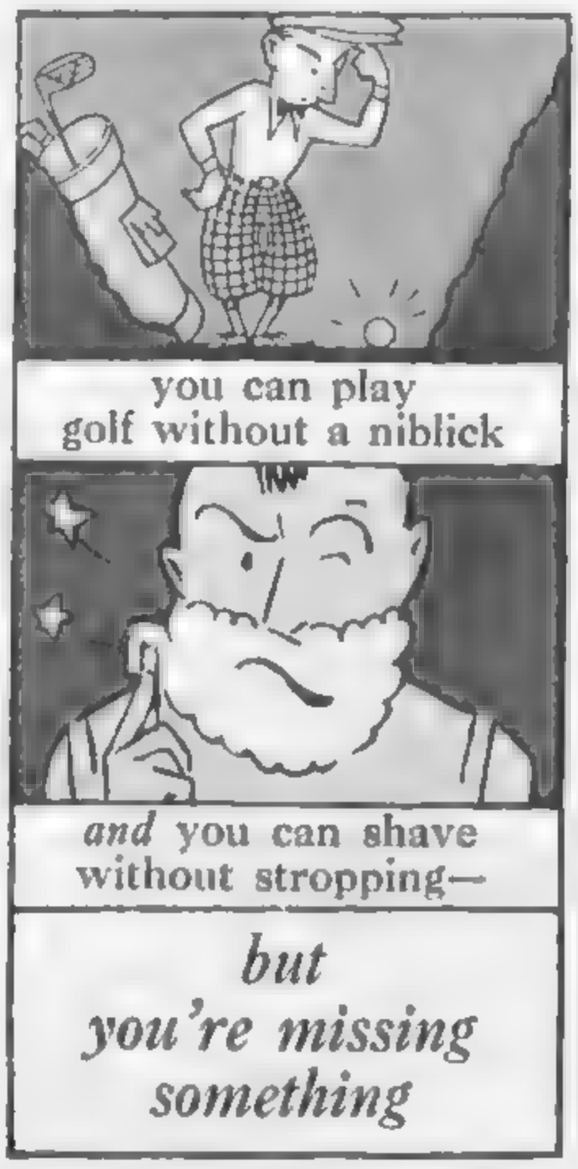
Twinplex now has an ideal team mate. It is a hand tempered, hand finished blade so responsive to stropping that "The Perfect Shave" at last has been produced.

Compare this "Perfect Shave" with shaving as you know it. Five seconds for stropping—then a blade that makes every stroke feel like a caress. No pull—no missed hairs—no cut face (it's the blade that pulls that barks your face)—and at the end of the shave a skin that is cool, clean and smooth. All this, if you please, at a saving of $2.00 to $3.00 a year for many years, for Twinplex keeps a blade fit weeks at a time.

It's all very simple. In goes the blade, a few turns on Twinplex, and out it comes with all edges ready for "The Perfect Shave."



A Word About The Blades

In a tiny Alpine village untouched by the hustle of the outside world, patient workmen fashion these blades as did their fathers and grandfathers before them, thinking only of how good they can make them. The blades are hand tempered by a process closely guarded as a family secret. The edges are hand finished giving them a shaving smoothness no machines can duplicate.

These famous blade makers, now in the Twinplex family, are devoting their skill to producing their part of "The Perfect Shave."

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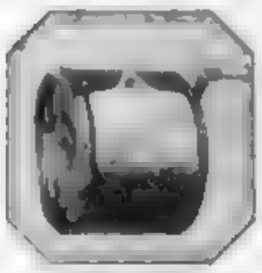

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(Continued from Page 121)

anthropologist. After her Stone Age, Europe had a definite Bronze Age and a definite Iron Age. America did not. Although early Americans made considerable use of bronze and copper, it is accurate to say that when Columbus arrived America was still in the Stone Age. This fact has been unfairly interpreted as an indication of the inferiority of American culture. The truth is not only that Americans did much finer work with stone tools than Europeans ever accomplished but that the sculptured architecture which the Mayas made with stone implements has never been surpassed by a European working with chisels of bronze or iron.

Thus the more evidence we obtain, the farther back do we have to put this alleged peopling of America by Asiatic immigrants, if it ever occurred at all. And we may be quite sure that irrespective of where America was born, America grew up alone.

Once and for all, let us get it into our heads that these distinguished early American civilizations—Maya, Pre-Inca, Inca, Toltec, Aztec, Pueblo and others were Indian—that is, native American.

It is unfortunate that that misnomer, "Indian," was ever applied to Americans by the blundering European discoverers. And it is unfortunate that the Indians with whom the forefathers of many of us came into contact were very low in the American scale. That is, they were primitive agriculturists like the Iroquois or bloodthirsty barbarians like the Apaches. But they belonged to the same great branch of human family as the Incas and the Mayas.

It is bad enough to confuse the Maya with the Inca or the Pueblo with the Aztec. It is as bad as it would be to confuse Greece with Rome or Egypt with Etruria. But it is even worse—it is inexcusable—for any of us to go on living in the assumption that the height of American civilization before the arrival of the white man was represented by a Mohawk warrior with his dripping scalps. There was as great a gap between this Mohawk warrior and a Maya astronomer as there was between an English swineherd of the seventeenth century and Galileo.

Of all the evidence indicating the great antiquity of man in America and his complete cultural independence of man in Asia, Africa and Europe, the most significant is American agriculture, and the most picturesque single bit is an ear of corn.

The Birth of the Farm Problem

The men who excavate ancient dwelling houses and temples, the men who dig up fossilized bones of remote man and the stone arrowheads with which he slew mammoths, camels and species of bison long since extinct, have contributed a very convincing chapter to the story of the independent rise of human culture in America. So have the linguists who have demonstrated that none of the many languages of America show relation to any Old World language. But the botanist has done even more.

Botanists have shown that ancient Americans had an agriculture based on food plants that did not grow outside of America before Columbus crossed the Atlantic. Moreover, these food plants exhibit a further development from their wild ancestors than is shown in the food plants of Europe and Asia.

This gives us some reason to suppose that Americans were the first primitive people to practice agriculture, and agriculture is the first stage of enlightenment among primitive peoples anywhere.

It is not yet certain whether primitive man was first of all a hunter of wild animals or whether he was primarily a food gatherer, living on fruit, nuts and seeds which he picked from wild trees. But certainly when man invented agriculture—that is, when he began to gather seeds and plant them under conditions favorable for their growth—he took one of the longest of his early steps toward civilization.

It is not known where he took this step, or how. A good many writers argue that cultivation was probably begun in arid regions where irrigation was practiced, as Mexico and Peru in America, and Mesopotamia and Egypt in the Eastern Hemisphere. These writers seem to belong to a Puritanical school of philosophy. They contend, like Dr. Herbert J. Spinden, of Harvard, that, "theoretically, agriculture would be more likely to originate under conditions that were hard than under those that were easy. 'Necessity,' they say, 'is the mother of invention.'" Therefore, declare these writers of the Puritanical school, agriculture started in the desert. But Spinden seems to contradict himself in pointing out immediately afterward that, "in the desert the clearing of the field is less laborious than in the jungle."

It appears to be a rather fine question whether it would have been more difficult for primitive man to dig an irrigation ditch or to cut down wild, nonfruit-bearing trees in order to make way for trees and bushes which bore edible fruits and seeds. Primitive man knew how to clear forests by bruising a ring of bark around the base of each tree and applying fire to the bruised area.

American Food Plants

Agriculture may have been discovered accidentally when man dropped some of the wild seeds which he was carrying to his cave for storage before eating them, subsequently noticing the sprouting of plants from the seeds dropped. And perhaps irrigation was invented when plants sprang up beside water holes where men had taken seeds for washing and screening. At any rate, the invention of agriculture, even more than the discovery of permanent fish and game supplies, made it possible for man to take up a stationary existence. And this gave him time to invent many of his most fundamental arts. For example, pottery, which is of little use to a nomadic people, is of great value to settled populations, and the boundaries of the territory in which pottery was made and of the area in which agriculture was practiced are usually about the same.

In 1492, Columbus was looking for the famous Spice Islands of the East, which had been reported by Marco Polo. And when the Santa Maria dropped her anchor on American bottom she had in her hold such samples of the products of the Spice Islands as cloves, cinnamon, peppers, nutmeg, ginger and aloes wood—the last much used as incense in the East. The Genoese navigator was constantly showing these spices to the American natives and asking if such things grew in their country. There are American plants resembling some of these things, and when the people of the Bahamas seemed to show some recognition of his herbs, Columbus jumped to the mistaken conclusion that they were native to the land which he had just found. On November fourth he mistook a certain bark of cinnamon, and he proudly reported to the king of Spain that he had reached the long-sought Spice Islands. After Columbus, other Europeans continued to misunderstand and misname the plants of America as they continued to misunderstand and misname other characteristic American products and institutions. The plants of America, like most other things distinctively American, were given European names and attributed to European or Asiatic origins.

Not until 1884, when Alphonse de Candolle published his Origin of Cultivated Plants, did the American source of many important food plants receive proper recognition. But even De Candolle was not entirely fair to America and made some conspicuous omissions. These errors, however, have been corrected since his day, chiefly by experts of the United States Department of Agriculture. Such men as O. F. Cook, Lyman Carrier, and W. E. Safford have devoted their lives to demonstrating conclusively the great variety and antiquity of the food plants of the early

Americans and the complete independence of these plants from those of Asia, Africa and Europe.

From the first farmers of America the world has gained a number of the most valuable agricultural products which it uses today. But so oblivious is the world of this debt that it is doubtful if the average farmer in the United States in the year 1929 could name more than a quarter of these native products. In the list of food plants are corn, potato, sweet potato, tomato, Lima bean, kidney bean, all scarlet runner beans and tepary beans, pumpkin, squash, Jerusalem artichoke, certain peppers, cocoa, chocolate, yam, arrowroot, pineapple, strawberry, peanut, guava, manioc—tapioca—alligator pear and probably the watermelon. We are not counting a lot of wild foods like persimmons, a host of berries, vanilla and sarsaparilla. Nor are we counting the coconut, sugar cane, banana and fig—foods which most experts attribute to the Old World, but which some think America also had. Among the varieties of fibers which the ancient Americans taught the world how to grow are the best varieties of modern commercial cotton and henequen, or sisal, from which our farmers get twine to bind up their crops. Among the gums are rubber, balsam of Peru, copal—which the modern Mayas are still burning as incense to their ancestral gods—and chicle—the basis of the gum which twentieth-century America is teaching the world to chew in place of tobacco—the betel nut of the East or the watermelon seed of the ceaselessly masticating Russian peasant.

For domestic animals the American had the turkey, curassow, Muscovy duck, llama, alpaca, dog and guinea pig. And to the pharmacology of the world he has contributed cascara sagrada, ipecac, quinine, cocaine, and last, but not least, tobacco.

The Irish Potato From Peru

For all the wealth of this agriculture and the fact that our foster ancestor would consume almost anything edible, he was essentially a flour eater. He made bread out of wild rye, wild rice, any number of kinds of wild nuts, sunflower seeds and wild cane, as well as out of the corn, beans, manioc—tapioca—potatoes and other plants he cultivated. By the way, corn, beans and squashes were found in most parts of North and South America where agriculture was practiced. The modern custom of sowing squashes between hills of corn, and beans between rows of these hills, as well as the practice of making the hills, was given the modern farmer by the ancient American. The word "corn" is of Anglo-Saxon origin, and its use is misleading. It signifies a small, hard particle—that is, a grain. In England, "corn" means wheat; in Scotland and Ireland, it means oats. But American corn is maize, of course, and is probably the oldest cereal in the world.

This cereal did not do very well in the wet lowlands of the tropics, and there its place as a staple crop was taken by manioc. This is the same plant from which came the tapioca for our mothers' puddings. Manioc is a root, and the most interesting thing about it is that its juice contains prussic acid, which is very poisonous. The natives grated the root into a basketry press which squeezed out the juice. The pulp was then made into cakes, which were heated until the volatile poison was driven out. The result was cassava bread, much mentioned by the early explorers.

Neither Columbus nor Cortez ever saw the Irish potato—which is neither Irish nor a potato. It was developed thousands of years ago by Peruvians, and it is a member of the nightshade family, as is the tomato. Many of the nightshades are poisonous, which explains why Europeans called the tomato "poison apple" and fought shy of it until quite recently. The potato, like the peanut, had to go to Europe from South America to get into North America. Its debut in the United States was under the auspices of loving Irishmen, who brought it to Londonderry, New Hampshire, in 1719. Debonair Sir Walter Raleigh no more deserved credit for introducing the potato into England than he deserved credit for taking tobacco there. Less famous Englishmen were before him in both cases. The name "potato," came from "batata," which the natives of the West Indies called the true potato, or sweet potato. This "goodley tuber" belongs to the morning-glory family, and this is the variety of spud which Columbus and Cortez encountered.

Water When Needed

The Americans did not make much use of our practice of rotation of crops. Instead, they preferred the rotation of fields, resting exhausted land until it was ready to yield again. We know little of the yields an acre which they achieved, except in the case of corn. With this vegetable, investigators of the U. S. Department of Agriculture say the white man has made little or no improvement in yield over his red predecessor. And in the matter of the quality of corn and the variety of kinds raised, the red man has never been equaled by the white.

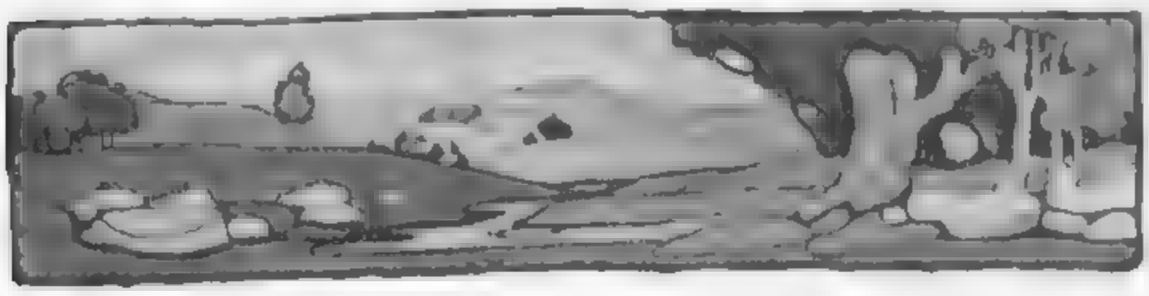
On the whole, cultivation was a fine art in old America. The first Europeans imitated native methods to a large extent, but so badly at first that they have reported to us that the squaws of those times often laughed at them.

The women were wont to do most of the work of cultivation; but tobacco—a difficult plant to raise—was considered particularly a man's crop.

In those days hoes were made of wood or stone or clam shells. In some parts of America a strong stick resembling a plowshare was drawn through the earth on a rope by a number of men, but animals were not used in plowing. The modern horse, of course, came here from Europe. Tame hawks were trained to drive crows and blackbirds from the growing grain. Fertilizer was employed a great deal; fish which could be caught in large numbers being the common form. In North America this was usually the herring, and in South America the sardine.

Of all their feats of cultivation, nothing done by the first farmers of America was more noteworthy than their construction of stupendous works of irrigation. The Mayas, of course, had more rain than they knew what to do with, and they left behind at their city of Palenque a huge drain to carry the excess away. But the Mexicans and Peruvians had no moisture to spare. Think of the work which went into the construction of the tremendous stone dam, eighty feet thick, which the Peruvians built in the valley of Nepeña for a reservoir three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile broad. Modern engineers marvel at the remains of a Peruvian stone aqueduct sixteen miles long, from the Santa River to Chimbote, and they ascribe to it a capacity of 60,000,000 cubic feet of water per diem.

That American agriculture before Columbus owed nothing to contacts with other continents is now accepted as a definite fact by all the leading experts. But Dr. O. F. Cook, above mentioned, has gone even further, and has suggested that the rest of the world got its agriculture from America.



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Although his argument has not yet been accepted by many other savants, it has much to recommend it, and certainly is sufficiently interesting to deserve our attention. Doctor Cook, who was formerly director of the Bureau of Plant Industry at Washington, predicates his theory on the assumption that there never existed in America such a "primitive pastoral stage which so many writers have taken to be man's first step from savagery toward civilization. . . . The comparative deficiency of the Western Continent in fruit and animals suitable for food is compensated by numerous starchy root crops. The primitive-culture people of the tropical regions of ancient America were accustomed to the cooking, grinding and storing of vegetable food, and were thus prepared to appreciate and utilize the cereals by agricultural experience lacking among the fruit-eating aborigines of the Old World, who developed, instead, the arts of the chase, the domestication of animals, and the use of milk."

Doctor Cook then proceeds to construct a rather imposing argument from the facts that American root crops seem to have been more numerous than root crops of Asia, seem to have been more anciently developed, and that they were treated with heat to make them palatable long before the Europeans or Asiatics took up cooking. In suggesting that agriculture reached Asia from America by way of the islands of the Pacific, he points out that the ancient Americans had six of the seven chief food plants of the Polynesians—the eastern, lighter colored and more advanced Pacific Islanders—that the Americans had all the root crops which attained any wide distribution in Asia and Africa, and that they had many other root crops besides. Hence, says he, "since it is reasonable to suppose that the food plants which the Polynesians shared with the tropical peoples of both continents were carried by them across the Pacific, it is also reasonable to seek the origin of these widely distributed species on the continent which gives evidence of the oldest and most extensive agricultural activity, and to the question in this form there can be but one answer."

An Old Ear of Corn

Doctor Cook's answer is America. And he goes on to say that "the apparent superfluity of American root crops is explainable by the fact that different plants were independently domesticated in different localities, which means also that conditions favorable to the development of agriculture were very general among the natives of America. . . . The American origin of agriculture is thus not doubtful, since not merely one, but several, agricultures originated in America. The same cannot be claimed for Asia and Africa, where only root crops shared with America attained a wide distribution; an indication that they reached those continents before the uses of the similar indigenous plants had been discovered. . . . If we may not know where man first began to encourage the growth of the plants which furnished his food, we are not without numerous indications that agriculture proper, together with the agricultural organization of human society which lay behind modern civilization, originated in America and has now completed the circuit of the globe."

As already noted, Doctor Cook's theory that America gave agriculture to the world is not yet generally accepted. But the reasons usually given against acceptance of this theory are not botanical reasons. And discoveries in other branches of science as well as in botany are tending to weaken them. Certainly, it cannot be denied that America had more root crops than the other hemisphere, and it cannot be denied that America's food plants show a further process of domestication than the root plants of Asia and Africa. But it may be and often is said that this high degree of American domestication of plants indicates an intensity rather than a long duration of the application of agricultural methods in America.

However, there can be no doubt at all that America has had her agriculture for a very long time and that she developed it without help from Asia, Africa or Europe.

Important as were the root crops to the first farmers of America, their use was diverse, according to locality. Maize, or corn, on the other hand, was used nearly everywhere, and if we could know the history of maize we should know the history of the human culture of North and South America. It is believed that maize was developed thousands of years ago on the uplands of Mexico or Peru from a wild grass called *teocintli*. This grass grows in Mexico today, but the intermediate forms or missing links between *teocintli* and maize have never been identified. This fact alone would indicate the great age of maize, even had not archæologists discovered a fossilized ear of corn perhaps ten thousand years old, as well as numerous very ancient replicas of the grain in pottery.

The wide diffusion of maize in America indicates that there probably was exchange of other products of human culture. So there is good reason to think that the ancient American nations were somewhat related culturally, as they certainly were related racially. Maize does not do very well in the hot lowlands of the tropics, but it will grow there in a pinch. It thrives in higher forest lands, plains and mountain country in both our western continents. It was the food of the primitive basket maker who lived in caves and cliff dwellings in New Mexico and Arizona, and it was the basis of the diet of the ancient man of the so-called Archaic culture who has left crude pottery remains of a unified type from Mexico into South America. It was the food of the laborers who built the enormous roads and the great stone walls of South America, and of the workmen who constructed the lovely limestone palaces and temples of Central America.

A surplus of maize gave the necessary leisure for artists to create the beautiful tapestries and pottery of Peru, and for scientists to build up the astonishing knowledge of mathematics which was current in Guatemala and Yucatan when the Romans were trying to civilize the barbarians of Western Continental Europe and Great Britain. Far more than any other food, maize supported the great population which America had before the coming of the white man. Of course, we can only guess how large the early American population was, basing our estimate on reports of the first Europeans and on the extent and size of archæological remains found today, and on other determinable factors. The lavishness with which the remains of stone roads, temples, palaces, monasteries and other structures are scattered through Yucatan indicates that at one time this locality was the most thickly settled part of the globe. That was perhaps about 1200 A. D. At that time, Doctor Spinden of Harvard estimates that there were in the American continents 50,000,000 to 70,000,000 red men. This seems a very conservative estimate.

Time to Awake

Maize saved the first white men who settled in America. The famous Pilgrims had the common sense to put their settlements in the cleared fields left by red-skinned agriculturists. But the colonists of Jamestown lacked this foresight, and as they did not have time to clear land before seeding time, many of them starved. The proximity of white settlements to native clearings proved a matter of vital importance in many other cases.

In the four centuries that the white man has held our two continents he has not succeeded in domesticating a single important food plant. American agriculture, which differentiated America from the rest of the world and which united the American peoples with one another, deserves our increasing respect. That agriculture—original, diverse and intricate—was unified by the wide use of the cereal which the Europeans misnamed "corn."

America's brilliant civilization of yesterday was fed on corn, and corn will nourish the even more brilliant America of tomorrow.

It is high time that Americans knew themselves. It is high time that they ceased looking backward at the continent whence their ancestors came and looked at the continents in which they are living, the home of their foster ancestors, the children of the maize. Wake up, Americans, and discover America!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

the fact that on that occasion Marge laughed right up to the point where the dentist came in, washing his hands with invisible soap, and saying, "You're next, Miss Brenner"

Laughing! Say, she was absolutely hysterical. Even the dentist was surprised. He had to give her something to soothe her nerves before she could take the gas. It's hard to be amusing like that in a dentist's office. I always say there's something somber and austere about them.

Of course, I would have done my best again, had she wanted me along this time, but I never could have got her going the way I did the last time.

I remember, we were sitting there and we heard a low moaning coming from another room, and that reminded me of the time I'd had one of my wisdom teeth extracted and the thing broke and the doctor had to probe around with sharp instruments for a long time and I came out of the gas while he was doing it. Naturally, I told Marge about it, thinking it was timely. Of course, I touched it up with jokes here and there, and what the doctor said, and what the nurse said, and how funny it felt not to be able to close my mouth for four days. I think it was this that started Marge giggling. I must have been pretty funny. I often am in times of emergency.

Then a woman came into the waiting room, and she was limping a little, and of course that reminded me of that friend of mine in Buffalo who had had a wisdom tooth extracted and the needle hadn't been cleaned properly and some sort of poison set in that left her a cripple for life. When Marge heard about this—the way I told it, so that only the comical aspect of the catastrophe was stressed; you know, sort of walking in to get rid of something and limping out with more than you expected—as I say, when Marge heard about this, she just cried, she was laughing so hard.

It seemed strange. I was almost inspired. One after another, marvelous stories about people who went to dentists came to me, and I passed them right along to Marge, never losing the whimsical touch, never letting her know that I worried at all about her, except just the once, when I said I did hope they were careful about giving her the gas, as I'd known a man who got too much once and died of it.

Luckily, we only had to wait an hour, because the strain was beginning to tell on me, and when the dentist came in and said "All ready, Miss Brenner," Marge just couldn't get up, she was laughing and crying so. So the doctor got two nurses to help her, and as she was assisted to the chair, just limp from laughing and carrying on, she said, "Doctor, you're saving my life."

—Carroll Carroll.

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In the brief time since the new executive group acquired control of Durant Motors, Inc., many prominent automobile dealers have made heavy capital investments in the Durant franchise.

These new Durant dealers are outstanding business leaders in their communities—and the communities represent practically every state in the Union, ranging from the great metropolitan centers to prosperous towns.

This trade trend towards Durant has great public significance, for it is one of the most emphatic endorsements Durant products could receive.

Men of this stamp do not transform their business and reinvest their capital without a powerful incentive.

In this instance, the incentive is not far to seek. It is found in a keen desire to enjoy the competitive advantages of a 4-Forward-Speed Six priced under a thousand dollars—and to become associated with the men who now control Durant.

To the combined credit of these executives stands one of the greatest successes in automotive history. Through the aggressive application of time-honored ideals of integrity and fair dealing, they created one of the most valuable automobile properties in the world.

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And, equally important, Kirsch Perfected Draw Cord Equipment has been made available for every type of window and every draping fashion, at prices making it practical for any home.

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These advantages can also be had with the decorative types of Kirsch Drapery Hardware—the Atavio work with its beautiful finishes and charming designs in cast aluminum—the Kirsch Better Wood Poles, in period designs, modernistic fancies or the new stipple finishes in superb metallic hues. And no matter what the design, an exclusive Kirsch feature allows the rings to glide freely and quietly over the pole without affecting the finish.

Only the extreme simplicity of Kirsch Perfected Draw Cord Equipment, and the volume of Kirsch manufacture, permit Kirsch dealers to offer such utility, combined with the most advanced drapery hardware fashion, at such moderate cost.

Ask your favorite shop to show you the new Kirsch Modern Draping Service—an elaborate portfolio of beautiful windows, with a complete picture-index, which enables you to select easily and surely the window treatments, hardware and fabrics best suited to your needs.

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Kirsch

Drapery Hardware

A DOG, A WOMAN—

(Continued from Page 13)

own pier when you were too far gone to guide yourself. Put up your stick and get you home!"

And then one comes to Levesser's reply, and still the words are shocking like the blows of that same stick.

"The devil take your impudence!" was what he said. "Damn me, the dog is mine and I'll strike him thus, and thus! And, damn me, my wife is mine! I bought her, which is more than you did, and damn your red face for it; and I'll beat my dog or servant or my wife, if I drink brimstone grog with the devil for it; and curse you, get you hence!"

There it is in black and white, though the rest is legend now.

They say that old John Swale looked grave and ill when young Levesser asked for his daughter's hand. It happened at the time when the great Swale house, built by his grandfather, Colonel Richard, the first of all the Swales, had been put upon the market. "To be sold," the notice read in the newsprint, "due to the Misfortunes of a Gentleman." It was like John Swale to phrase the notice thus, for the only consolation left him was that he came of proper blood—the Swales of Norwich. Old John Swale, the story goes, could never understand the land was changing, and that ideas of birth and station were falling as the forest fell, now that talk was of Guadeloupe and the Guianas, Dutch and French.

When Pierre Levesser called and entered the paneled room which Richard Swale had built, they say that John Swale did not rise from his chair to make him welcome, and did not bid him sit, because the Levessers were interlopers, dyed in trade. The Levessers, to old John Swale, were foreign monkeys still. He listened, sitting motionless, as young Levesser spoke, watching the color in the young man's olive face. Though John Swale's world was narrow as a plank, he could measure a man by what he knew. Already there were ugly stories of young Pierre.

Pierre leaned indolently against the wainscot wall, dressed in his finest waistcoat and his brightest-colored coat.

"Sir," said young Levesser, "I'll be round with you as you've been round with me. I want her because she has made me mad. I love her so I do not eat or sleep. She has that way about her that—*mon Dieu!* I cannot help myself, dear sir."

"Young man," John Swale answered, "you speak out very strong."

"Sir," young Levesser replied, "I am only flesh and blood. And look you; who else with money would lead her to the church when you cannot give a dot? And she—she loves me too!"

"Young man," John Swale answered, "it is not love. It's lust!"

"And yet," said young Pierre, "she loves me—and that is that."

"Is it so?" said old John Swale. "D'you think she'll love the likes of you before a year's gone by?"

"Sir," said Levesser all at once, "you're treating me as scum."

"And scum she'll find you," said John Swale, "before she's through."

Pierre Levesser moved, they say, as though the wall were fire, but halfway to John Swale's chair he stopped, drew out his handkerchief and passed it across his lips.

"I think," he said, "we understand each other, eh?"

John Swale sat looking at him, curious and cold, and he did not move a finger on the arms of his great chair. Who knows? Perhaps Pierre Levesser guessed the hardness that was in the Swales before he spoke again.

"You do not understand?" he said. "The scum has money. The scum will be pleased to pay."

"Ay," said old John Swale. "Is it so? We'll be more private if you would close the door."

What they spoke of no one will ever know, but when they finished, the old man saw him out, and Levesser's cheeks were flushed. They say that Patience Swale was waiting in the garden, and that she could not keep her eyes off young Pierre, and that she touched him before he reached to kiss her hand, and that she flung her arms about his neck. Yet even in her happiness she must have seen the look on her father's face.

"Lust!" the old man said. "Lust is never love."

"Father," said Patience Swale, but her eyes were on Pierre's, "what is it you are saying?"

"Richard shall have a ship," the old man said. "I'm saying that I sold my word, for it's all I have left to sell, and may the Lord have mercy on our souls! And you, young man—I say it in all friendship now—you do not know us. Mind you use her well."

There is no doubt that he sold his word, though the Swales have forgotten now. He sold it, knowing all the while that Levesser would not forget that money had passed between them when the flame of love burned low.

"Dearest," said Pierre, "is it not a pity? Thy father says he will see very little of us after we are wed."

There is no doubt Hugh Penny loved her. Hugh Penny was the bond servant of Pierre Levesser, indentured for ten years, and it was fortunate for Hugh that he knew his place too well to break his silence. He loved her in the shy, chivalrous way of tongue-tied youth, for whom a smile was enough reward; and indeed he may have loved her without knowing that he loved, for no mention of it crossed his lips when he told of her to his grandchildren, and they themselves never thought of it when they told in turn.

It must have been well in the forenoon, for, though it was late September, Hugh Penny remembered the sun was high and warm on his back with the mild heat of autumn. Out on the river the fishing sloops were dancing to music in the breeze, and the tern were circling, now gray, now white, as the wind took them. Their cries and the smell of drying cod from the frames by the river were mingling with the odor of phlox in the bed where Hugh was working, exactly as life was mixed with sweetness and with death. The master loved his flowers. Many a time the master would touch them gently with the tips of his thin fingers, and the master could not bear to see them die.

When the front door opened, Hugh knew that the lady was standing there, though he did not look up, and the air seemed warmer once he knew. She would be gazing across the flower beds toward the river. He could fancy her in the carved frame of the front door, with the darkness of the hall behind her. The breeze would be playing at her dress, making her seem light and unsubstantial as a bird above the water; the wind would be pulling at a strand of her hair, perhaps, and her eyes would be steady as a pilot's watching out for shoals in a shifting, sandy channel.

"Joker!" she was calling. "Here, Joker, Joker, Joker! . . . Have you seen Joker, Hugh?"

On his knees among the phlox, Hugh looked up and rubbed his hands upon his leather breeches, and then he wiped his face upon his sleeve.

"Sure, madam," he said. "Joker do be gone with the master this hour now to the countinghouse. They're loading the Michelle with rum."

"Ah, yes," she said, "with rum, of course. He loves his master, doesn't Joker, Hugh?"

"Yes, madam," Hugh said, "it do be wonderful how Joker loves him. He follows right to his back, come rain or shine, or day or night; watching for him when he walks along the planking, in case the master might fall off. Ay, there's a dog."

Her eyes were on him, pale and gray, and he saw that her face was pale that morning. Her face had often been pale of late, and yet it was cool and tranquil, and clear as an angel's face.

The lady had changed since he had known her first, as everyone changed when they entered the master's house.

"Oh, lady," he wanted to say—"oh, lady, don't I know? Oh, lady, he is sold to Satan, and not for the likes of you—and an angel lady."

The wind was blowing at her hair and blowing at her gray silk dress, and his voice was lost in his throat and in the crimson of his face. She was smiling at him, and in her eyes there was a light, kind and warm, like a candle in a window.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, Joker loves him."

That was all she said. She was not the one to talk, but somehow it seemed to Hugh that she had told him something deep and secret.

It did not seem so long ago that he had stood by that very door with the black slave and the three maidservants and the workmen from the wharf, when Mr. Levesser had brought her home. Her cloak had been about her—a light cloak and a hood. She had smiled as she stepped from the chaise, and Mr. Levesser had smiled. He had been very elegant in his blue silk coat and his cane and his peruke.

"The devil!" said Mr. Levesser, "but your hand is cold, *ma belle*. How—you are not afraid?"

"No," she said, "I am not afraid, Pierre."

His eyes were on her, wide and bright and staring.

"So," he said, "you are here at last, hey? Are you sure you do not fear?"

"No," she said, "I am not afraid, Pierre."

And the master had laughed in the soft way he laughed when he was very pleased.

"The devil!" he said. "But this is so very fine! . . . You, Penny; it is you I address. Bring me in the *eau de vie*."

"Pierre!" Somehow it seemed that she was suddenly a child frightened of the dark. "Pierre, you are not going to—to drink tonight?"

"*Sacré!*" said the master, and how he laughed and laughed as soft as silk. "Not too much—oh, no!"

Then all at once her voice was different—light and careless.

"As you wish," she said. "But before the servants—I did not know that you were coarse, Pierre."

It was like the master, Hugh Penny knew, to wish all he owned afraid. That was all, a moment before the doorway as the new chaise was being led off to the stable; but in that moment Hugh Penny knew that she was a lady, as good as any he had seen at home across the seas—one who would not blench before Pierre Levesser when she knew what he was.

Now everyone knew master and his ways—our town was too small for secrets then. Everyone knew what Pierre Levesser was about down at the Walsings' house, where the captains stayed when they were fresh from sea. When he brought Nellie Walsing home with him to dine, that lady did not blench. Hugh heard him tell of it in the parlor, where the lady sat before her needlework, with all the silks and satins on the chairs and china on the mantel as delicate as lace.

"You will meet her," said the master, "as you would meet your sister. Yes? She loves me, do you see?"

The lady laid her sewing down carefully on a little polished table. "Very well," she said; "but there is one thing, Pierre."

"Ah," said Mr. Levesser, "so you choke upon it, eh? Mind that I bought you. Mind that I paid with money."

A touch of pink was in her cheeks, but that was all. There was never a falter in the coolness of her voice.

"Please, not before the servants, Pierre," she said.

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"To the devil with the servants!" said Pierre. "And damn your pretty manners!"

"Very well," she said. "I only wish to say I do not care because —— Are you listening? Do you flatter yourself? I do not love you. That's been over long ago."

Now there was an odd thing; something you could scarce believe. It hurt the master that she did not love him; he was as perverse and strange as that. The blood ran to his face like a reddish-purple wave. And there she sat, hands folded on her lap, watching him and smiling.

"Oh?" he said. "But you'll love again before I'm through. Ah, yes, madam, on your knees."

And then she laughed—a mellow, little laugh like delicate, breaking china.

"Dear me," she said, "you must have everything, Pierre. Bring your women to your house. I've made my bed and I must lie in it."

And Mr. Levesser also laughed and bowed. When the master wished he had good manners.

Of course Hugh Penny knew. Everyone knew that the Swales were poor; everyone knew why Patience Swale had become his wife when commerce was enveloping gentility and birth. He had bought her, the master had, as surely as he ever bought a cargo of sound wine, and the master was sharp as a knife at trade and not afraid of risk. The master had sailed the sea himself; he knew ports and he knew agents and every danger of the sea. He had bought her, but there was something about her that he could not touch, as unattainable as the image of an island upon water glassy calm, when the sails hang slack and the yards creak with the ocean roll.

Words. Hugh Penny was one who heard them always—words, hot and crackling, like the sparks from a log of pine. Words—but the master never raised his hand to strike. Often, sitting by the fire, hard-handed, stupid, humble, Hugh Penny wondered what would be left for him to do if the master raised his hand.

"I tell you ——" He heard the master's voice. He was listening and he was not ashamed. Out by the kitchen hearth, Joker, the water dog, had pricked up his ears at the sound of the voice and wagged his bushy tail so that it brushed the ashes on the bricks. "I tell you that I do not wish it."

"Don't you?" he heard the lady say. "But I'll see him just the same, Pierre. Listen—only listen. I'll not tell any tales, Pierre. Have I ever said a harsh word of you beyond this house? I tell you that I'm going. You know that he is ill."

"Not without me," the master said. "Not to that old man. We go like love birds, side by side, or not at all. You understand, madam?"

"Yes," she said, "but still I'm going."

"I have explained," master said. "I have affairs tomorrow. The Michelle is loading. After that we'll go."

"No," she said, "I'll go before, Pierre."

Then a chair was pushed back sharply. Hugh Penny heard it slide across the floor. Then he heard the master's voice as he had often heard it—shrill and unbridled as an angry child's.

"Damn your icy face!" the master shouted. "You'll do what I say, you sneering hussy! Do you hear me speak?"

There was a pause, and then the lady's voice answered. "Put down your cane," she said. "Put it down, Pierre."

There was another pause, and Hugh Penny was on his feet, trembling, outside the door, and then he heard her voice again:

"I knew you wouldn't dare. Truly there are some things —— No, Pierre, I'll not be beaten"

"My dear," the master said, "you will be—across the back, just so. Don't start! I simply touch you this time across the back, just so. You will be if you leave this house to see him."

"Nonsense," said the lady, "you wouldn't dare, Pierre."

Then the door opened. Mr. Levesser was in the kitchen, gazing at Hugh Penny, hot and shining eyes.

"Hey," said Mr. Levesser, "what are you making here?"

"Polishing your boots, master," Penny answered, and a boot was in his hand.

"Did you hear anything?" the master said.

"No, sir," Penny answered. "The house is that well built. . . . Be you going out, sir?"

"Ay," the master said, "to the countinghouse."

"Will you want a light, sir?" Penny asked. "It do be powerful dark, sir, down upon the wharf."

"No," said the master. "Where's Joker? Hey, Joker! He'll be light enough. I'll keep my hand upon his head."

"Will you want me to fetch you, sir?" asked Penny, for he knew the master's ways. "It's a narrow walk upon the wharf if you take a bit of liquor."

"Get to bed!" the master said. "Joker will see me home. I keep my hand upon his head, like this. Hey, Joker? Joker knows the way."

The wind was blowing at her dress, making her seem light and airy like a cloud. She was pale, but she was a part of the morning, as clear as the morning and the air.

"Yes," she said, "it's wonderful how Joker loves him."

Still on his knees beside the bed of phlox, Hugh Penny cleared his throat.

"Ay, ma'am," he said, "there's no accounting for the ways of dogs, or women either."

"Why, Hugh!" She smiled. It was wonderful to see her smile; it took all the plainness from her face. There was that about her, Hugh Penny always said, that made you forget just who she was.

"Your pardon, ma'am," said Hugh. "I don't know much of women, please ye. But I know dogs. Yes, ma'am. I was the underkeeper of kennels across the sea in Surrey. Dogs is odd and strange. They stick by men like women do."

She was listening; it pleased him she was interested. She had stepped into the garden and was standing above him, so near that the hem of her dress did nearly touch him.

"Yes, madam," said Hugh, "take Joker, ma'am. Now I've been in this house three years, what with ups and downs. And now, with all respect, the master is, what you might say, solitary. He don't go to the tavern, but to his countinghouse, do you see? And there he sits by himself, mind, with a bottle, like as not. And there is Joker every night by the countinghouse door, ma'am, just like he was last night, waiting to see the master home."

"Truly," said the lady, "you should put it in a book, Hugh. How does he see the master home?"

Hugh knew that she was making play of him, but he did not care. She had picked a bit of phlox and held it to her face.

"How?" said Hugh. "It's this way, ma'am. The countinghouse door opens alongside the wharf, right where the tide is running. There's only a couple of planks between the door and the water. Sure, you know master, ma'am, when he's had a drop or two. I don't mean offense. He may not be thinking of the water and there's Joker. Joker, he keeps him alongside the warehouse. Joker barks and pushes at him. I've seen it with these eyes."

Then Hugh saw she was not listening; she was looking at him above that spray of phlox.

"Did he beat you this morning, Hugh?" she asked.

"Ay, ma'am," said Hugh.

"Why?" she asked.

Hugh Penny grinned. "For not taking the dead flowers out of this here bed. You see, ma'am, he hates to see flowers die."

"Yes," she said, "he loves his flowers. . . . Did he hurt thee, Hugh?"

"No, ma'am," said Hugh, "not me. We bonded folk, we're used to it. And I'm as tough as a hickory tree by now, ma'am."

"Poor Hugh," she said. "Take this to take the pain away."

He started; she had dropped a piece of gold on the garden path before him.

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," he said. "I'd take the stick ten times for the like of that."

"And now," she said, "go fetch my cloak. We're walking to my father's house."

Hugh got slowly to his feet and dusted off his leather breeches.

"Ma'am," he said, "it ain't my place to say it, but I wouldn't, were I you."

"Why?" she asked, but she knew why. There wasn't much that lady didn't know.

Hugh lowered his voice. "Because he'll beat you, ma'am," he said, "the same as he beat me. I heard him, lady. I heard him last night at candle time."

"Hugh," she said, "were you listening at the door?"

She was smiling at him, standing so near that he caught the smell of lavender and fine perfume from France.

"Sure, lady," he said. "I'll not let him beat you. Mind you that, for you're too fine a lady."

Then he caught his breath because she had laid her hand on his. It was very light and cool, such a hand as he had never felt.

"There. You're a good boy, Hugh," she said. "Don't worry; he'll not beat me." Her hand had dropped away from his. "There are some things," she said, "that are not done. . . . Go in and fetch my cloak."

As they walked through the town, Hugh Penny strode three paces behind her, as a servant should, his eyes upon her back. It was good to see her walking; she stepped so light and fast, and folks looked at her when she walked by in a way that made him proud to walk behind her. As they passed the tavern door, which the Scarlets kept, he heard someone speak softly.

"Poor lady," someone said. "It's the Swale who wed a Levesser. Heaven pity her, poor lady."

"Don't worry," came another voice, also speaking low. "A Swale's a match to any Levesser, and you may lay to that."

Enoch Porter, the silversmith, came from his shop and bowed. "Good day to you, Madam Levesser," he said. "Do the tankards suit you still?"

"Yes," she said, "they are noble tankards, sir."

And Israel Lake, the carriage maker, bowed. "Your new chaise will be ready, madam, before the week is out," he said.

Hugh Penny knew that they would not have spoken so two years before, but now she was wed to a man of wealth, the glitter of which was on her like the sun.

As they left the town and walked along a wooded track, she paused and beckoned him beside her.

"There," she said; "it's better here. I feel sad walking through the town."

"And sure what would make you sad, ma'am?" Hugh asked. "There's none there that won't serve you."

"Because I have money," she said, "and that is all. I see the house we used to own, and others are in it now."

"What?" said Hugh. "The Swale house, ma'am?"

"Yes," she said, "they call it the Swale house still. The Swales are not what they used to be."

Hugh Penny himself knew that, when everyone still told stories of Colonel Richard Swale who had been with the first plantation, and of trestle tables in the Swale house, heavy with food and silver.

John Swale, the lady's father, lived a mile from town on a bit of upland near the marshes, which he had lately bought, and Hugh knew whence the money had come to buy it. The house was bare and gray at the end of the rutted lane. Its southern windows looked across the marshes and the sea.

"Come in, Hugh," she said. "There's no need to wait outside."

Her father was seated alone by the coals of an open fire in an old high-backed, wicker-seated chair. Hugh could tell he was a gentleman, though his clothes were very plain. On his face was a light and ghostly stamp, such as Hugh Penny had seen on dying men.

"You are better, sir?" she asked, and bent and kissed him on the cheek.

"Yes," her father said, "better this morning. It's good of you to come." Then Hugh saw the old man was looking at her with wide, steady eyes. "Are you happy, dear?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "very happy, father."

The old man nodded and stared at the glowing coals. "Sometimes," he said, "I wish you had never wed him."

"I was bound to do it," the lady said. "And I am very happy, father."

"Yes," the old man said, and sighed, "there was no money. When I remember ——"

"Hush," she said. "There's no reason to remember."

"Easy come," the old man said, "and easy go. That's been the way."

"Father," the lady said, "they still remember the Swales in town."

"I wish," the old man said, "that you had never married him."

"I swear," she said, "I'm very happy. . . . Have you heard from Richard?"

"No," the old man said. "He's still at sea. . . . Read me from the Bible, daughter. It was kind of Pierre Levesser to let you come."

"Yes," said the lady, "very kind."

For a long while Hugh Penny sat in a darkened corner, far across the room, gaunt and hardened by his toil. Now and then he saw the faces of the old man and the lady, and now and then he heard their voices, very low. There was something alike in those two faces, Hugh Penny always said; something steady, cool and hard—but what did Hugh Penny know of the hardness of the Swales?

"Daughter," said the old man, "does he never use thee wrong!"

"No," she said, "set thy mind at peace, sir."

"No," said the old man, "he would not dare. Richard would kill him when he came home."

"Pooh!" she said, and laughed. "Richard need never bother." Hugh remembered the sound of that laugh later; it was so light and gay.

When she called him, the shadows were growing slant, close to the early autumn dusk.

"Come, Hugh," she said. "Put on thy hat; it's time we were at home."

It was time and more than time, Hugh Penny knew. "Lord help her now," he muttered. "He'll know she's been away."

The master knew it, for the master was on the doorstep when they reached the master's house. When he chose he could hide his temper so that you could hardly know that there was temper there. He was standing on his doorstep, Hugh remembered, looking out toward his wharf and toward the shipping on the river. There was a handsome sunset, Hugh remembered, with clouds like golden chariots and horses galloping to glory. There was a gale in such a sunset, showing already from the whistling of the southwest breeze. The master was in his wine-colored satin coat, and his face had a dark look to it which Hugh always knew stood as a sign of trouble. The master's voice was soft and throaty—far too soft, Hugh knew. Joker, the water dog, was at the master's feet, wagging his tail at the sound of his master's voice.

"Penny," said the master, "how splendidly you have cleaned the dead flowers out. I do not see a one. And there you are, *ma belle*," he said to the lady. "Back from your little stroll, eh? Come, let me help you with your cloak. . . . And you, Penny, get to the kitchen; the evening meal is ready."

Yes, the master could be pleasant when he chose. Hugh could hear them before the dishes were cleared away and before the door was shut, speaking of this and that. He could hear the lady laugh and he could hear the master laughing, but Hugh Penny knew the master and he knew the master's

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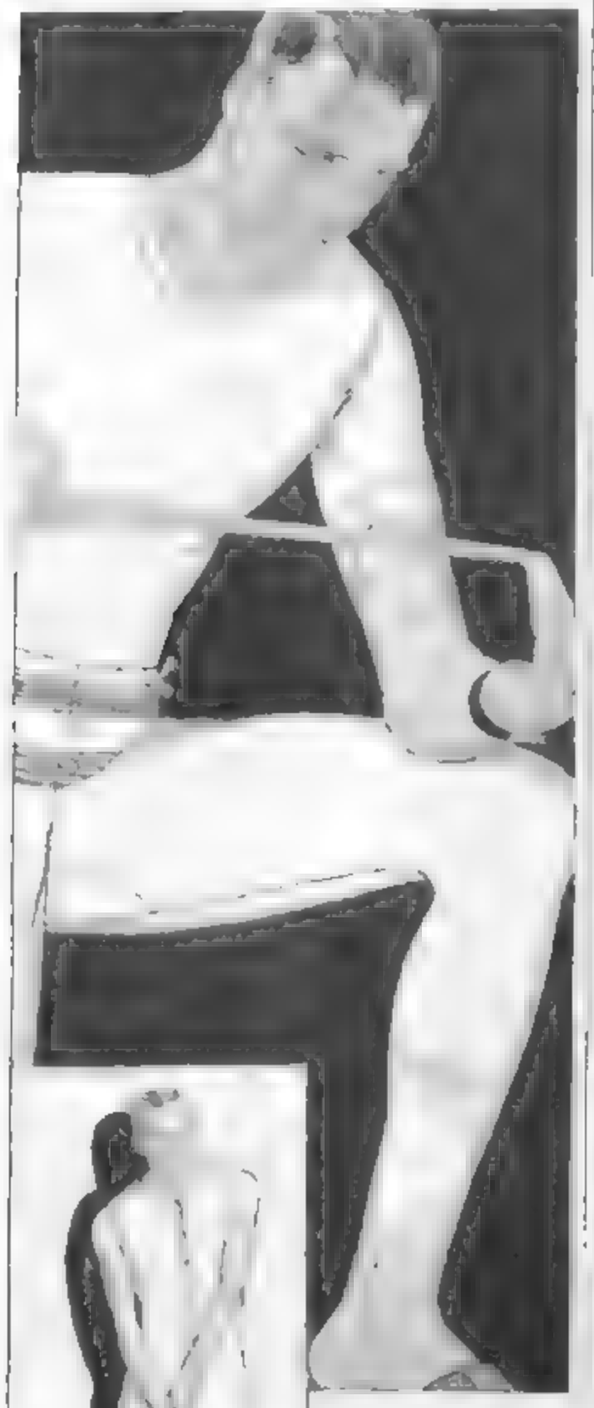

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way of waiting. When the other servants were gone, Hugh still sat in the kitchen, looking toward the door.

The door opened some time later—Hugh did not know exactly when—and there was the master, smiling, with those large eyes of his, wide and staring.

"Joker," he said; "here, Joker. Come in here. And you, Penny, get you gone to bed."

"Very good, sir," answered Hugh, and as he turned to go, he looked through the door. There were candles on the table and candles in the silver sconces on the wall. By their light he could see the lady sitting in a carved-back chair, as quiet as a picture.

"Good night to you, Hugh," the lady said.

"And many of them!" said the master.

As the master closed the door there was a sharp metallic sound which told Hugh that the bolt was drawn. And there Hugh stood in the kitchen, listening at the door because he could not go away.

"Pierre," he heard the lady say, "what are you going to do?"

"Come, Joker," said the master "Where's my stick? . . . Ah, there it is."

"What are you going to do, Pierre?" The lady's voice was louder.

There was a sound and a yelp and a sound and a yelp. Hugh's face was clammy wet.

"Trying the stick on the dog, my dear," the master said. "It will serve. It's your turn now."

"You don't dare," he heard her voice, a little louder, but still level.

"And who the devil may you be to say I don't dare?" the master said. "Who the devil are the Swales? You'll come when I say and go when I say, for all your fashion. . . . Strip off that dress. I'll not have it spoiled."

"Pierre," the mistress said, "I've married you and been a good wife. Take your hand from my shoulder. Don't forget; there're some things I'll not stand."

The master said something which Hugh Penny could not hear. There was a cry from the lady, a clatter of a chair and the crash of glass.

"Fool!" said the master. "You're weak as water. Hold still, my lady. Be patient like the dog."

And next Hugh Penny heard a sound which he knew well enough. It was the noise of the master's cane upon the lady's flesh.

To raise one's hand against a master was in those days a grievous sin, but Hugh Penny forgot the danger. An instant later he found himself beating with his fist upon the panels of the door.

He was shouting: "Leave that lady be!"

There was no answer. The lady did not cry out, not a single sound. And Hugh could hear the stick falling, falling, falling. A minute later—it could not have been more than a minute, though it seemed much longer—the master stood before him with his cane still in his hand.

"Confound your impudence!" said the master. "What mean you beating on the door?"

For once Hugh Penny found his tongue. "You brute!" he shouted. "Ah, you dirty brute!"

Then something—it must have been the master's cane—struck him on the head, and Hugh Penny felt his knees buckle beneath him and he was sprawling on the kitchen floor.

"That for you!" the master said. "Good night, *ma belle*. Sweet dreams! I'll be down at the countinghouse, in case you're feeling lonely."

When the master opened the kitchen door, a gust of wind came in which made the candles gutter; the rain was coming with the wind and the night was black as pitch, but the master did not heed it.

As Hugh Penny struggled to his knees he saw the master stride into the black, with a look, Hugh Penny always said, as though he had got the better at last of something with which he had been struggling. Even Hugh Penny could see that the blows were somehow a victory, the fire from smoldering words and looks, as sure as flame came up from a smoking tinder box.

Hugh Penny could hear him laughing. "That for all the Swales," the master said, and then the door went slam and the kitchen was very still.

At the same moment with the closing of the door there was scurrying of feet; Joker ran across the kitchen, whining, for he had seen the master go.

Now how was Hugh Penny to know the irony of what happened then? He did not know that a great cycle of poetic justice had just occurred which had been working through the years. A Swale had been beaten like a serving wench—one of the Swales who had ordered freedmen whipped when the colony was new, one of the Swales who had beaten their own servants with a steady hand. Fifty years ago no man could have dreamed of such an act. Yet now a Swale had been beaten by a commoner while the wind was whistling by the house in the beginning of a southwest gale. It was a time for winds, for all the world was changing. Yet how was Hugh Penny to think of that?

He got dizzily to his feet, hardly hearing Joker's whining then, though it always seemed to him afterward that the whining of that dog and the whistling of the wind were in back of everything. He walked softly toward the parlor, where the door was still ajar.

"Madam!" he called. "Madam!" But there was no answer. He thought that she would cry or sob as any woman should, not knowing what the Swales were made of then.

In the parlor one of those carved chairs had fallen over, a wineglass and a crystal decanter had fallen to the floor, with the wine run from it like blood over the Turkey rug. The lady's back was to him; she was seated in another chair, leaning her head upon a table, pillowed in her arms, her slender fingers tightly clenched. Her dress was torn, leaving her back half bare, with red welts upon the soft, white skin.

"Madam," said Hugh, and suddenly he began to sob, without ever knowing why. "Ah, lady!" he cried. "God help us all!"

Then she looked up, that thin face of hers as motionless as stone. Her eyes were wide, but there were no tears in them. Hugh could see the marks where the little teeth had dug into the lower lip, but her lips did not tremble. Forgetting, seemingly, that her dress was torn, she looked up as though nothing at all had happened.

"Why, Hugh," she said, and he had never heard her voice so soft. "There's blood upon thy face, Hugh. Did he beat thee too?"

"Madam," said Hugh; "it's nothing, madam. I'm as tough as a hickory tree, I am. But if he hadn't knocked me over I swear I would have killed him for what he done to you."

"Good boy," said the lady. "Good boy. But we mustn't mind the master. The master's very wild."

Then something was clawing against his leg; it was Joker, wagging his tail and whining. The lady looked at him and sat up straight.

"What does Joker want, Hugh?" the lady said.

As he answered, the wind went whistling through the eaves, and in spite of the closed windows he could hear the roaring of the sea. "Sure, he wants to go to the countinghouse with the master, ma'am. That's where the master's gone."

"Yes," said the lady, "that's where the master's gone. . . . Where are Pomp and the maids, Hugh?"

"Sure, ma'am, they're sleeping in the ell. Rest you easy, ma'am; they did not hear a sound."

Then Joker was whining again, running here and there.

"Joker," said the lady, "come here, Joker." But Joker did not come; he kept running here and there about the room, sniffing, whining, looking at the lady, looking back at Hugh, raising himself on his hind legs toward the window where the rain was already slapping.

"Yes, ma'am," said Hugh. And he wanted to talk of something else, so that he could forget the lady's back. "Yes, ma'am, he do be wanting to get to the master. He knows it's an ill night for the master to be walking on the wharf. I'll be letting him out so that he can watch the master, ma'am. Then I'll get you a glass of spirits, if you please."

"No," said the lady, and he always said she looked him straight in the eye, "it's too bad a night for Joker, Hugh. Tie him by the fire."

"But, ma'am ——" said Hugh. And then he stopped.

"Tie him by the fire," she said. "And sit up till the master comes. And give me a candle, Hugh. I am going to sleep."

"Yes, ma'am," said Hugh. "I'll tie him."

That was all Hugh had to tell, or almost all.

The wind was coming to a fearful gale, so that it was like voices outside—all sorts of voices. It made him shiver sometimes, sitting by the kitchen fire, because with all the wind Joker kept on whining. Even when Hugh slapped him, he kept on whining. Sometimes, what with the rain and the wind, he could think he heard the master's steps coming toward the door, dancing and unsteady, but the master never came.

It must have been along toward morning, because outside, through the windows, it looked a little gray, when all at once he had a fright.

He had not heard a sound except the wind, when all at once Joker gave a bark, and Hugh Penny looked behind him. There was the lady, all in white, and beautiful.

"Hugh," she said, "bring me a cloak. I'm cold. The wind keeps me awake, Hugh. . . . Has the master not come yet?"

"No, ma'am, he ain't come yet."

"I wonder what can be keeping him," the lady said. "Has he ever been so late?"

"No, ma'am, he ain't," said Hugh.

Then the lady looked toward the gray in the windows and drew a deep breath. Then she looked at Joker, and then at Hugh, and drew another breath, which was almost like a sob.

"Hugh," she said, "I'll have some spirits now; a very little in a glass. I feel so very cold."

Hugh Penny was the one to open the front door when they brought the master home. They brought him on a shutter from the mud flats where two boys had found him in the morning, when they went to dig for shellfish at the ebbing of the tide. The master's clothes were thick with mud and bits of weed and stone, which made the master seem more like a being from the sea than a man who had walked on land.

The master's lips were twisted back and his eyes were open wide and staring up at Hugh, for all that he was dead.

"Penny," he seemed to say, "curse you, Penny! Why did you not let out the dog?"

They brought him to the great chamber and laid him on the bed, taking care first to move the coverlet away. The lady watched them, leaning against the wall with her arms crossed on her breast.

"Hugh," she said, "go with the men and give them spirits in the kitchen."

As the bearers of the master tiptoed down the stairs, Hugh found himself turning back. The lady was standing by the chamber window, staring out toward the town, where the houses stood in rows, with the church spires above them and the weathercocks upon them, shining golden. What she was staring at, Hugh Penny could not tell.

"Will that be all, madam?" he said.

"Yes," she said, "that's all."

"Will you watch with him alone, ma'am?" Penny asked.

"Yes," she said, "I'll be with him alone." And then she paused, looking at the master. "Wait," she said.

"Yes, madam?" said Hugh.

"Bring up Joker," said the lady. "Joker always loved him."

"My day's program is determined by the amount of Sleep I get"

From "the sidewalks of New York" to the executive mansion at Albany—a colorful vigorous life has been Alfred E. Smith's. His career of twenty-five years of public service was crowned with four terms as Governor of the State of New York.

says ALFRED E. SMITH

An interview with the ex-governor of New York

by GEORGE F. HORNE

"I always get eight hours sleep no matter *what* time I go to bed. My appointments for the next day begin accordingly."

Alfred E. Smith, who, as governor of the Empire State, for eight years carried on his shoulders the heaviest responsibility of any community in the country, achieved his success by hewing to this rule.

"A third of the day for sleep, that's my rule," said the ex-governor with the famous smile that extended his popularity from "the sidewalks of New York" clear across the nation. "If a man has had a good night's rest, he can do more in two hours than he can in a whole day after insufficient sleep.

"And by rest I mean not just sleep but rest—real rest of body, nerves, muscles, mind. If you don't believe that, try to do a good day's work after a poor night's sleep when you've passed forty-five."

Those who worked closely with Alfred E. Smith, when he was governor, remember that the first thought of his family is to guard him carefully to make sure that he gets his full measure of eight hours! And they remember, too, that although he, himself, has never deliberately kept anyone waiting, yet this iron-clad rule, observed for the sake of his health and efficiency, has caused many important men to adjust their time for urgent conference until "the governor is up."

Alfred E. Smith's conviction about the necessity of plenty of good, sound sleep for getting the next day's work done is typical of the attitude of most of our leading men of affairs. They have learned it by the bite of hard experience. They agree with him when he says, "Success is won by adherence to simple, sound, sane personal habits—of which sleep is the most important."

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A MAN who gives of himself to people as does Alfred E. Smith, knows the importance of conserving his energies by sufficient rest. Simmons, largest makers of beds, springs, and mattresses, have developed the sleep equipment which gives complete relaxation and induces healthful sleep. This extraordinary comfort embodied in their Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Springs, is within reach of every income. Simmons Beautyrest Mattress $39.50. Ace Box Spring $12.50, Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75. The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco

Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—gloriously comfortable. Individually pocketed coils buried in upholstery. Damask cover.

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B

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JUST as the blue of the ocean looks different under varying conditions of wind and wave, sun and shadow—so does the blue of Middishade take on different characteristics as weave and pattern are varied.

For while Middishade limits itself to blue, it sets no limits on blue. You may have a Middishade Blue Suit in plain blue, stripe, unfinished, basket-weave—and now are added other novel weaves and effects—all truly blue but infinite in their variety.

And all at a surprisingly moderate price, made possible only by the fact that they are tailored by the world's blue specialists —operating on blue suits only.

When you picture yourself in blue, be sure the perspective is correct. Be sure you are aware of all the possibilities of blue. Do not focus your favor on one particular variation of Middishade to the exclusion of all the others—for at the moderate price of Middishade you may well afford to select several smart models—each one blue, but each one distinct in its interpretation of that ever-favored color.

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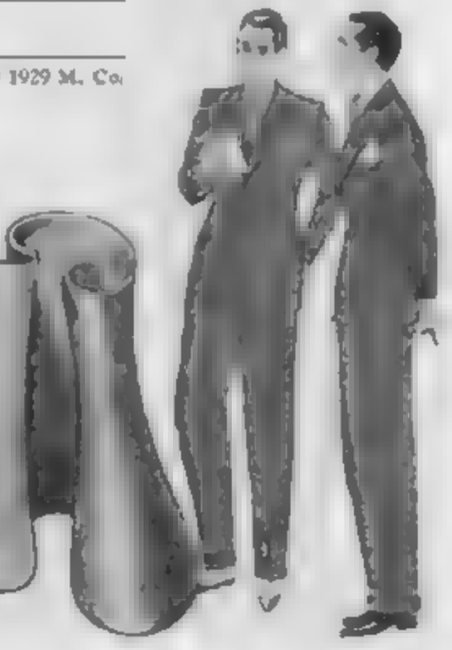

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Identify them by the mono-gram

14 years

E. T. CUNNINGHAM, INC.
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NOMADS DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 17)

parents whose daughters will be debutantes next year, and at least 80 per cent of the parents of the boys who must be asked, have never heard of the Van Dycks."

She got out her card catalogues.

"Six of the girls were not even born in New York. Their families have moved here during the last eighteen years. And a good many others, although this was their birthplace, have fathers and mothers who came from other parts of the country. Now, the boys we'll ask are chiefly undergraduates at the best colleges. They represent every state in the Union, with a preponderance of those actually residing in New York. No, it is not a simple matter.

"It's unfortunate you didn't consult me a year ago. Now it will be hard to get a good date for your big party. The best we can do will be an evening when there are two other coming-out parties, and hope for the best. But you can't afford to wait for the December party. Miss Doane must go to all the others before hers. You ought to give a preliminary dinner dance for about a hundred, in September, at your Long Island place."

Finally September twelfth was fixed. Miss Ward assured her client that all details could be left to her.

"It'll have to be an expensive party, as your niece isn't known at all, and it's important that she gets off to a good start."

Mr. and Mrs. Hotchkiss sailed sooner than they had expected, for one of their friends who had taken a house on the Isle of Wight for the Cowes Regatta cabled them an urgent invitation for a week there the end of July.

Mary found her month in Scotland more pleasant than she had anticipated. Their guests numbered ten men, selected by Frank because of their fondness for shooting, and three of their wives—a titled Englishwoman, a girl from Pittsburgh whose husband was Italian, and another New Yorker.

The men went out about nine in the morning; in good weather, euphemistically speaking, the women motored to join them at the excellent luncheons servants took out in great hampers. They all met again at tea, and after dinner played bridge until the yawns of the tired guns denoted bedtime.

It was a restful interlude, Mary realized, when she arrived back in New York, September tenth, accompanied by her exquisitely pretty niece and the faintly mustached, uncompromising Mademoiselle Bétain.

She sent the motor in town to bring out Miss Ward for the day of the party. That efficient young woman produced clippings taken from the newspapers the Sunday before and others published that very morning.

Competing Against Tony

"The follow-up system," she explained. "They're so very apt to forget their engagements, especially in the summer, or decide at the last moment to go somewhere else, and as Tony's new road house is opening tonight, the competition is pretty strong."

Rosamund listened to this with wide-open dark eyes.

"Is it another joke, Aunt Mary?"

On the steamer she had found it impossible to detect when Americans were joking.

"This is serious," Miss Ward answered. "However, our show's going to be pretty good."

From the papers they learned what the elaborate preparations in the garden portended. They were giving, it seemed, an outdoor cabaret party, at which the most famous negro band in America was to play, and in the course of the evening half a dozen stage celebrities were to appear. Tables of six—for two girls and four men, Miss Ward explained—were to be placed around a canvas-covered platform built for dancing.

"I must send these to mamma," Rosamund declared. She looked at the photograph of herself, beneath which the world was informed that Miss Rosamund Doane, the daughter of the Marquise de Quelquechose, was to spend the winter with her aunt, Mrs. Frank Hotchkiss. No mention was made of her Van Dyck ancestry.

"Send her the list of guests too," Mary suggested. For among the names of thirty girls, she had found, to her surprise, eight whose mothers she and her sister had always known. Twelve others could be identified with Frank's associates, and the rest were a mystery.

Rosamund's gown of white tulle, made by a famous French dressmaker, who had charged her mother only half the price Americans paid, fitted perfectly the slender young figure. Her amber-colored hair, beautifully cut to reveal the shapeliness of her head, made a delightful contrast to her brown eyes.

"She's very distinguished," Miss Ward said, when they met in the drawing-room at quarter-past eight.

International Advertising

Mrs. Hotchkiss assumed the other referred to Rosamund's look of undeniable breeding and her exceptionally good posture and easy graceful movements. She was undeceived, however.

"No, I mean her unusual coloring. Her skin's wonderful, and that slight trace of accent when she speaks English. It's grand press-agent material. It sets her apart, you see; makes her stand out."

"You think she needs a press agent?"

"Every girl does nowadays to become a success. Just think, Mrs. Hotchkiss, how busy everyone is. How everyone flies around from place to place, never staying in one spot long enough to form their own judgments. They have to take lots for granted, and the newspapers help them do it. You'll see I've played up her mother's title and position, because there are still some Americans who'd like to penetrate the Faubourg St.-Germain, and although you and I know they won't ever do it, those who have homes in Paris and spend a couple of months a year there will hope through Miss Doane to meet some of the real French."

She looked at the clock.

"The invitations said 8:30. We'll be lucky if we can start dinner by 9:30. In the country there's always the excuse of losing the road or having trouble with the motor. But they're just the same in town. One of the girls who's usually the latest says she's lived in Spain so much she simply can't bear to dine before eleven. Of course that's such a silly affectation, but, nevertheless, I do believe the customs of Biarritz and the Lido have affected our summer social life, just as they have the Florida régime. Incidentally, I've arranged with the best photographer in town to come out tomorrow and get a number of different poses of Miss Doane, so I can send them to the smart magazines in England, France and Italy."

"Is that customary?"

"For a real success, yes. A girl must be known internationally now. She must be able to go anywhere and have people recognize her the first day, if she wants to get into the swing of things before it's time to leave."

Within a few minutes, the half-dozen contemporaries of the hosts, who had been asked to sit at a large table with them, arrived. Four of them had motored in from their Southampton houses, and the other couple had just returned from a summer at La Boule, the Brittany resort destined shortly, they declared, to be the most fashionable among European summer places.

"Just imagine," Mrs. White said; "we got a lovely villa for only twelve thousand francs for the season, simply because Americans haven't yet discovered the place. And at Biarritz this year prices ranged from sixty thousand up to a million francs! Yet it is doomed. It isn't really smart now."

As usual, when money was mentioned, Rosamund listened in uncomprehending silence, contrasting the reckless expenditure of thousands of dollars with the family budget which her French stepfather watched with an efficiency which detected the unnecessary expenditure of fifty centimes.

She was also unable to understand the casual way in which Americans of this sort took a boat at a moment's notice to spend a few winter weeks in Egypt or St. Moritz or Honolulu. Year after year her routine was the same, with the winter in the marquis' Paris apartment, and summer at his country place, followed by a few weeks at a small hotel in a seaside place frequented only by the French. Always on the same date they moved, and the preparations for this departure began weeks before. No wonder there was so little formality over here! They lived like gypsies, but on a scale which for luxury had never been equaled in the history of the world.

She was not prepared, however, to have informality reach the point it did that evening, when at 9:30 one of the girls said loud enough for Rosamund to overhear: "I've had all the cocktails and caviar I want. Let's either go out and start the music or go down to Tony's opening."

The young man she addressed preferred to stay, so they disappeared into the garden and in a moment the orchestra could be heard crashing into a popular fox trot. The drawing-room emptied quickly, except for the hosts, their older friends, Miss Ward and Rosamund. Miss Ward was annoyed. She had arranged not to have the dancing start until after the first course.

"There are only seven others to come," she told Mrs. Hotchkiss. "I wouldn't wait if I were you."

The butler was told to start serving dinner. Fortunately, the soup was iced, for until the music stopped, no guests took their places at the tables. When they did come down from the platform, it took some time to get them seated, for almost everyone decided to change places, and they rearranged the name cards to suit themselves.

A Weather Prophet

Rosamund and her five dinner companions had a table next that of her aunt. She felt absurdly shy when the other girl took out a pair of dice and began rolling them on the table.

"Can't you shoot craps?" she asked Miss Doane. "Where have you been hiding all these years?" Without waiting for an answer, she extended a bare, sunburned arm and picked up the other's place card. "Oh, you're the guest of honor!" she exclaimed.

Embarrassment slid over her face, replacing the hard, sophisticated expression and making her seem even younger than her eighteen years. "I was so late, I slipped out here without speaking to anyone. Of course you don't play craps. That was stupid of me."

"I'd like to learn," Rosamund declared, for despite her training, her American blood had given her the priceless social gift of adaptability.

In between dances, the four men had the pleasure of initiating her into the game. They discovered quickly that she danced beautifully, that she listened intently to whatever they said, and even asked them questions they wanted to answer.

"A knock-out! A wow!" she was called.

The information passed from one to another, until she was cut in on so quickly that she could not proceed more than six steps with any one partner.

Watching this performance, Miss Ward beamed with satisfaction. "She'll have a good winter!"

(Continued on Page 138)

When exacting requirements must be met

A SPECTACULAR structure was planned to symbolize a triumph of modern journalism. The Chicago Daily News Building now facilitates the functioning of one of the greatest news organizations of the country. Above are offices the last word in efficient arrangement. And below, the Concourse is an architectural treasure of America.

Sargent Hardware was selected for this permanent contribution to American architecture. You, like the owner of the attractive English type residence illustrated below, can equip your own home with hardware of the same excellent quality. And for hotel, apartment house, educational and public buildings, Sargent offers many appropriate designs.

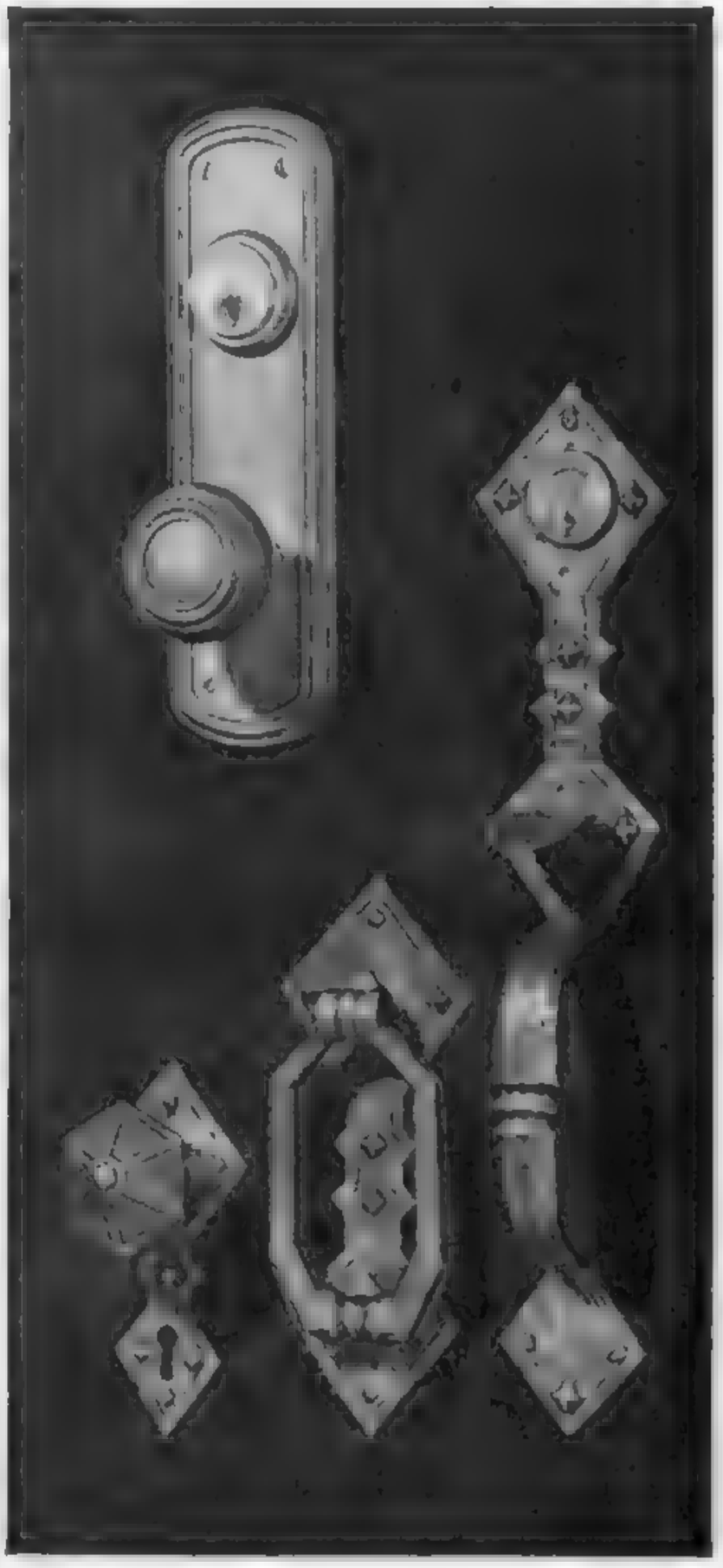
Sargent Hardware gives added beauty, maximum security and permanently smooth operation. Of solid brass or bronze, such equipment meets the most exacting requirements of architect, engineer and owner. It will withstand the test of constant use by generations.

Purchasers of hardware in general know by many years of experience that quality is unquestioned in a Sargent bench plane, a Sargent lock-set, or the smallest Sargent item in a hardware store. If you are planning to build, our illustrated booklet, "Hardware for Utility and Ornamentation," holds much of interest for you. It will be sent on request. Sargent & Company, 33 Water Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

SARGENT

LOCKS AND HARDWARE

The Chicago Daily News Building, Holabird & Root, architects, was erected as a symbol of honorable achievement in journalism. It is equipped throughout with Sargent Hardware in a design typified by the one hardware item illustrated above.



Increased comfort, added beauty, greater convenience result from the hardware equipment by Sargent in this English type residence, John F. Jackson, architect, New York. Solid white bronze, rust-proof hardware in forge finish, as illustrated at right, with its charming appearance of hand-wrought iron, is especially appropriate for various styles of cottage type architecture.

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No. 642 Stromberg Carlson. Uses 4 Screen Grid Tubes. Price, without tubes, East of Rockies $247.50

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Standards established throughout more than thirty-five years of developing voice transmission and voice reception apparatus, entailing satisfaction to telephony, one of America's greatest industries, and service to great human communities, have always been and must always be apparent in every Stromberg-Carlson product.

Stromberg-Carlsons have:

THREE SCREEN GRID TUBES in the radio frequency stages

TOTAL SHIELDING of each R F stage, and detector, individually and over-all.

"TONAR" POWER DETECTION to give improved tone quality from modern broadcast stations having high modulation.

PHONOGRAPH JACK for electrical reproduction of records.

No. 641. Price without tubes or speaker, East of Rockies, $155.

No. 3-A Magnetic Pick-up (Outfit. Makes possible electrical reproduction of records. Price, East of Rockies $30.00

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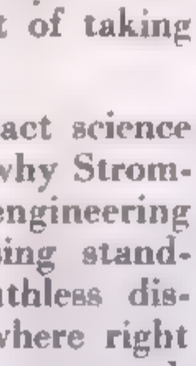

No. 846 Stromberg-Carlson. Half octagonal cabinet with Automatic Volume Control; Meter for visual tuning; "Silent" Push Button; Sensitivity Control. Built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Uses a total of 10 tubes, three of them Screen Grid. Price, without tubes, East of Rockies . . . $347.50

Stromberg-Carlson

MAKERS OF VOICE TRANSMISSION AND VOICE RECEPTION APPARATUS FOR MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

(Continued from Page 136)

"But is this a fair test? After all, the party is given for her. They'd have to be polite," Mrs. Hotchkiss said.

"Not to that extent. The boys at her table would dance with her and a few others who've been unusually well brought up. But there it would end. The average young man has lost all sense of responsibility. He does exactly what he wants to do."

At two o'clock a breakfast of scrambled eggs, sausages and coffee was served. At four, the last of the guests was departing.

The girl who had sat with Rosamund tried to make amends as she said good night.

"It's been perfect, Mrs. Hotchkiss. I'm sure that Tony's opening couldn't have been any more fun."

When the door had closed behind her, Mr. Hotchkiss exploded.

"Of all the insults! Comparing this to a road house!"

Again Miss Ward explained:

"She's paid you what she considered a high compliment. In her crowd the test of a private party is that the guests shall be allowed as much freedom as if they were at a public place. That's why I deliberately organized something which would resemble a night club.

As Good as a Hotel

Rosamund discovered another phase of this attitude during her first week-end away from her aunt's roof. She received a great many invitations immediately after the dinner dance, and within a month was accepted as one of the group of the most important debutantes. With five other girls she was asked to a camp in the Adirondacks early in October. The ten young men of the party arrived Friday night or Saturday morning, motoring from their various colleges. Rosamund had anticipated something in the nature of the primitive Western ranches of which she had read, but, to her surprise, found the camp consisted of innumerable cabins, built of finely matched logs and outfitted with every conceivable luxury. The four-room guest house to which she and three other girls were assigned contained two beautifully equipped bathrooms. To Rosamund, accustomed to regard one bathroom as adequate for any family, this seemed more than sufficient. She was astonished, therefore, when the others protested violently.

"It's perfectly outrageous!" one of them declared. "I wouldn't have come if I'd known it!"

She aired her protestations to her young hostess, who, far from being indignant, agreed that it was a poisonous situation. One of the boys severely criticized the tennis court, and another girl complained that the servants' quarters were so far away that after you rang for breakfast it was hours before it arrived. Another youth took out the fastest of the motorboats and got stranded in the middle of the lake. This damaged the boat severely, but, instead of apologizing, he said, after he'd been rescued, that if they'd had the improved type of motor the accident couldn't have happened.

On the way back by train on Monday morning, Rosamund listened to further analysis of what was wrong with the place, with special emphasis on the service and the food

"They ought to do what mamma does," one of the girls said. "Put a typewritten form in each guest room on which you can write down any suggestions for improvements."

"Your mother doesn't do that," another girl answered. "That's what they do in hotels."

"Of course! That's where she got the idea. But she prides herself on having her houses just as well run as the best hotels. My dear, if they aren't, you simply can't get people to stay with you. Why should they?"

Rosamund repeated this later that evening to her aunt.

"The 'sacredness of hospitality' is a phrase that dates you now," Mrs. Hotchkiss explained. "When your mother and I were young, it was considered the height of bad manners to criticize anything that occurred in anyone else's house. But, you see, in those days people had homes—now many of them simply have establishments. Half the time the place they're living in is rented, anyway, and no one can be sentimental about some absent owner's possessions. The other half of the time, guests forget it's a more permanent roof. They do want hotel service. That exactly expresses it."

"But I thought the charm of private houses was that they were private."

"Not any more. As a rule the only privacy that's wanted today is just about the kind you get in a fairly exclusive club. What draws people together is a common desire for amusement. Or occasionally, in the case of some men, it's a convenient way of discussing business. At any rate, it's an external reason. Let's take our case. Leaving out your Uncle Frank's Wall Street acquaintances, we make up our house parties along these lines. In Scotland we had men who like to shoot. When we go to his place near Charleston, it's the same thing. In Aiken, I ask my friends who enjoy hunting. We've got some people coming for the polo because they're enthusiasts, and another group for the races at Belmont. Frank has several tennis players who come out from time to time. They say it's easy to get people to stay with you on Long Island because there are so few good hotels! In Palm Beach I've known friends of mine to choose to stay at hotels when they've had dozens of invitations to visit. They say they are freer that way."

"Perhaps it goes back to the Declaration of Independence," Rosamund suggested, trying to sort out her chaotic impressions. "I mean, perhaps Americans are fundamentally so independent that they don't want to be bound even by hospitality."

"It's not entirely that. Part of our present-day social life is patterned on the English. Big impersonal week-end parties, living in one house after another in order to follow some form of sport."

Rosamund reverted to the week-end at the camp.

"One of the girls made a scene because they didn't have her special brand of cigarettes. They had about six kinds, but she said she couldn't smoke any of them. I blushed for her."

Nothing to Blush About

But long before her formal debut, Rosamund ceased blushing at any violation of what she had been taught was the elementary code of good manners. As she became more intimate with her contemporaries, she realized that their seeming rudeness was only part of the social order to which they belonged. She heard men and women twice their age demand not only their special cigarettes when they were in private houses but ask for a particular kind of cocktail, openly scold their host's butler because the champagne was too warm or too sweet, leave the house in which they were staying and dine at another, even though they threw out the seating of a whole table, and issue stern orders, before going to bed, about the breakfasts to be served in their rooms in the morning.

Occasionally, visiting some of her mother's old friends, she entered households where none of these things could have occurred. But many of her contacts with the very rich, usually the one or two generation rich, confirmed her belief that a fixed code of manners is possible only in a society based primarily upon permanent homes. She saw one house after another of such beauty and comfort that they made her breathless. But almost never had they been lived in by the parents of the present owners, nor would they in all probability be inhabited by the next generation, for neighborhoods changed so quickly in desirability. (Continued on Page 140)

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Use a Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder for one day. Then remove the mouthpiece and look at the Drinkless attachment. There's the "Tobacco Yello"—a moist, yellowish-brown coating. Ordinarily, this bitter staining substance circulates through your mouth with the smoke. You inhale it, you swallow it. The Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder is the only holder that contains the new Drinkless Attachment,* which removes 66.7% of the Tobacco Yello from your smoke. You can smoke more cigarettes and enjoy them more through this holder.

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Every genuine Drinkless Cigarette Holder is stamped with the words "Tobacco Yello" indicating that it removes this substance. Be sure the holder you buy is marked Tobacco Yello.

See the new 1930 models of the Drinkless KAYWOODIE pipe. They eliminate Tobacco Yello from your pipe smoke.

*KALEMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC. 1929

Established 1891 120 Fifth Ave., New York

Continued from Page 138

Even assuming that each family had among their various places of residence one they considered their home, the actual amount of time spent in it was so brief that it gave the impression of impermanence. No one seemed to have roots going deep into the soil

In November they moved into the town house, and almost every night after that Rosamund attended a party given in a restaurant or hotel, occasionally in the ballroom of the most fashionable club for women, but this was not popular because no liquor could be served there. When she lunched with girls, it was either at a restaurant or at the Junior League. She found that she needed a larger number of smart street clothes and had no use for day dresses designed to be worn at home

Night after night, Mademoiselle Bétain would sit wearily waiting for her charge, not far from the dressing room; having been warned by other hired chaperons that if she stayed at much distance from the wraps, she might miss Miss Doane entirely, in case the party was considered a flop and the guests made a quick dart for another ball or a night club.

Her own coming-out party was eminently successful, due in part to her personal popularity with both sexes and to the recollection of the Long Island dinner dance. It was almost the last big occasion of the season, for after Christmas everyone left New York for various corners of the world.

"My ten best friends," she wrote her mother, "will be scattered literally to the four winds. They are going respectively to Bermuda, Switzerland, Florida, South Carolina, Italy, the Riviera, and one girl has left for Indo-China to shoot tigers! But in the spring we have all arranged to meet. Can you imagine where? In Paris! It is the center of everything, they say. After that some of us will go to England to be presented. Aunt Mary has rented a lovely house near London. She has not seen it, but got it through an agent in New York It has nine best bedrooms, six servants' bedrooms and five baths, and is completely furnished, including servants. It costs two hundred pounds a week. That is one thousand dollars! I told her it was not worth it to have me go to court, but she says Uncle Frank is doing something financially in England and it is really he who wants it."

Only the Illusion of Stability

"After London, some of the girls will stay in Europe and others will go home. One cannot keep one's address book up-to-date. Isn't it queer? Sometimes I think it is the pioneer instinct always to be moving, that has come out after so many generations. Sometimes I think it is due to another kind of restlessness which makes them dissatisfied with the lack of clearly defined social standards in their own country and, therefore, they search for the other more stable ones. Of course, as you and I know, the kind of international society they get into does not in the least represent stability, but there are titles and historic châteaux and castles enough to give the illusion.

"My brain reels when I try to imagine how costly all this is. I have still my bent for mathematics, so I have amused myself by trying to figure out the total of Aunt Mary's and Uncle Frank's expenditure just for houses, in one year.

"The Long Island place is worth, they say, about half a million dollars and one counts 10 per cent for upkeep. Then:

Country house	$50,000
Paid on Newport villa, although did not go	8,000
Scotland	4,000
Town house (basis of rent)	18,000
Aiken and shooting place	4,000
London house for six weeks	6,000
	$90,000

"I did not include Nassau, for they stayed at a hotel. Nor steamship fares getting to these places. Undoubtedly their monthly budget is more than two thousand dollars for servants, including caretakers, chauffeurs and gardeners, in addition to the inside staffs."

Homesick for Somewhere Else

"And they are not unique. Many of their friends do the same thing. Even the moderately well-to-do over here have the migrating habit. They go somewhere in the winter, another place in the summer and the rest of the time live in the city. Of course, everyone goes to Europe, but you know that!

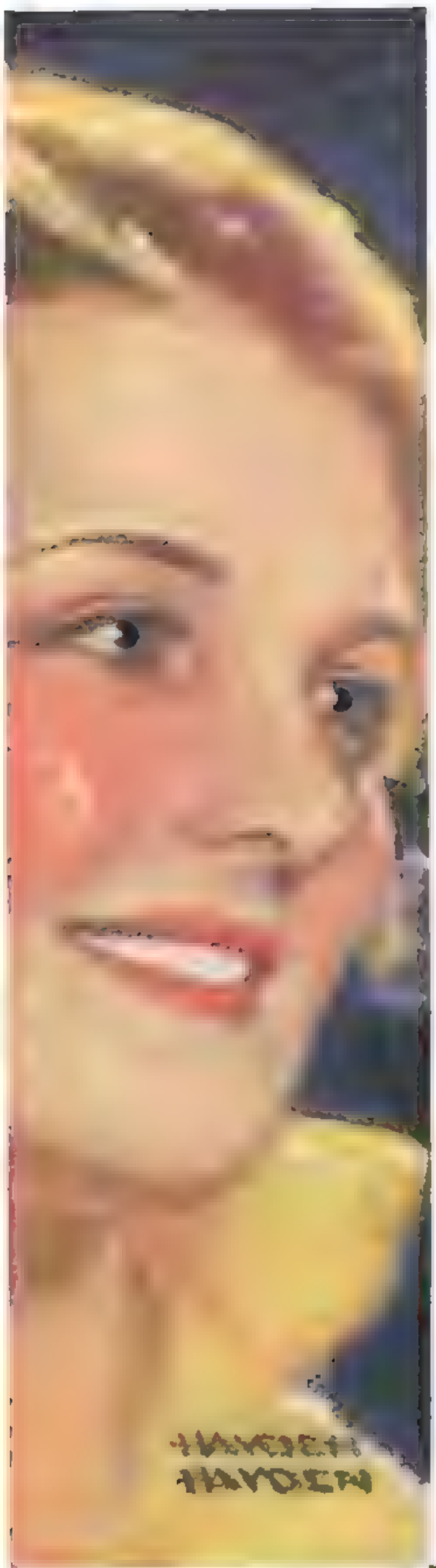
"The result is a strange kind of democracy, or at least a total absence of the aristocratic principle in society. For there is a sharp classification based, inevitably, upon one's income. Not a snobbish desire to know your bank account before asking you to dinner. That does not exist. But, naturally, it requires wealth even to be a guest of the very rich. The clothes, traveling expenses and tips required would be more than a modest income could provide. Also, one is expected to play cards for high stakes and to bet on the races or whatever the amusements are. Betting goes on all the time. There are some people willing to be taken along as sycophants, whose expenses are paid by their hosts, but self-respecting people gravitate toward others whose financial status is somewhat similar to their own.

"Americans have taken the world for their playground and their playmates are gathered from almost every country. The one requirement seems to be the ability to play!

"Shall I confess that I am homesick? It is a word I have heard used only once over here. One hears it said, 'I saw some mimosa today; I have nostalgia for Rome,' or 'I have a longing to be back in Tunis,' or 'a yen for an English spring,' and so on, but never for their native land!

"The one exception was when I said to a young man—a cosmopolitan, as they all are here—that it seemed extraordinary no one ever confessed to homesickness in the true sense. I think his answer very significant. 'But I often get terribly homesick!' he declared. Remembering that his family owned several palatial residences, I inquired, 'For what particular place?'

"'For the Ritz bar in Paris!' he answered"



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Delightful things happen, in your mouth, *when you use it*

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Or your tired night-time mouth soothed, cooled, made ready for good sleep? *Try it.*

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In DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste not one, but *two* gentle polishing agents are used. They do not scour—*cannot* scour. But, working together, they speedily restore the natural smooth brightness of the enamel.

The "flavor" is a careful blend—as definitely cooling and refreshing as a deep breath of fresh morning air. Smokers, particularly, rave about this lasting result. Children love it.

It is a *modern* tooth paste—perfected for hurried, modern users. So it works with uncommon speed. The combined results are complete, each time you brush teeth with it.

Many results in one

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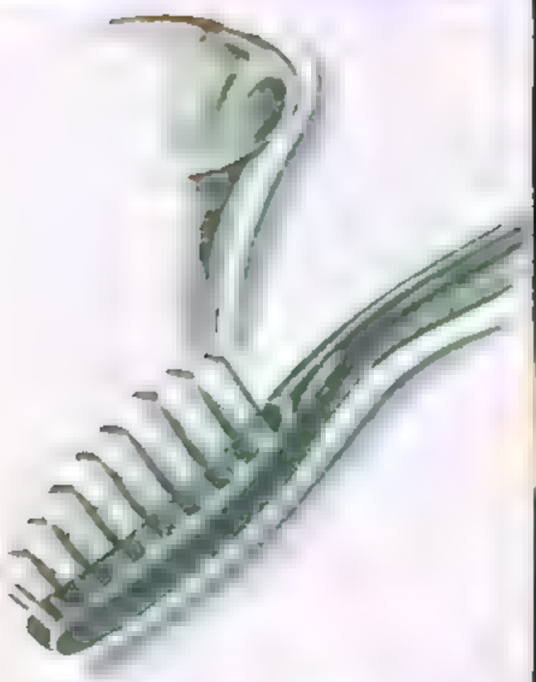

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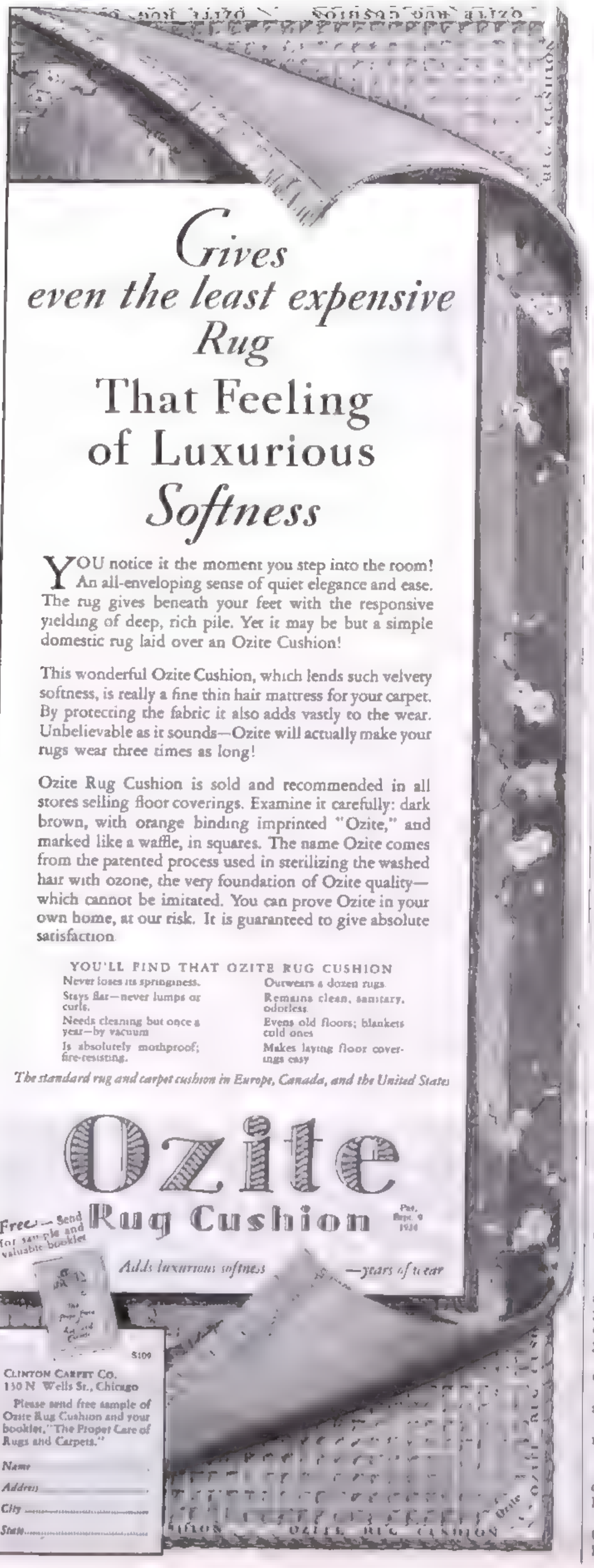
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THE SHELL HOLE

(Continued from Page 15)

No one seen us in the trees,' ses Cracker, 'an' we heard what was said. The general ses it would be wiser to wait, we were too far ahead of the guns. But the colonel, he ses, like hell we'd wait—beggin' your pardon, Jinny, though you are halfway in the army yerself—like hell we'd wait; the Germans was gone back miles; he was afther sendin' a couple of men out to reconnoither an' there wasn't a German in sight.'

"'Well,' ses the young orf'cer in the shell hole, 'an' that's thrue. They come in an' said so.'

"'An' who were they?' ses Cracker. 'Dan Hawkins an' Rabbit Marks. They went out about fifty yards an' stayed a couple of hours in a shell hole, an' come in at two ack emma an' said there was no Germans holdin' the mound. Well, anny-way,' ses Cracker, goin' back to what he an' Tickey heard in the wood, 'the general ses we mustn't risk an attack, but the colonel was out for blood an' glory, the D.S.O. an' maybe a medal from the French, an' one from the Belgians as well. Time was vital, he said. His battalion would take the position in their stride. An' so,' ses Cracker, 'just because of that old idjut wantin' the D.S.O., we didn't wait for the guns an' three hundhred men are killed.'

"That's what Cracker Harris towld us about the colonel. Well, Jinny, we sat in the shell hole an' shivered. The face of the dead man was undher water by now. The shells was poundin' the mud all around. It was still rainin'. You could hardly breathe because of the smell of the high explosive. An' every now an' ag'in you thought you smelt gas an' reached for your gas mask. I held me head in me hands an' felt bad.

"'Suppose the Germans come across now?' I ses.

"'Let them come,' ses Cracker. 'We're finished.'

"'Then you won't fight?' ses the young orf'cer.

"'You're dead right, boy,' ses Cracker, spakin' in a way no private should spake to an orf'cer, 'I won't fight. I'm afther havin' me belly full.' An' that's an expression, Jinny, we used to use. It's maybe a shade vulgar for a young lady to hear, but don't you pay no attention."

"Get on with it," said Jinny. "I know the army, don't I, Private Denehy?"

"Well, Jinny," said Private Denehy, "once more there come a shell an' once more we laid ourselves flat agin the sides of the crather. We were dead, all of us. The noise of the burst deafened us. Stones an' mud fell on top of me helmet. Once ag'in I could see nothin' but black smoke. Someone came slidin' down on top of me. I couldn't move.

"'Get off,' I ses. 'Get off.'

"'Who is it?' ses Mick Harland.

"'It's a dead orf'cer,' ses Liverpool.

"'By cripes,' ses Cracker, 'it's the colonel, the fella who got us killed. He's not dead,' he ses; 'he's alive.' He hauled him off of my legs an' propped him agin the slope of the shell hole, where he sat with his chin on his chest an' his arms by his sides.

"By an' by he opened his eyes.

"'Where am I?' he ses.

"'In heaven,' ses Cracker. 'You're an angel, but your wings ain't growed yet, so you can't fly.' An' then, Jinny, Cracker called him names I wouldn't repeat, not if you begged me.

"'Who's in command here?' ses the colonel.

"'I am,' ses Cracker; 'with my bow an' arrer, I'm in command.'"

"Private Denehy," said Jinny, "do you mean to tell me he said that?"

"I do," said Private Denehy.

"But the officer in the shell hole—what did he say when Cracker Harris went on like that?"

"Jinny," said Private Denehy, "he was too far gone to say anything. He just looked at Cracker with his eyes way back in his head, an' that was all. An' the colonel, he ses:

"'I saw them break. One minute they was advancin', the next they was gone. Broken.'

"'Who are you talkin' about?' ses Cracker.

"'My battalion,' ses the colonel. 'My men.'

"'We wasn't broken,' ses Cracker. 'We just died. An' whose fault?' he ses. 'Yours. You sent us across the open agin massed machine guns. Just for the honor an' glory of sayin' the battalion—yours! The first you had the command of in an attack—took the position. How many was it you killed—three hundred or four? Are you proud of yourself?'

"The colonel's face went all wrinkled an' red, an' I thought, Jinny—I thought he was goin' to cry. I shut my eyes not to see him. Would you believe it if I say I was sleepy? It was the noise of the shells screechin' down from the sky that done it.

"'What are you goin' to do?' ses the colonel.

"'What are we goin' to do!' ses Cracker. 'What made you think the battalion would take that mound without no artillery preparation, no tanks, no nothin', eh? Tell us.'

"An' what, Jinny, do you think he said?"

"Dunno, I'm sure," said Jinny. "But go ahead, Private Denehy. I'm interested."

"An' so you ought to be, bein' halfway in the army yourself, Jinny," said Private Denehy. "What the colonel said was: 'If the battalion didn't take the mound, some other battalion would.'

"'Tell us another cuffer,' ses Cracker. 'What you wanted was to get the D.S.O. an' to know they'd call you a hero in Blighty. You a hero,' ses Cracker. 'Where was you when we were marchin' across the open? Hidin' in some ditch, of course, where nothin' could touch you. Half the battalion might die, but enough poor half-dead swaddies would git through to use the bayonet an' you'd take the position! You,' he ses, 'from your ditch!'

"An' then the young orf'cer rouses himself an' ses: 'Harris, don't talk like that to an orf'cer.'

"'There's no orf'cers in a shell hole,' ses Cracker. 'Not when any minute the lot of us is apt to be dead. Just one shell would do it, but that would be aisy, wouldn't it?'

"'Aisy,' ses the colonel. 'What would be aisy?'

"'Gittin' killed by the Germans,' ses Cracker. 'Do you know what I'm goin' to do?'

"'No,' ses the colonel.

"'I'm goin' to shoot you,' ses Cracker."

Once again Jinny broke in on the story.

"Private Denehy," she said, "you're letting your imagination get the better of your discretion."

"Which is just what the major towld you, Jinny, I'll be bound. I'm spakin' the truth."

"Private Denehy, I don't believe a word you're saying, but get on with it anyway."

"You're not inth'rested," said Private Denehy.

"I am," said Jinny. "Cross my heart and hope I may die. Get on with the story."

"Well," said Private Denehy, "there we were in the shell hole, the six of us, all covered with mud, an' the water over the dead man's face, an' the young orf'cer kind of breathin' slow an' wake, an' the blood all over the front of his jacket, an' the colonel, like death himself, with his eyes too large for his face, not sayin' a worrud, just lookin' at Cracker Harris' rifle pointed straight at his heart.

"'You're worthless,' ses Cracker. 'You're not a soldier at all. You're just a uniform stuffed. Do you know what I'm scared of?' he ses. 'I'm scared if a shell bursts in this shell hole an' kills us dead, you'll be left to tell your lies an' get your D.S.O. an' be called a hero. Well,' ses he, 'I'm goin' to kill you. That's justice, isn't it?'

(Continued on Page 144)

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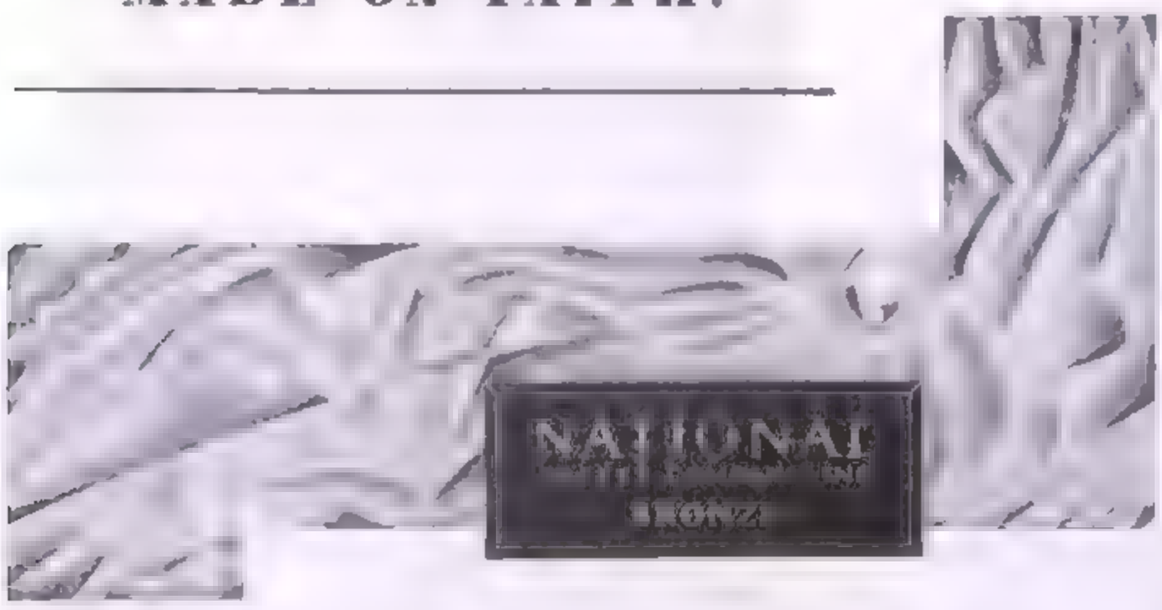

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DISPLAY ROOMS IN TWENTY-SEVEN CITIES

(Continued from Page 142)

"'Why is it justice?' ses the colonel.

"'You sent us agin unbroken machine guns,' ses Cracker. 'You wouldn't wait for the artill'ry. Time was vital, you said. I heard you. We went agin the machine guns an' you were safe in your ditch.'

"'That's not true,' ses the colonel. 'An' where am I now?' he ses. 'Why am I here?'

"'You're here,' ses Cracker, 'because you got twisted about. You thought you were runnin' away. Don't it happen ag'in an' ag'in?' he ses. 'In bombardments fellas don't know which side is shellin' them or which direction the enemy is. You thought you were runnin' away,' ses he, 'an' you're here, nearer the Germans than you ever were in your life.'

"'I'm here,' ses the colonel, 'because I wanted to be with my men.' An' as he spoke there was a loud crash of a shell burst close to the lip of the crather an' a sliver of steel whizzed into the soft clay by the colonel's head. Cracker Harris laughed.

"'I've got to make haste,' he ses, 'or maybe I'll be too late. Well, colonel, I'm goin' to shoot you. . . . Have you got anything to say, one way or the other, Liverpool?' he ses. 'Or you, corporal?'

"'Shoot him, Cracker,' ses Mick Harland. 'Shoot him, or I'll shoot him meself.'"

"Did he say that, Private Denehy?" said Jinny. "Listen; is there a happy ending to this story or not? It's getting rather too creepy. But I got to hear it."

"You wait, Jinny," said Private Denehy, "an' don't you keep interruptin' or you'll make me forget. Harland the fella we called the corporal—he ses: 'Cracker, you shoot him, or I'll shoot him meself. He got me punished for nothin'. A corporal I was,' ses he, 'an' now I'm a private, an' lucky at that,' he said. 'Colonel,' he ses, 'ever since you come to the battalion you been makin' life hell for fellas that were doin' their best to win the war when you were fillin' yerself up with champagne wine at home. Now, maybe,' he ses, 'you'll get what's comin' to you.'

"'I had to keep discipline, hadn't I?' ses the colonel.

"'Discipline,' ses Mick Harland. 'To hell with you an' your discipline!'

"'You, Liverpool,' ses Cracker, 'shall I shoot him?'

"'The sooner the better,' ses Liverpool. 'I been up before him a dozen times for nothin'. I done my best. He had it in for me from the start. I was no soldier, he towld me. An' me,' ses Liverpool, 'in half a dozen battles before he come out. Three weeks ago my feet give out an' I couldn't keep up with the battalion. I come on as quick as I could so I wouldn't be late for the fightin', but he seen me an' asked why wasn't I with my company—had I been dhrinkin', or was I afraid, or what? I said I wasn't afraid of the Germans or him or the divil himself, an' he had the adjutant take my name, an' when we come out of the fight he had me up before him an' give me field punishment, number one, an' had me tied to the wheel of a limber for all to see. He isn't a soldier,' ses Liverpool; 'he's a butcher who's killed off the battalion for the sake of a D.S.O.'

"An' me, I thought the same as the others. A man who would send his battalion agin massed machine guns without takin' the throuble to be sure the Germans wasn't making a stand, a man who'd risk his battalion an' not wait for the guns, was a butcher, the same as Liverpool said, an' not a soldier at all.

"'Well,' ses Cracker, 'there isn't one of us in this shell hole has a good word for you. If there was,' he ses, 'I'd let you go free to be killed by the Germans. But you're no good an' I'm goin' to shoot you.'

"'Shoot, then,' ses the colonel. 'I'm ready.'

"But Cracker Harris did not shoot. He was ready, but he held his fire."

"I knew there was a catch in it somewhere," said Jinny. "Why didn't he shoot, Private Denehy?"

"Well, Jinny, I'll tell you. Just as Cracker was takin' aim, the young orf'cer who was layin' back on the side of the shell hole, hardly able to speak because of the wound in his neck an' his bleedin', sat up an' said:

"'Wait! Harris, you said if there was one man in this shell hole had a good word to say for the colonel, you'd let him off.'

"'An' what if I did?' ses Cracker.

"'Listen to me,' ses the young orf'cer, an' we could barely hear him because of the guns. 'The colonel saved me from a court-martial an' everlastin' disgrace. But for what he done for me I might be dead in me grave now, killed by a firin' party for desertion in the face of the enemy.' . . . For that, Jinny, I'm sorry to have to say, is what used to happen when a fella didn't do all that he ought to do."

"And why sorry?" said Jinny. "If being a soldier and fighting means getting killed if you're brave, why shouldn't you get killed if you're not? And so, Private Denehy, this young officer you're talking about was a coward?"

"In a manner of spakin', yes," said Private Denehy.

"'One night a couple of weeks back,' he ses, 'it was rainin' an' cold an' dark an' I was dog-tired an' sick. The Germans,' ses he, 'opened a bombardment which some of you may remember,' he ses, lookin' at Cracker Harris. 'My post was in a strong point out in front of the battalion with a machine gun an' eight or nine men. I didn't stay. I was half a mile back in a wood, hidin', an' the colonel found me as he was goin' up to the front line. He asked what I was doin'. He said I was afther desertin' my men. I was a coward. He could have me court-martialed. What was my explanation? I towld him. I said I was sick. I hadn't slept for a week. I had a sore throat. He towld me to wait till the bombardment was over an' then go back to my post, an' in the mornin' I'd be relieved an' the M. O. would see what was wrong with me. He towld me to tell no one he seen me. An' that,' ses the young orf'cer, 'ended it. I never heard no more of it.'

"The colonel had his hands up to his face. He said not a worrud. Cracker lowered his rifle. 'All right,' he ses, an' I knew the colonel was safe till a shell landed on top of us. 'Colonel,' ses Cracker, 'you got off because of what the orf'cer here said for you. But if you got the luck to git out of here alive, go home, sick. Work it somehow. For I tell you, you're not fit to command soldiers. Go home. If you don't an' I'm alive a week from today, I'll git you.'

"'An' if Cracker don't,' ses Harland, 'I will.'

"'Or me,' ses Liverpool."

Once more Jinny interrupted the narrative.

"And you, Private Denehy," she said, "what did you say? Did you say you'd get him too?"

"Resumin' my story," said Private Denehy, "an' returnin' once more to the shell hole, Cracker Harris ses: 'Colonel, you killed about three or four hundred the best soldiers that ever served, an' them that's not killed are spoiled. Me, I'm through with fightin' for keeps. I seen Tickey Baker killed, an' Slim Huskisson an' fifty more. Killed because you wanted a D.S.O. I'm through, same as the poor fella I got me feet on.'

"An' then the young orf'cer stood up.

"'I can't set still no longer,' he ses. We tell him to stay where he is, but he ses he'd as soon be killed by a shell as die in a shell hole. 'I'm goin' back,' ses he.

"I crawled up the side of the crather an' looked over the lip, an' saw through the smoke dead men layin' all over the ground, an' the earth in heaps, an' rifles an' helmets, an' in the distance by the mound great black shell bursts. An' the young orf'cer ses to me: 'Denehy,' he ses, 'do you know what that manes?' An' it come over me with a shock that we were watchin' the mound where the German machine guns had been hidden an' the shell bursts we seen was from our own guns an' that the naked trees that was a landmark was gone.

(Continued on Page 147)

WOMEN . . .

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will send for the illustrated literature on an amazing new speed-ironing invention

Coupon below invites you

TO the women of America—whose greatest home problem is one of salvaging precious hours heretofore spent at hard labor—this is a vital message. It is an invitation we urge you to accept. It will make a great difference in your lives.

A new workless way of ironing

Experts in the study of more efficient methods of running the home have long agreed that the job of ironing by hand ages women faster than any remaining household task. Your physical well-being is at stake. Your mental fitness for the better things in life is in the balance.

Now—the same experts who gave women the amazing Thor speed washer have perfected a new and utterly different ironing machine. One entirely automatic in its operation—that requires only the touch of a hand to start or stop. There is no work—no exertion. It is so simple to operate that you can iron the loads of flat work with fifteen minutes' practice. Apply yourself to its simple method and you can iron everything.

Speed and simplicity—the secret

Note, please, the absolute simplicity of this machine. A trouble-free General Electric Motor, a base, a padded roll, a heated shoe. That is all. Yet this amazing machine irons 4 times as fast as hand methods—and turns out work that can be duplicated only by the expert French hand laundresses. It is heated and operated electrically. It is portable—can be placed in any pleasant room—and removed to corner or closet out of the way when not in use. And you sit down to iron—thus, actually rest while the work is done for you.

Irons the loads of flat work, that make up some 90% of the average laundry, in one-fourth the time required by hand. And irons everything.

Tune in on the General Electric Hour over WEAF and 41 associated stations of the National Broadcasting Company, every Saturday evening at 9 o'clock Eastern Standard Time

Saves 6 hours a week

According to best records available, you, madam, are spending 8 hours a week on an average over an ironing board. Let this amazing new machine do the work in 2 hours—and you save 6 of them for other things. Continue in old, back-breaking ways and you waste 6 hours needlessly.

Half the price of former machines

Women by thousands are flocking to this new workless ironing method. Thus—because we are selling thousands where hundreds were sold before—the price of this new Thor Ironer is less than half that of any machine of comparable quality and features.

Women!—Make your decision! 8 hours of drudgery or 2 hours of pleasant relaxation with 6 hours free to call your own. Permit us, please, to send you the complete illustrated story of the Thor Rotary Iron. You will be convinced beyond doubt of its great advantages. Mail the coupon below. Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Company, Limited, Toronto.

Thor products are distributed in Asia, Africa and South America by International General Electric Company and in Great Britain through Edison Swan Electric Company, Ltd., with 22 branch offices

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Here is a room all bright and clean, and full of such wonderful things to see. A nice man, too, who is glad to meet 3-year-old people. Lots of children, he says, never go to the dentist. They get toothache, and are cross, and never have good sound teeth.

Parents! Your youngsters deserve the opportunity to form early habits of oral hygiene. Take them at three, or soon thereafter, to the dentist. Give your dentist opportunity to do all within the power of modern science to help the child enjoy the advantages of oral health. First teeth require attention to protect the permanent teeth. Keep your dentist on guard over your child's future. Your dentist is trained for this important work. You will do him and the youngster a favor if you start the habit of regular dental examination early. Young children learn easily to use a gargle, or mouthwash. Set a good example for them; they are enthusiastic mimics.

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LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
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Children like the pleasant taste of Lavoris solution. Teach them early the habit of a mouthwash at every brushing. Lavoris is safe and refreshing.

Refuse substitutes—ask for Lavoris by name. Large and small bottles at drug counters everywhere

(Continued from Page 144)

"'It's our own shells,' ses the young orf'cer. An' then we turned, the two of us, an' looked across the crather toward the jumpin'-off line from which we set out across the open, an' we seen through the dhrivin' rain long lines of men in khaki with fixed bayonets advancin'.

"'Look!' ses the orf'cer. 'Look! It's our own fellas advancin'!'

"Cracker Harris an' Liverpool an' Mick Harland crawled up the slope. They watched. Cracker ses: 'Yes, it's our own fellas. They're comin'. Well,' ses he, 'let them. They're welcome. This isn't our war no longer.'

"'Yes,' ses Liverpool, 'let them go. Let them take the machine guns an' win the war. I'm done.'

"'We'll stay here,' ses Harland. 'They'll think we're dead. We're wounded, anny-way—all the lot of us. Let them pass an' we'll go back.'

"An' then, Jinny, an' then ——"

Private Denehy paused.

"Get on with it, Private Denehy," said Jinny. "Don't keep me waiting, now you've got to the point."

"The Germans were still shellin'," said Private Denehy, "but the long lines come on steady an' firm, an' the young orf'cer by me side ses: 'Isn't that fine? That's a real advance. Look at them!'

"'Look at what!' ses Cracker. 'That advance is no betther than ours was. It isn't so good. We moved quicker. An' those fellas have got no machine guns agin them. The artill'ry has done its work.'

"'Maybe them's the Yanks,' ses Harland.

"'They're the Scottish Borderers or the Highland Light Infantry,' ses Liverpool. 'I can hear the bagpipes playin' them on.'

"'Whatever they are, they're doin' what we couldn't do,' ses the young orf'cer.

"An' then—listen, Jinny—Cracker Harris ses: 'They won't get in front of us. We won't let them pass or git to the mound before we do. Up with you, all of you!'

"He crawled out over the lip of the shell hole, an' turned an' held out his hand to the young orf'cer an' hauled him up afther him. Then he straightened himself an' raised his rifle above his head an' yelled: 'Come on an' fight! Come on, you dead men! Come on an' fight!'

"Jinny, I'm spakin' no more than the truth when I say it seemed like the Day of Judgment was come, because from all the shell holes around there rose corpses, survivors of that first attack, muddy an' white an' shaken, an' they begun to advance across that muddy ground toward the mound where the shells was burstin' in great black clouds of smoke.

"Now, listen, Jinny, to what I'm sayin'. There was a bugler with us, an' he done what I never heard done since the year 1914. He put his bugle to his lips an' he played the Charge, an' the clouds broke an' the sun come out an' the bayonets flashed an' I heard the bagpipes in the distance playin' some wild march that tore at your heart, an' I seen in front of me the young orf'cer an' Cracker Harris, I seen by my side Liverpool, I seen Mick Harland. I looked back over my shouldher an' seen the Borderers, long lines of them, comin' along in waves, an' I seen, followin' close behind me, limpin', swayin' from side to side, like he was far gone in dhrink, the colonel."

And at that Private Denehy stopped talking and began once again to burnish the bit.

Jinny rose to her feet and hit him hard in the chest with her clenched fist.

"Don't you dare!" she said. "Don't you dare stop now, Private Denehy. What happened? What come after?"

"Nothing," said Private Denehy, grinning. "We took the mound, of course."

"But the lie," said Jinny. "Where was the lie you were talking about?"

"Oh, the lie!" said Private Denehy. "The lie was what the young orf'cer told when he said he deserted the strong point an' hid in the wood. He lied because he wanted to save the colonel."

"How do you know he lied?" said Jinny.

"Wasn't I in the strong point all night, an' wasn't he there with us, an' waan't everyone dead by mornin' but him an' me? Of course he lied."

"Did he forget you were there, then?" said Jinny.

"That," said Private Denehy gravely, "is more than I can tell you."

An angry, red-faced young woman entered the stable yard.

"Miss Jinny," she said, "wherever you been hiding? . . . Denehy, have you been telling Miss Jinny more of your silly old war stories? You have, have you? Well, then, I'll go straight in and tell the major."

"You needn't, Bridget," said Jinny. "I'm going to tell him myself."

"You wouldn't do that, would you, Jinny?" said Private Denehy uneasily.

"Of course I would," said Jinny. "There's no need to be worried, Private Denehy. I just remembered that one of father's wounds—one of the worst, too—was in his neck. I asked him once how he got it. He said some day he'd tell me. But I'll tell him now that I know. I'll tell him about the lie that he told to save the colonel. Good afternoon, Private Denehy, and thank you for passing the time so nicely. I'm much obliged. I don't think I'll do my seven days C. B., either. . . . Is tea ready, Bridget? I'm going into the house. Perhaps you'd like to stay here while Private Denehy tells you one of his stories."

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The STROLLER

A shoe for the man who seeks ultra-smartness with comfort

NEW ORLEANS is a city of delightful contradictions—enterprising yet tranquil; modern yet rich in traditions . . . traditions of charming women . . . carnival spirit . . . hospitality . . . perfectly groomed men, dressed with an easy mingling of smartness and comfort. Bostonians have long been their choice in foot wear. For these fine shoes have traditions too . . . traditions of quality, comfort and good taste . . . traits that you'll find splendidly combined in the Stroller—a handsome shoe with exceptionally smart lines and a modest price, as your Bostonian dealer will gladly prove.

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Fishing in the Gallatin River, Montana

The Day of Ageless Women

This is the day of ageless women. ▾ ▾ The girl of fifteen, her mother of thirty-five, and her grandmother of sixty dress alike, walk alike, think in the same youthful terms. ▾ ▾ Young-looking, young-thinking, young-spirited women! ▾ ▾ And the appeal of the Journal is ever directed to this youthful-minded, modern young woman.

LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL

ENDS OF THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 39)

Although the old bulls never left their harems, the females and bachelors went out daily to fish. Bachelors are those seals that have not yet reached man's estate and the dignity of a harem. They are the one or two year old males, and theoretically are the only ones to kill for fur. The skin of an old bull is valueless. It is too thick and heavy and too scarred by fighting.

Unfortunately, the female produces fur as fine as that of the bachelor. That is what has caused much of the international trouble. Pelagic sealing—that is, killing the animals out in the open sea—meant inevitable ruin to the seal herd. Russian, Japanese, British and American vessels hung about the islands beyond the three-mile limit and shot the animals when they were feeding. As many females as bachelors would be killed that way, and each dead mother meant a starving pup on land. It took years of diplomatic negotiations to end pelagic sealing. Then a closed season was put on the islands for five years. No seals at all were killed. When the herd had begun to increase, the Government killed and sold a certain number of bachelors annually.

Since every bull has a harem of from five to sixty females, and about equal numbers of each sex are born each year, killing of a certain proportion of the surplus males was a positive benefit to the herd. It stopped undue fighting, in which both females and young are frequently done to death. The old bulls do not intentionally kill their lady friends and offspring, but in the heat of combat they can't watch carefully where they step. Sometimes they sit on the babies unavoidably.

Everything on the islands now is under government supervision. The number of unattached bachelors is accurately known and the proportion that should be killed is carefully estimated. When the time comes these are rounded up, driven slowly to the killing grounds and there mercifully knocked on the head. Each skin is tagged, and sold at government auction.

Every skin must be plucked. The long, coarse outer hair is pulled, leaving only the soft under-fur. This is brown and the skins must be dyed. The beautiful, lustrous black could be obtained only in London for many years. I believe that there are now several places in America which have learned the dyeing process.

I used to lie behind rocks for hours watching the seals. Their eyesight is so poor that unless I showed myself against the sky line they never took alarm. When I walked boldly out on the beach there was a general and hurried exodus to the water. There they would bob about in the surf like so many black corks, until I had retired from sight. In half an hour they were back again on the rookeries, taking up the duties of family life.

Surf Boards in the Flesh

I arrived at one beach where there were 6000 seals when a terrific gale was blowing. The surf pounded in tremendous breakers upon the rocks. For hours I lay concealed, shooting bits of intimate seal life with the movie camera. Then I walked out upon the shore line. Like a church congregation standing to sing, the 6000 seals rose as one. For a few moments they gazed at me and then broke for the beach. They poured over one another in a living flood down the rocks and into the water. Riding the breakers like surf boards, they floated in the waves and out again while I ground off hundreds of feet of film. What a picture that was! I might have remained all summer without another like it.

Guards along the shore always were on watch for poachers. A vessel might sneak up to one of the rookeries during a gale or at night and kill hundreds of seals before they were discovered. The value of the skins was worth the risk. Therefore at every beach there were armories and small cannon. It was the only way to protect the herd. Soft words and courteous phrases did not carry weight with the wild-seal poachers. But bullets they could understand. Kipling has told of one such fight in that wonderful poem, The Rhyme of the Three Sealers. But I believe that in recent years there has been little poaching. The revenue cutters are too active during the summer months, and in the winter the Bering Sea is an ice-filled waste.

The winter of 1913–14 found me in the museum writing a monograph on the *sei* whale. In October I was married to Yvette Borup, sister of another explorer, George Borup, who was with Admiral Peary on his successful North Pole expedition. The next summer we spent in the Adirondack woods taking moving pictures of deer and collecting a summer group for the museum. It was great fun.

Plans were already forming in my mind for a complete change of work. Whales were well enough, but the subject was too limited. I could spend my entire life studying whales, but I did not want to specialize to that extent. Already I had made unique collections for the museum, enough to fill an enormous hall. I had written two extensive monographs and many shorter scientific papers on the subject. I felt that I had done my duty by the whales.

Playing Safe With Bandits

Land exploration was in my mind. Ever since the Korean expedition of 1912 I had been sure that that was what I could do best and what would make me happiest. The lure of new lands, the thrill of the unknown, the desire to know what lay over the next hill! Central Asia was the magnet which drew me irresistibly. Professor Osborn's prophecy that it would prove to be the incubating center for northern mammalian life was a seed which had fallen on fertile ground in my brain. I determined some day to test that theory. It seemed to me that in Central Asia lay the real opportunity for scientific exploration.

But Central Asia is a grim place. It could not be entered casually and I was not ready to do it yet. I wanted first to nibble at the edges of the great plateau; to learn the languages, customs and physical problems of the surrounding regions; to fit myself thoroughly to do the job.

I proposed to the president of the museum a series of expeditions for work in Asia extending over a period of ten years. The first was to be strictly zoölogical; the main work to lie in Yunnan Province, China, and along the Tibetan frontier. It was a little-known region, geographically as well as scientifically.

He agreed enthusiastically, as usual, but financing it was something of a problem. It would only cost $15,000, but the museum did not have that much to spend. I told them that I would guarantee to raise half the amount among my personal friends if the museum would give the other half. It was not so easy, but eventually I got the money.

We left early in March, 1916, went first to Peking and then to Fu-chau by way of Shanghai. Our objective was to join a shooting missionary, Harry Caldwell, who had made quite a reputation for himself in China. With a Bible in one hand and a rifle in the other, he pursued his evangelical work among the Chinese, ridding their villages of man-eating tigers the while he poured into their ears the Eternal Truth. Harry is a regular fellow. Bursting with enthusiasm, interested in everything under the sun, but particularly in natural history, he has done much real good among the people of his district.

While we were in the tiger country Edmund Heller joined us for the trip to Yunnan, and we went by ship to Haifong, Indo-China, thence up the picturesque French railway to Yunnan-fu. With a caravan of thirty-five ponies, we started westward for Ta-li Fu, right in the center of the province.

We had been warned of bandits and at the end of every march were given a guard of four or five soldiers. We did not want the wretched fellows, but were required to take them. Usually they carried an extraordinary assortment of ancient firearms, and few of the cartridges would fit their rifles. We felt sure that they would be the first to run if brigands were encountered. They did not disappoint us. Nine days out, just as we were climbing a rocky pass to the summit of a 10,000-foot mountain, a breathless Chinese came tearing down the road. He was too excited to talk coherently, but I caught the word "*tu-fei*"—brigand—several times. A moment later our soldiers were breaking all speed records on the back trail!

I soon discovered that a caravan had been attacked less than half a mile in front of us. The bandits were even then going through the goods. We were in a bad place for a fight, but I got our party to the summit of the hill and arranged a barricade with the loads.

Then we did a little scouting. From a high rock we could see the brigands right below us, ripping open the packages and scattering their contents right and left. There were forty of them. I could have easily killed half a dozen, but decided to let them alone if they did not molest us.

They found what they were after—several packages of jade—and disappeared into the mountains. We learned that they had been following this caravan for several days. It belonged to a rich mandarin, and the bandits knew just what he had among his possessions.

At Ta-li Fu, with a new caravan, we started for the Snow Mountain near the Tibetan frontier. It proved to be a wonderful collecting ground. Virgin forest extended almost up to the snow line at 14,000 feet. We got serow and goral, strange goat-like animals, inhabitants only of Asia, and dozens of new species of squirrels, shrews, voles, rats and mice. We were camped at 12,000 feet in a beautiful open meadow, with snow-covered peaks almost encircling us. Cloud masses dipped and swirled about the tents, but with a charcoal fire in an open brazier we were snug and warm.

A Quick Change of Seasons

Here I contracted a severe infection in the palm of my right hand and we had to move to a little temple at the base of the mountain. I should have died except for the devoted nursing of my wife. Day by day she watched the infection spread and saw my arm swell almost to bursting. At night I was delirious. Steaming cloths, changed every few minutes all through the night and day, eventually controlled the poison. Still, it was weeks before I could use my hand again.

We had a difficult time in crossing a pass 16,000 feet high into the Yang-tse drainage region. In a few hours we came from the warm sun of October to the dead of winter. Up through a larch forest, into the higher belt of dwarf bamboo beyond the uttermost timber line of rhododendrons, we climbed. The summit of the pass was bare and bleak, frozen hard. A bitter wind swirled about our tent. It was too cold to sleep. All night we shivered about a tiny fire, for we could find little wood. Three of the ponies died from cold and the effects of the altitude. Most of the men suffered severely, but all were game. It was a miserable party that descended next morning into the golden sunshine of mid-October.

Every mountain range which we crossed brought us into new valleys occupied by strange, aboriginal people. There are thirty distinct tribes in Yunnan, the remnants of the original inhabitants of China. Just as

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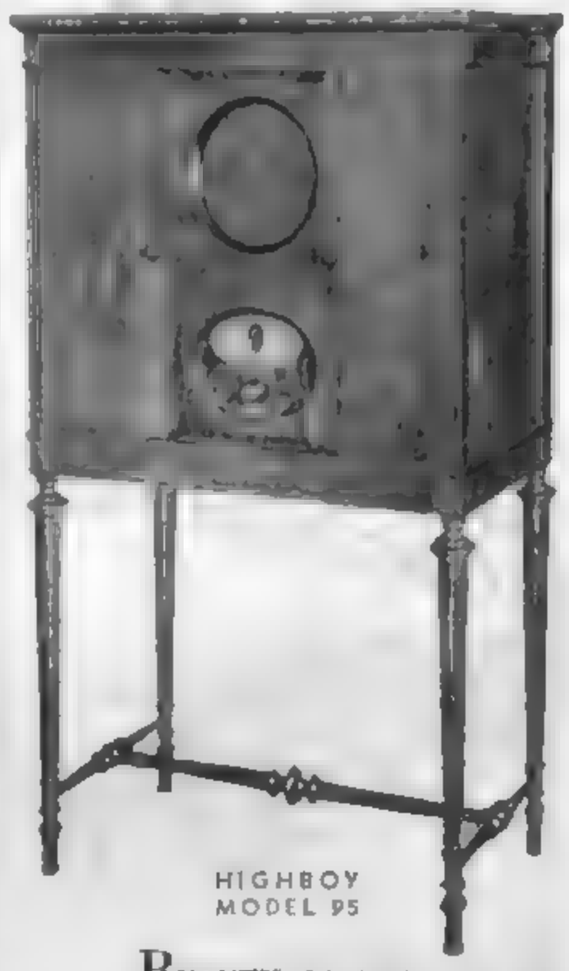

BEAUTY of design is at once apparent in the Silver Radio Highboy Model 95, but beauty alone is not enough for Silver. It's from the "inside" that reliable radio performance must come, and the engineers of Silver-Marshall, Inc. are ever in the van—revising, improving, perfecting that "inside."

1929 is the screen-grid year, and yet, away back in 1927, Silver-Marshall was manufacturing screen-grid sets that accomplished the startling feat of receiving Australian broadcasting within New York City—tribute indeed to that superb "inside."

Only by perfection in every detail of construction could such reception have been achieved. This is just the reason why Polymet Products are now standard in Silver Radio sets. Here's what McMurdo Silver, President of Silver-Marshall, Inc., says about Polymet and Polymet Quality:—"that Polymet Condensers are used in all Silver Radio receivers is the most powerful endorsement we can give to these finely built products."

This is one of a series of advertisements prepared by the Polymet Manufacturing Corporation, featuring fine radio sets which use Polymet Products.

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SQUEAKS

THAT SAY LOST RIDING COMFORT

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ANDERSON SPRING·COVERS

the white men pushed the American Indians westward, so did the Chinese drive the aborigines south and west unknown centuries ago. Now they have concentrated in the wild mountains of Yunnan. One of them—the Lolos—never have been subdued by the Chinese. They still occupy a territory called "Lolo Land" in the midst of Szechuen, one of the richest provinces of China. No Chinese is allowed in Lolo Land. Instant death is the penalty. Small bands of Lolos have wandered from the forbidden country and settled in Yunnan.

After crossing the mountain pass, we descended to a Lolo village hidden away deep in a secluded valley. Fine tall fellows they were, with long heads, high-bridged noses and thin lips—almost a Caucasian type of face. They never had seen a white person and at first were frightened. Cigarettes and small presents soon made them realize that we were friends. Of course everything about us was interesting. Cameras, watches and the like were too far beyond their comprehension to be impressive, but field glasses seemed a miracle. My high-power rifle and automatic pistol were tools of a god. From them I purchased a sheep for a demonstration. I showed them the tiny six-and-a-half-millimeter bullet and tied the sheep 200 yards away on the hillside. The whole village was breathless with suspense when I fired and the animal fell; they brought it back with wonder and awe in their faces. Their own guns were primitive matchlock things having a range of thirty yards.

Tin-Can Currency

In photographs they could not recognize themselves, for they never had seen their own faces. It was only by pointing to some special article of dress and then indicating it in the photograph that they could be made to understand. In my wife's mirror they saw themselves for the first time. The Lolo women would have sold their souls to possess it.

Passing through the Moso country, up to the frontier of Tibet we went, finding new mammals and birds, new plants, new tribes and unmapped trails. The Tibetans were shy of the camera. It was only by subterfuge that my wife could get a photograph. One day we concealed ourselves beside a trail with the movie camera behind a bush. Along came a party of Tibetans, men and women, single file. When in just the right position we pulled down the bush and began to crank the camera. Each man grabbed a woman, holding her struggling body in front of him. They were taking no chances with their precious selves! Tin cans and bottles were our best currency. Money meant little, for they had no way to spend it. Tea, knives and almost any trinket could be exchanged for chickens, eggs or sheep.

We pushed across the Yang-tse River where it rushes out of a black canyon, its depths unknown to any human being, and into the gorge of the Mekong.

In late January, back to Ta-li Fu. A fortnight there to rest and engage a new caravan; then southward toward the Burma border.

Days upon days of steady traveling before we dropped down into the valley of the Namting River and the humid heat of the tropics. Nowhere could we have found a greater contrast. Thick palm jungle instead of snow-capped peaks; leopard, sambur and monkeys; peacocks and half a dozen other pheasants.

The first morning I was up at daylight to solve a mystery. From a score of places in the jungle came the "cock-a-doodle-doo" of barnyard roosters. The last note was a little short, but otherwise exactly the same. We were a long way from any domestic fowls. What did it mean? Cautiously I stalked the sounds. Startled clucking came from a thick tree in front; suddenly, in a burst of flaming red and gold, five birds sailed into the open. I fired quickly and then again. Two were down. In another moment I had solved the mystery. They were jungle fowl! Stupid of me not to have suspected it. Centuries before Christ these birds had been domesticated, and from them come all the breeds of our barnyard fowls. I had killed two beautiful roosters in full spring plumage; they looked exactly like diminutive game cocks.

Every morning and evening sweet, mournful calls sounded in the jungle. We knew that they were monkeys, but stalking was difficult, for from the upper branches they could look down into the thick jungle and see us easily. But we learned how to do it finally and got a dozen specimens. They were gibbons—one of the anthropoid, or manlike, apes—of a rare species.

From the Namting River we traveled north, skirting the Burma border. We could not go across because we had no permits to shoot and the World War was on. But we lost ourselves and had to cross the frontier to the little village of Mali-pa to find out where we were. There we were taken prisoner by a delightful English officer, Captain Clive, who was fretting his heart out on frontier duty while his regiment was active in Africa. But "someone must do it," said the army chief, and he happened to be that "someone."

From him we got our first news in many months. America had joined the Allies and we were in the war! Half around the world from the battlefields of France, in the midst of a Burmese jungle, still that word somehow took all the joy out of life for me. I wanted to go back to do my bit, whatever it was to be. We had long since determined to come out by way of Bhamo and Rangoon on a branch of the Irrawaddy River. We would go there now as fast as possible. Fortunately, we were near the end of our planned exploration and the traverse could be completed in a few more weeks.

Fooled by a Peacock

Captain Clive was in touch with Rangoon by heliograph, and in five days came permission for us to depart in peace by any route we chose. I wanted much to have a look at the terrible Salween Valley which lay between us and Bhamo. A ghastly place it is—hot, dry, deserted of all human life, given over to peacocks, leopards and wild red dogs. Even the natives, Lisos, dare not face the malignant malaria which makes of the valley a fever-stricken hell. Only deep injections of quinine will kill those germs. Without them one dies. In a week, I thought, we should be able to get a good representation of the fauna and, with extraordinary precautions, escape the fever.

The place was fascinating, even though we knew that we were flirting with death to remain at all. Our reward was a fine collection. Almost all the mammals, I believe, were new to science. No one else had cared to go there. Whenever I fired a gun it was answered from a dozen places in the jungle by the mournful wail of peacocks: Miaow, miaow, miaow! How to get them? Stalking was impossible, for the dry leaves crackled like chips under our feet. We learned that the birds came down to drink every evening at sand pits on the opposite shore. Lying in wait brought us several gorgeous specimens. One evening Heller, who was watching a point a hundred yards upstream, saw an old peacock outwit me. I had heard a scratching in the jungle and had turned my back to the water, expecting every moment to see a peacock strut out from cover. Meantime a splendid male had walked along the beach and was quietly drinking within twenty feet of where I crouched. Heller saw the bird jump upon a stone and catch sight of me; then, flattened almost to the ground, slip back into the thick cover. I should have known nothing of the little drama had Heller not seen it all.

Back to Civilization

A single attack of fever which laid me flat for a few days was our only ill effect from the Salween Valley. A week of hunting the black gibbons of Ho-min-shu on a steep mountain spine, and we made our way to Tengyuch, one of the outposts of civilization. It is a customs station on the main trade route from Burma to China. There is a British consul, half a dozen missionaries and several foreign members of the customs staff. Not a bad place to live, Tengyuch. A fine climate, comfortable houses and splendid schooling.

Mail was awaiting us there—the first in many months. Ten days later we came into Bhamo, called on the commissioner and were invited to use the Circuit House, a glorified *dak* bungalow. He took us to the club that night. How strange and shy we felt—to see women in filmy dresses sipping cold drinks on the lawn; to hear a band and converse with officers in spotless uniforms!

For nine months we had been in the wilderness of China's hinterland, away from others of our kind, but neither of us could say good-by to the mountains and the jungle without regret.

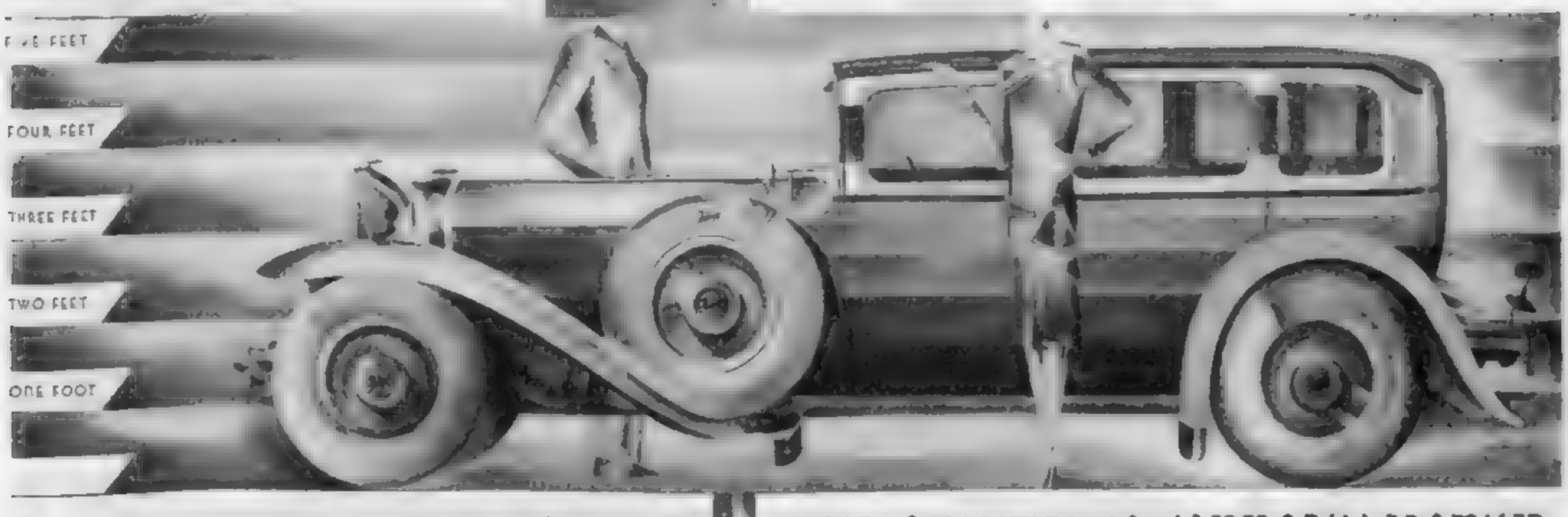
To get our collections back to New York through a war-mad world was more difficult than to gather them in the field. Every port of shipping space was taken for months in advance on every freighter. Only by pull and personal persuasion did I get them to Calcutta, across India to Bombay, and then back again to Hong-Kong. It was a long way around, but I could not choose. I chaperoned those boxes every mile. When I saw them piled safely in the American Museum of Natural History I felt that that had been the most difficult job that I would ever have to do.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Andrews. The fifth will appear next week.

The Teton Range From a Ranch in the Jackson Hole Country

Now at your service ·· America's first Front·Wheel·Drive motor car

For several months now, there has been talk of a motor car notably new and utterly different, a car in which would be incorporated, for the first time in the history of American automotive design, the principle of the front-wheel drive, and so possess the many cardinal advantages inherent in an automobile of its kind . . . Today, this car rides the boulevards, the target of admiring eyes. It is so low that you can look over it, but none can overlook its suave grace of line, its distinctive colorings by Joseph Urban . . . It is fleet yet surefooted, restful and quiet and commanding. It carries on its radiator, as a hallmark of its excellence, the griffin of ancient heraldry, and bears, proudly, the name of Ruxton.



RUXTON

COLORINGS CREATED BY JOSEPH URBAN·EXCLUSIVE FABRICS BY SCHUMACHER

the product of New Era Motors, inc.·17 east 45th street, New York City

THESE QUALITIES, SO COMMONLY PROMISED, ARE ACTUALLY ACHIEVED IN THE RUXTON

1. A CAR SMARTLY LOW, because a 10-inch saving in height has been effected through the elimination of the conventional rear axle and the restrictions it automatically imposes.
2. A BODY SURPRISINGLY QUIET, because there is neither differential nor driveshaft to transmit noises through the body.
3. SAFETY AT HIGH SPEEDS, because the rear wheels are never trying to catch up with the front ones, and the center of gravity is unusually low.
4. RESTFUL RIDING COMFORT, because the rear axle carries but the minimum of unsprung weight, and the rear springs have only one function to perform—the perfect cradling of the body.
5. UTTER SMOOTHNESS IN TRAVEL, because the power pulls evenly from the front instead of pushing, from behind.
6. UNFAILING TRACTION, because pulling power is applied directly to the working wheels.
7. MAXIMUM POWER, with the minimum of loss in transmission, because this power only travels 6 inches from the 100-horsepower engine to the front axle.
8. PERCUSSIVE PICKUP, because power that has such a short distance to travel is almost instantly applied, and at the lightest touch of the accelerator.
9. GASOLINE AND TIRE ECONOMY, because of perfect car balance, simplified design, the minimum of power loss, and the absence of skidding.

"What a relief! Nothing to do but relax and be comfortable!"

Once in a while you find a man who likes to get up early and go down in the cold to start the fire; who doesn't mind the thought of his wife spending her day climbing up and down the basement stairs; and who is perfectly willing to dedicate his evenings to janitor work, trying to keep the temperature somewhere near the comfort level . . . But not often do you find such men in these days of automatic heating . . . It's so much easier to give up the disagreeable job of running the heating plant and let the Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator operate checks and drafts automatically to maintain uniform, healthful temperature . . . Your family can secure all the priceless advantages of automatic control—the foundation of automatic heating—in two ways: Install a heating plant burning coal, oil or gas automatically (the leading makes, you will find, depend on Minneapolis-Honeywell controls) . . . Or equip your present heater with a Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator, modest in cost but destined to give you a lifetime of faithful automatic service . . . May be purchased on easy payments . . . Write for free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating."

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HEART LEAVES

(Continued from Page 5)

No more nice white shrouds were made with needles and good thread by the fingers of the people who loved you best; no more burying in boxes made by your friends out of clean new pine boards. Store-bought shrouds and store-bought boxes, shiny with paint, were the fashion now. But one thing was certain: She would never join that Bury League—not if she knew they would put her in a gold box when she died.

Lena had almost persuaded Daddy Cudjoe to join, although he had a good head and a kind heart. Daddy Cudjoe was the best conjure doctor on the plantation, too, but Lena had sweet-talked him until he was about to give in. And when everybody except herself was a Bury League member, who would bother to lay her away right? If only Daddy Cudjoe would stay outside with her, she could die with a light heart. But Lena was a brazen, sweet-mouthed woman

That Bury League ought to be ashamed to make old people pay dues to join. Young people can work every day God sends, rain or shine, and make good wages too. How could an old man like Daddy Cudjoe, with a crippled knee, pay such high dues to get himself buried? Where's so much money to come from?

Sixty-five cents every second Sunday, and death taxes every time a member dies. It's too much. That would take every cent of the money she had buried under the house in the chimney corner all these years, and it was a good, solid pile too. Thank God, it was enough to last her to the end.

Daddy Cudjoe was getting mighty feeble, and the chances were, he would die a long time ahead of her. She would just have to trust to Jesus to get her body buried right when He took her spirit back to Himself. For Jesus knew better than anybody else that she used to be the most important person on the whole plantation. He knew that no better midwife ever lived. He knew that her trade used to call her from one end of this country to the other, and the babies she caught were always sound and whole and had good luck all their lives too—which was more than Lena could say.

She was raised to work. No woman ever lived who could beat her jerking a hoe when the cotton got in the grass. When the stalks were thick and white with open bolls, she could pick a hundred pounds before the noon bell rang. Lena could never do that. Never.

It might sound like bragging, but she used to be a woman for true. Nobody believed it now. Her old friends were gone, all except Daddy Cudjoe and the old fire. Times have changed. Her day was past. The years are getting hard and dry. Her body was wearing out. One of her knees was ailing, her back unwilling. There were few ways for her to make as much as a nickel now, much less sixty-five cents for every second Sunday and fifty cents for the extra tax whenever somebody died. She had to buy coffee and sugar; she had to have tobacco, for she could never go to sleep without a pipeful in her mouth. Always the last thing she did before she lay down for her night's rest was to pack the bowl full and light it. Her jaws held the stem right in place until morning woke her up.

Tobacco was the best comfort she had now, yet Lena went around saying that she smoked too much and that was why her heart beat so queer in her breast this summer. Lena was always starting some new tale on somebody. Lena was getting to be a no-manners woman, but it was not surprising, for manners seemed to be going out of style too. What a pity!

Here lately, even the dogs have lost their manners. They break up every hen nest. They suck every egg. They even eat new-hatched biddies. Only last spring, Daddy Cudjoe's own old hound stole a joint of goat meat out of a pot right here on her hearth.

The boiling water was rolling clear over it, too, and the meat scalded his tongue so he had to yell every step he took, but he held on to it until he got clear into the farthest woods. The sinful wretch. His blistered mouth stayed sore for a month. His tongue was pure raw. Daddy Cudjoe had to feed him on hog lard and sweet milk to heal it. That same dog made her have sin when he came right back and tried to steal out of her pots again. She made up her mind to poison him, even if he was Daddy Cudjoe's best friend, and Daddy Cudjoe a kind, good-hearted old man.

She soaked a nice piece of bread in tea from a poison root; then she called him and patted him on the head and talked sweet-mouth talk to him and held the bread out for him to taste. He gave it a little sniff, then broke away and ran. That dog had sense like people. He knew that bread was wrong, for a dog's nose is hard to fool. But the next day she fried some strips of fat bacon and poured the poison tea over them. He could not refuse them. His greediness fooled him and he gobbled them down and then died.

Daddy Cudjoe cried so pitifully she had to cry too; but she would not tell him she killed his dog. He might have had her turned out of the church, for he loved that old hound as if the scamp were his brother.

Daddy Cudjoe came and tried to court her after his dog died. He said he was too lonesome to stand such a sorrow by himself, but she came right out and told him she didn't want any husband now.

Men are cross and mean and hard enough to live with when they are young, but old age makes them pure unruly. She didn't want any man in her cabin a-grumbling at everything and talking short-patienced talk at her, much as she thought of good old Daddy Cudjoe, much as she wanted to protect him from Lena.

Now he was always a-telling her that she'd better mind how she went walking around at night by herself without a man to protect her. Shucks! A fat light-wood knot in her hand was better protection than any old, dim-seeing, cripple-jointed man like Daddy Cudjoe.

The only walking around at night she ever did was on Jesus' own business: either going to prayer meeting or catching the children He sent into this world—little angels straight from heaven, God bless them all.

In the old days she used to catch more children than all the other midwives on the plantation put together; but in these latter

Daddy Cudjoe Laughed at the Idea. This Was No Foolish New Fire

Great Moments in Radio History No. 2

The fall of a leaf made A ROAR like THUNDER

IN 1906, Dr. Lee De Forest invented the radio vacuum tube which made radio reception possible. Radio was born. Six years later, he again astounded the world by announcing that this same tube could be used to magnify or amplify sound enormously. The fall of a leaf could be made to roar like thunder! It was a great moment in radio history. It made possible the vast network of radio broadcasting stations whose programs now reach the ends of the earth.

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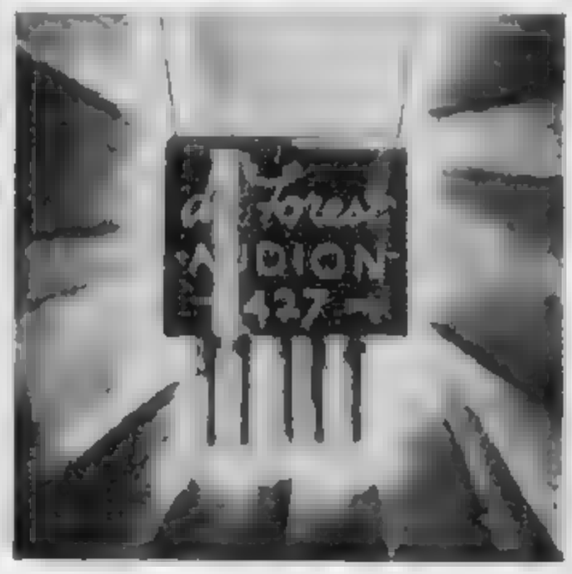

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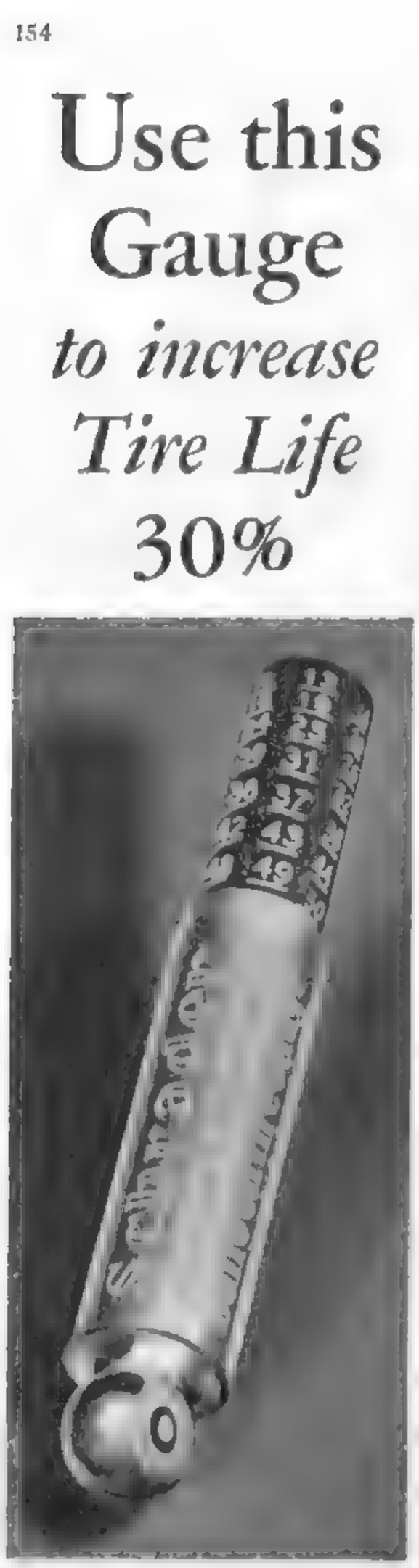

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years the women made sport of her old-timy ways and practices. They believe in nothing but the things they see written down on a paper or in a book. They have lost faith in the good old signs and charms, although they all knew that except for charms and root teas, she'd have been dead and in her grave long before now.

Lena put faith in store-bought medicines. She'd sit still and let birth pains cut a woman's body in two before she would get up and go hunt a sharp ax or plow to put under the bed and cut it. She would let a woman's life stream out before she would mix a good strong cobweb with soot to hold it back. Lena even told women to brush spider webs down out of the house corners, when she knew good and well that they were brushing down all their good luck.

Times have changed. People scorn all the natural things. They have forgotten that God did not build stores or put medicine in bottles. He made roots and leaves and herbs to brew teas for every ailment. Except for heart leaves, the misery in her own heart would have bested her this very summer; but Jesus looks after His children. He provides for their needs, thank God.

When her heart got to fluttering so bad in her breast she could not lie down flat to sleep, she was told in a dream how to make a charm string with a piece of red flannel dipped in heart-leaf tea. The tea smelled sweet as spring blossoms, and her heart had never skipped a beat since she tied the wet red string around her neck, but kept its little wheel a-turning all night long, just the same as in the day.

Now a misery in her knee was pestering her. Every night, no sooner did she light her pipe and go to bed and shut her eyes to sleep, than it started walking all around in her body; up and down her leg, then into the trench of her back; across from one shoulder blade into the other, then back down a hip bone or heel. That misery wouldn't stand still and rest to save life. If Jesus would only help her ferret out some remedy to run that misery clear off, she would never have to knuckle to anybody in this world.

Most pains can be run off with some kind of medicine, but she had tried everything. Last week she stewed up a whole pint of earthworms for a poultice—enough worms to catch fish for the whole plantation. She hottened them with hog lard and wrapped her knee in the mess. All this same misery might be sent on her to keep her from walking into sin.

The sky was blue and the afternoon sun was clear and yellow, but her knee misery felt like rain. It always made a big fuss when the weather was about to change. She had better go to the woods and get a turn of wood for the fire, in case her knee was telling the truth.

With a sigh she got up and pulled the door shut, and walked with such painful hops that the steps creaked and shook as if she were a heavy burden, went out into the clean-swept, white, sandy yard.

A pleasant river breeze, heavy scented with marsh, had swept every cloud out of the sky so a good heavy dew could fall tonight. A bright evening sun shone on the world, making everything shiny and beautiful. Thrushes were searching for the best of the sweet red-hearted figs in the old knotty fig tree by the doorstep, and they whistled pleasant, cheering words to her. She must try not to fret. Look at that fig tree, old, almost, as she was, yet it was as solid and fruitful as any young tree. A little wren sang her a fine song from his nest up under the eaves, a good-luck song; a mockingbird chirped that the grapes on the scuppernong vine were fine, a thrush whistled good evening to her. The birds were so kind and friendly.

"Help you'self, chillen," she called back to them.

Then all of a sudden her pleasure in everything was gone, for there, before her eyes, was a man, young, strong, but with bowed head and stooped shoulders, standing at Lena's door, calling for Lena. It was easy to see that he had come to get Lena because his woman was in trouble, as if Lena could do anything worth doing.

It was not good to stand here gazing at him, and looking and thinking. Thoughts could make her have sin if she gave in to them. She must go on about her business and leave them behind her. Making her feet step as fast as they could, she took a dim path which ran alongside the old rail fence behind the house. The fence was sagging low with rot, but it guarded the forest faithfully.

As she picked her way over a break in its zigzag length, she noticed footprints pointing toward the spring, then her ears heard the snap of a dead twig under foot. Somebody had gone ahead of her. She waited, peering through the shadows. Yonder he was—Daddy Cudjoe.

"Hey, brudder!" she called.

"Hey, sister!" he answered, turning to see who she was.

"Wha' dat you duh look for in dese woods?"

"I got me a spring hop-toady."

"Wha' you gwine do wid 'em?"

"I gwine put 'em, belly up, on a p'inted stick to fetch rain. My cornfield is pure dry."

She suddenly realized that if Daddy Cudjoe could conjure the sky and make it rain, he could cast a spell strong enough to stop that Bury League.

His voice was sprightly, and a happy grin showed all his broken yellow teeth as his bony bare feet brought him hopping cheerfully toward her. He was glad to see her, and he grinned with pleasure as he held out a jug in one hand and a terrified frog in the other.

"Wha' dat in you' jug?" she asked him.

His face fell and he paused for breath. "Nuttin' but buttermilk what I had a-coolin' in de spring, but it's a-plenty for me, and you too."

Daddy Cudjoe's heart was kind. He would divide his last crust of bread with anybody. She suggested that she carry the jug and the hop-toady while he got some wood for her. "I'll cook all two o' we some rice and a good ash cake for supper. If you see some heart leaves, fetch me a handful. I wouldn' let de toady get loose. Don't you fret."

The old man's eyes were always red and tearful, but they sparkled with pleasure at the idea. He would be glad to get the wood and leaves. And nothing would please him more than eating some of her good victuals.

As she took the jug from his hands, she noted how strong they looked, even though the rough fuzz which covered his wrists was almost white. Old age had not taken all his strength yet, even if it did make him hop. Daddy Cudjoe was a wonderful conjure man. He could do things that looked like pure miracles. She would talk to him tonight, and persuade him to help her stop some of the wrong things here on the plantation. He could wither up that Bury League.

"Don' hurry too fast wid de wood, Daddy. Git a-plenty, so when you makes it rain, I'll be fixed. I'll walk on home an' have de supper cookin' by de time you come"

He grunted and pulled back a foot in a fine low bow.

"T'ank you kindly, sister," he answered gratefully.

The toad's two eyes gleamed bright. They would make a strong charm all by themselves. The air smelled good from clusters of rich black muscadines on vines which had climbed the tall trees. Persimmon trees were bending over with fruit, bay blossoms gave out a sweet breath, everything was doing its best. She must not give up to worriation but fight for the right. Daddy Cudjoe must cast a spell on Lena, if not on the whole society.

She would feed the old man with such a fine supper, he would do whatever she asked

When she hobbled up her steps and opened the door, she was glad to see how clean her floor was. It smelled clean too. The pot of vegetable soup, boiling on the hearth, clicked the pot lid gayly, as if it knew company was coming to supper. She got an empty pot with a heavier lid off the hearth and, carrying it to a cool corner, shut the frog up in it; then she took the broom from its place in the corner and swept the hearth carefully before she put on the rice.

Daddy Cudjoe's stomach looked small, but it could hold a full quart of dry rice. With this jugful of buttermilk to wash the grains down, it might even hold two quarts. But rice was plentiful and cheap, and she would enjoy having his company. She needed somebody to talk to tonight. Lena's foolish ways had her worried in her mind.

Soon Daddy Cudjoe brought in a great turn of wood, then he built up a fine fire while Maum Anaky closed the cabin's little square board window blinds and the outside door. Night air isn't healthy and it is well to keep it out of the house. One reason young people are so sickly these days is because they run around in the night air, they let the moon shine on them and turn their heads and get them into all kinds of trouble.

Thank God, she was raised to know better. It used to seem hard, when she was a girl, to get a licking every time she stayed out after dark. Not a mild licking either, but one she never forgot, or if her mind forgot, her back didn't. Her mammy left no clothes to soften the cuts of that old leather strap. Every pop used to slice into her naked meat. It was better so. What's the use to waste time with little soft cuts, forgotten as soon as they're cold? Her mammy raised her right—in this very same cabin too. This was the same old fire left burning here years ago, and it had been a good, faithful friend.

Daddy Cudjoe's wood was fat and rich, and the flames began blazing up bright and high. Their low, muttering words changed to a loud crackling as they fed greedily on the rosiny pine.

Maum Anaky shook her head at the sudden change, but Daddy Cudjoe laughed at her uneasiness; fires have to pleasure themselves once in a while, even if they are old. The cabin looked so nice in the fire's light.

Maum Anaky knew that was so, too, but the chimney was old and the rocks at the back had lost some of the clay which held them together. A fire that hastened in such a rash way to eat up wood might start a wrong draft and get sucked into the cracks and make trouble. Fires are like men; they are not to be trusted too far.

Daddy Cudjoe laughed at the idea. This was no foolish new fire. It had not burned all these years for nothing. It had sense. It was too steady and wise to let a few sticks of fat wood turn its head.

But Maum Anaky was not satisfied until she poured a few gourdfuls of water on it to quench its heat a little. Otherwise, it would burn up the thin slices of bacon she had ready to cook, instead of making them a crisp, nice brown. Slow but sure is better for both fires and people. Take time and don't slight your work. People who work by daylight don't need so much bright light at night. Too much brightness is not good for old people's eyes.

This same old fire had done a terrible thing once, and it might do something bad again if she didn't watch it. Had Daddy Cudjoe forgotten how, long ago, when she was young, she left her little baby girl near the hearth to keep warm while she went to the spring for water? Somehow, the little dress caught afire. Maybe the river wind came in at the open door and fanned a flame out; or maybe—who knows?—the fire just wanted the child. The days that followed were all blurred in her mind now, she could not remember all that happened, but she knew Jesus had taken the burned baby's spirit back to heaven that very night.

For a while she prayed to die, too, for she felt she had been to blame. Instead of using slow-burning wood like oak or hickory, she had burned pine like this, and kept the flame strong and bold, so the house would look bright and cheerful every night when her husband came home. She learned

(Continued on Page 156)

Health Giving Sunshine from your fireplace

Here's a priceless gift for your children—Sunshine all year 'round! Well enough through the summer, when they can romp in its golden beams while their little bodies absorb the vital rays which are essential to growth and development. But what of the darker months, when school and the rigors of winter keep them indoors? That's when they need a Radiantfire, for its rays are as nearly like the vital health giving rays of the sun as science can achieve in the gas-burning field.

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Here's a book all parents should have. Write for this amazing story of Heat and Health.

TURN ON THE SUN IN YOUR HOME WITH A HUMPHREY RADIANTFIRE

Continued from Page 154

better, but it was too late then. Many years had passed. She was no longer young, but all withered up and bent and old. If she went to heaven now, she was so changed the baby would hardly know her.

The water ran out of Daddy Cudjoe's eyes as she talked. She had forgotten and made him sad; now she must try to cheer him.

She uncovered all the pots and helped his pan to another fine hearty supper, and it did her heart good to hear him smack his lips over the nice victuals. When he finished eating, then she would talk to him about casting a spell on those Bury League people so they would not act in such a crazy way, burying people in broad daylight instead of letting the sun set in the graves.

So much food made Daddy Cudjoe drowsy, and before he could scrape his pan empty, his eyelids were drooping and his chin easing down to rest on his breast. Men are no more than little children, no matter how old they are. She would have to wait until tomorrow to talk her serious talk to him.

"Son," she called gently, but he was too far gone to hear her. "Son," she called again, and laid a hand on his shoulder. "It's time for you to go home an' sleep now. We old people ain' to set up too late. We got to take care o' weselves; me an' you an' de fire is all what's left."

Daddy Cudjoe jumped to his feet with a laugh. "Lord, Anaky, I was pure dreamin'. So much fine victuals made my spirit go travelin' soon as I set still in my chair. T'ank you kindly, Anaky. I hope de Lawd'll bless you. You sho is got a kind heart."

"T'ank you, son, for comin', and for you' nice talk. I don' know 'bout my heart bein' kind like it ought to be, but it sho has been a good steady-beatin' heart ever since I started a-wearin' dis red-flannel charm string tied round my neck. I'm too glad to have so many nice fresh heart leaves for my tea."

Daddy Cudjoe got his toad and went. Maum Anaky undressed and wet her charm string with the fresh heart-leaf tea and tied it carefully in place. Then she filled her pipe, lit it and laid it on the hearth while she put the fire to bed. It looked tired and sleepy too. When it was ready for its night's rest, not a speck of its light could be seen. Every living cinder was covered with ashes to sleep and stay alive until morning.

The cabin was left in black darkness, but she needed no light to go to the soft feather bed where she had spent most of the nights of her life.

When her head was resting comfortably on the pillow, and the quilts spread over her, she fixed her pipe stem firmly between her jaws and drew a stream of sweet, cool smoke into her mouth. Thank God for rest and good sound sleep.

She woke with a start. A flare of shining light blinded her eyes, a stench of burnt cloth cut her breath. Her jaws still held her pipe stem fast, but the bed was ablaze. Her nightgown was well-nigh eaten up and her long-sleeved flannel shirt going fast.

Where had the fire come from? This raging red devil could not be her old fire, for it drank up all the water out of the bucket on the shelf without even trying.

Outside she could hear shrieking crowds of people trying to break down the door, all of them yelling her name. But she could not answer, for the cabin roof fell in with a jaunty crash and a burst of sky-reaching flame.

Her heart stopped its beating and her spirit leaped out free. Yes, thank God, she was free. Free from fretation over Bury Leagues. Free from trouble and sorrow and misery.

The fire climbed higher and higher, trying to touch the stars, and poor old Daddy Cudjoe kept crying and calling her name. He thought she was still in that awful heat where her old bones were charring along with the flesh they had carried.

She tried to tell him she was well and safe, but he could not hear her voice for the noise and confusion, so she lingered beside him until sunrise came and showed the cabin turned to a pile of clean white ashes.

Everybody else had gone home but Daddy Cudjoe, who still searched with a pitchfork for some bit of her to lay away in the graveyard. It almost made her sad to hear him sobbing so bitterly. How lonesome he was. It would be best for him to join the Bury League now. People have to have company of some kind.

Suddenly the old man cried out with a great shout, calling Lena to come see what he had found. First he held up the red-flannel charm string; then he put it down and tenderly took up a strange knot of flesh. It was her heart—her strong old heart. The heart-leaf tea had made it too tough to be destroyed.

"Looka, Lena! It's a-beatin' yet!" Daddy Cudjoe shouted joyfully.

Lena came running. Her jaw dropped, her eyes poked out with amazement; then she fell on her knees and prayed. Lena knew the truth at last.

Maum Anaky was ready to go now, for she knew Lena would take care of Daddy Cudjoe, whether he joined the Bury League or not.

No spark of the old fire was left. Where had the poor thing gone? Jesus was so kind, maybe He would find it and make it into a little shining star, for it had really done her a favor, and Jesus always takes care of His children. Now she could go on up to her long home in the sky, to be forever with the angels and her little baby girl. Would the child know her after all these years?

A Scene in the Ozarks

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Art Metal
STEEL OFFICE EQUIPMENT

HORNETS' STING

(Continued from Page 23)

superior officers had not been killed, distinctions everywhere as a brilliant and fearless man of battle. He had left the war with a halo round his head and the praise of the most distinguished generals of the day ringing in his ears, and on his first night in London he was back again in the old cellar! It was there and then he had planned out the transference of his energies to the West End with such brilliant success. He had the knack of finding the right men with whom to surround himself. Wartime service had taught him that.

He was a rich man now. There was no real need for him ever to work again, no need to take another risk. Yet the thrill of his coming enterprise was already in his blood. He knew that nothing would stop him, although, from the first moment he had conceived it, he had been conscious of an unaccustomed sense of apprehension lurking always in the background. Fear he had never known. Apprehension such as this never before to the same extent. Yet he had somehow the curious feeling that there was a certain fitness in this last visit to the nursery of his career—that great events were at hand.

His car rolled up, and he drove away with a farewell word to Costigan. He went straight to the club, and felt a cold little shiver of anger as he realized that Nick and Martha were dining alone at the privileged table. He greeted them, however, with his usual cynical good humor.

"Doing anything tomorrow evening, either of you?" he asked, as he drew out his pocketbook.

"Not unless we're wanted," Martha replied. "You're going out, aren't you?"

He nodded. "You won't be wanted," he promised. "I've a box at the opera. Care to use it? It's a modern Russian show—the only thing of their new music that's come west."

"I should love to go," Martha assented enthusiastically. "What about you, Mr Nick?"

"I'm free," the latter admitted. "I don't know much about music, but I dare say Miss Martha will explain it to me."

Grant handed them the ticket. His eyes were fixed upon the girl.

"I should like you to be there," he said calmly.

Martha knew what Grant had meant directly she read the brief abstract of the third act printed on the right-hand side of the program. She passed it in silence to Nick, who read it with some difficulty in the dimly lit house, with the disturbing sobbing of the violins in his ears:

Catherine decides after all that she will not yield to her lover's passionate entreaties to give up her jewels for the benefit of the Bolshevist cause, and informs him that it is her intention to wear them at the opera house on the following night. She tells him that without her jewels she fears to lose her inspiration, and she reminds him that the few times she has sung without them the critics have found fault with her. The great rubies which hung round her neck had become like the blood of her body, the diamonds upon her bosom, the white passion of her genius. She loves him, but she fears to do as he wishes. If he insists, they must part. Kronzy receives the message just in time to rush to Moscow by car in his workman's clothes. He makes his way onto the stage, where he is well known, as Catherine is singing her last and favorite song, tears the jewels from her neck and strangles her.

There was a glint of unwilling admiration in Nick of New York's eyes as he read. "Major Grant has a sense of the dramatic at any rate," he conceded.

"You think that he means to go for Midara's jewels?" she whispered breathlessly.

He nodded. "Why not? Like a fool, she tells every interviewer who comes to see her that she wears her real ones on the stage, and that she possesses no imitation jewelry. You know, underneath all his cynicism, how conceited he is. He wants to outshine us all, and, upon my word, if he brings this off I should think he will have done it."

The girl shivered. "Midara's such a great artist," she murmured. "I never felt like it before, Nick, but I feel that I ought to do something. I can't sit here and watch."

"There is nothing that you can do," he said quietly. "Whatever Grant's plans are, it would be too late to interfere with them now."

The strange music burst convulsively into the final bars of the overture to the third act. The girl and the man in the stage box listened to it with a sense of growing dread. The house was darkened. The curtain went up. Almost at once Midara was singing to an imaginary audience, singing with all the glory and thrill of a real prima donna, her voice swelling as the light grew till she stood in a gray, mystical twilight, pouring out her stream of tumultuous notes. There was not a sound to be heard in the great house. Everyone was breathless, entranced. They waited for the tragedy to come, very close at hand, as indeed it was. From the left wings stole through the obscurity the tall form of her lover, still in his peasant's clothes, crouching a little, his face screened from the footlights. She was suddenly aware of his presence. She stopped short in her song. The passionate question throbbed from her lips. She held out her arms. He moved nearer. There was silence. Had he missed his cue? The first violin drew his bow across the strings of his instrument gently, suggestively, a strange thread of melody in the silence—but without response. His few wild bars of reproach remained unsung. She waited for them, arms still outstretched. Suddenly the embrace which she had been inviting was hers with a vengeance. He seized her in his arms. Her cry of agony rang out just as every light in the house was extinguished, and stage and auditorium alike were plunged into darkness. The figures upon the stage were unseen, but one had the strange and awful idea that a real struggle was going on there. A second terrified scream from Midara electrified the house. Then came the sound of shouting in the wings, a blaze of illumination, as the lights in the house flashed once more into being.

The audience, standing up, and many of them themselves shrieking, now caught a hasty glimpse of the descending curtain, and of Midara stretched upon the stage in no attitude of studied grace, but a huddled-up heap of bruised and unconscious humanity. The stage manager, his left arm hanging helpless, was on his knees, bending over her. As the curtain was in the act of falling, he turned to the audience, and not one of those who heard his cry will ever forget its hysterical, nerve-shattering excitement:

"She lives! Midara lives!"

A moment's loss of nerve, a single faltering during the next five minutes, and Eustace Grant's course was surely run, for the fortune which had led him through so many dangerous enterprises for once turned her back upon him. His electric torch in his hand, he sped unerringly down the wings, with the roar of commotion in his ears, to where an apparent scene shifter handed him a long coat. Through a seldom-used door at the back of the box office he gained the entry which led to the street, attracting in that bedlam of confusion no particular attention.

He was less than forty yards now from safety, with no alarm given with which he could be connected, and he passed swiftly down the flagged way. On the pavement outside, however, he almost ran into a sergeant of the police, who, with a constable, was gazing up at the suddenly darkened opera house. Under ordinary circumstances, Grant might have passed unnoticed, but, with the uncomfortable sense of something being wrong behind that lack of illumination, the sergeant swung round and challenged him.

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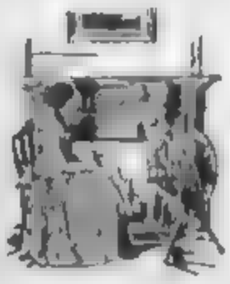

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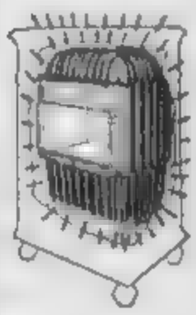

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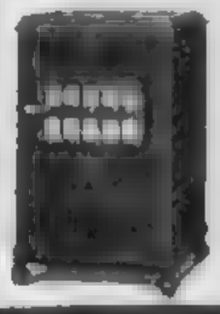

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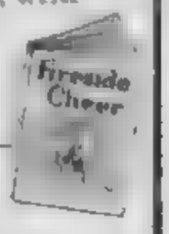

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These franchises entail a capital investment that may be as small as $2,000 or as much as $200,000 according to location, yet they commonly yield, on the average, an annual return of 40 per cent. or more.

Those who hold such franchises engage in pleasant and healthful work. They are free to play golf of an afternoon, to leave their desks for a month's vacation without having to count the cost in toil or money on their return.

Behind them, and working with them, is a $2,500,000 corporation composed of experienced executives . . . men who know both the heights to be climbed and the pitfalls to be avoided in this particular line of endeavor.

The franchises already allotted . . . and they have not been few . . . are showing a return of at least 40 cents on every dollar invested, and those that are left should prove just as profitable.

If you are interested, a letter addressed to Department 203, International Ticket Scale Corporation, Seventeen East Forty-fifth Street, New York, N. Y., will bring more detailed information.

The International Ticket Scalers make their radio debut on Sunday evening, October 13th, at 6:30 o'clock (Eastern Standard time) over the Columbia network.

"Where are you going, my man?" he asked, blocking the way. "Queer sort of outfit you've got on, haven't you?"

"I'm in the chorus at the opera—just finished. Off home," Grant explained, without undue haste.

Again the answer might have been deemed satisfactory, but at that moment a number of windows on the first floor of the opera house were thrown open, and an eager clamor of voices rang out. The house was still in darkness. The sergeant laid his hand heavily upon Grant's shoulder.

"You'll wait a minute, my man," he decided. "Constable, find out what's wrong."

The policeman turned away, running toward the entrance. The sergeant suddenly felt the dull pressure of metal against his side, and a faint, sickening pain. He reeled around, struggling for action or speech, and finding neither possible in a world of wheeling lights and images, on an earth which seemed to be swallowing him up. He collapsed upon the pavement.

Grant, making his unhurried way across the street, found himself, owing to the delay, caught now in the throng which was rushing up to the front of the opera house, once more brilliantly illuminated. He pushed along as well as he could, but when at last he reached the opposite curb he found himself face to face with a very ugly-looking red-headed policeman in whose eyes there was a determined gleam.

"You'll come along with me," was his greeting. "Don't make any fuss about it, my lad. We'll have these on, if you don't mind."

Grant's answer was the quickest draw that red-headed policeman had ever seen in his life, and a bullet, which just missed the heart but lodged in his shoulder. He staggered for a moment, his mouth still open; then he collapsed heavily, and lay across the pavement. Grant, now the center of observation from those who were not fighting their way into the opera house, crept along the side of the wall, his gun still threatening while the fingers of his other hand raised a slim black whistle to his lips. The street was full of turmoil, half the people trying to get toward the opera house, the other half, attracted by the shooting, looking over one another's shoulders, but keeping a fairly wide ring round the creeping figure.

Suddenly the whistle rang out, and the old cry broke from Grant's lips:

"Hornets sting! Hornets sting!"

The crowd rocked and swayed upon its feet, its ranks broken by the little company of fierce assailants who seemed to have leaped up from nowhere. They were falling in around Grant, bustling him along. A sergeant and half a dozen policemen charged valiantly in. Steel flashed. Shots rang out. Reënforcements for the police came rushing up. They made for the gangsters valiantly, to find them melting away in every direction. They fought through to the wall, but there was no Grant. When they had finished searching for him, there were no Hornets.

Back in the opera house, tragedy was perhaps as real, but scarcely so rampant. Kronzy, released from his bonds, declared that four men purporting to be his friends had visited him in his dressing room, taken him unawares, drugged and bound him, and stolen the clothes which his dresser had laid out, and in which one of his assailants had promptly attired himself. After this, he lost consciousness. Midara, with a terrible red patch upon her throat, her nerves, as she declared, ruined for life, screamed to every one of the fast-arriving journalists that her jewels, the saving of a lifetime, the inspiration of her genius, had been torn from her throat and arms by Kronzy. She valued them at two hundred and fifty thousand pounds and demanded the money that night in cash from the directors of the opera house. Such directors as were present listened, and stole away in respectful wonder. Kronzy recited his adventure a dozen times to anyone who would listen to it, demanded three months' salary, and pleaded for a railway ticket to Budapest and a loan to pay his hotel bill.

"You shall not go, for you are a thief!" Midara screamed. "No other man save you could have found his way onto the stage in your clothes, arranged for the extinction of the lights, and torn those jewels from my throat even in the moment when I held my audience spellbound. Give me my jewels! Give me my jewels!"

"A thief? You call me a thief?" he shouted. "You, Midara, whom I adore! I steal your jewels!"

"Where are they then?"

"Search me. I am penniless. I am ruined!"

Then the news of the street fighting came out, and as the directors were moderately kind, and the condition of Kronzy's dressing room bore out his story, she fell into his arms and decided to forgive him. To the directors themselves, however, she was adamant.

"Never again in your country do I sing," she swore, "until my jewels are restored."

Nor did she.

Those were fierce moments with Grant in the car, cunningly driven to evade pursuit down the Mall, its number plates and lighting already changed. Off with the belted coat, the course shirt, the breeches and boots. In his silk underclothes the fugitive paused for breath for a single moment.

He spoke down the tube—a curt monosyllable. The answer was reassuring. Shoes and silk socks—the shirt—how the links mocked him!—collar; white tie—he had never tied a better bow—waistcoat—coat. He draped the silk-lined black cape on his arm, and once more spoke the monosyllable down the tube. Still all right. He spoke again. The chauffeur pulled in to the side of the road under some trees, leaped down, opened the door and held out his arms. Silently his master handed him the discarded garments. He flung them into the luggage case behind. Off again, and in another five minutes they pulled up in front of Flood's Club. A moment later the car was rushed away, to be dismantled by skillful fingers in a secret garage. Grant strolled into the vestibule of the club, handed his coat and hat to an attendant and pressed a bell.

"Anything in yet on the tape, Marks?" he asked as he waited.

"Nothing for some time, sir."

"Who's at the table?"

"Mr. Chaplain Lane, sir—alone."

A triumph! His ghost came silently down the room. Grant slipped into the lavatory and straightened his tie. Then he looked over his double, who, according to instructions, had entered from the other side.

"Quite good," he approved. "Try the tie a little fuller next time. Get your clothes off like lightning now and clear out. There's a job on."

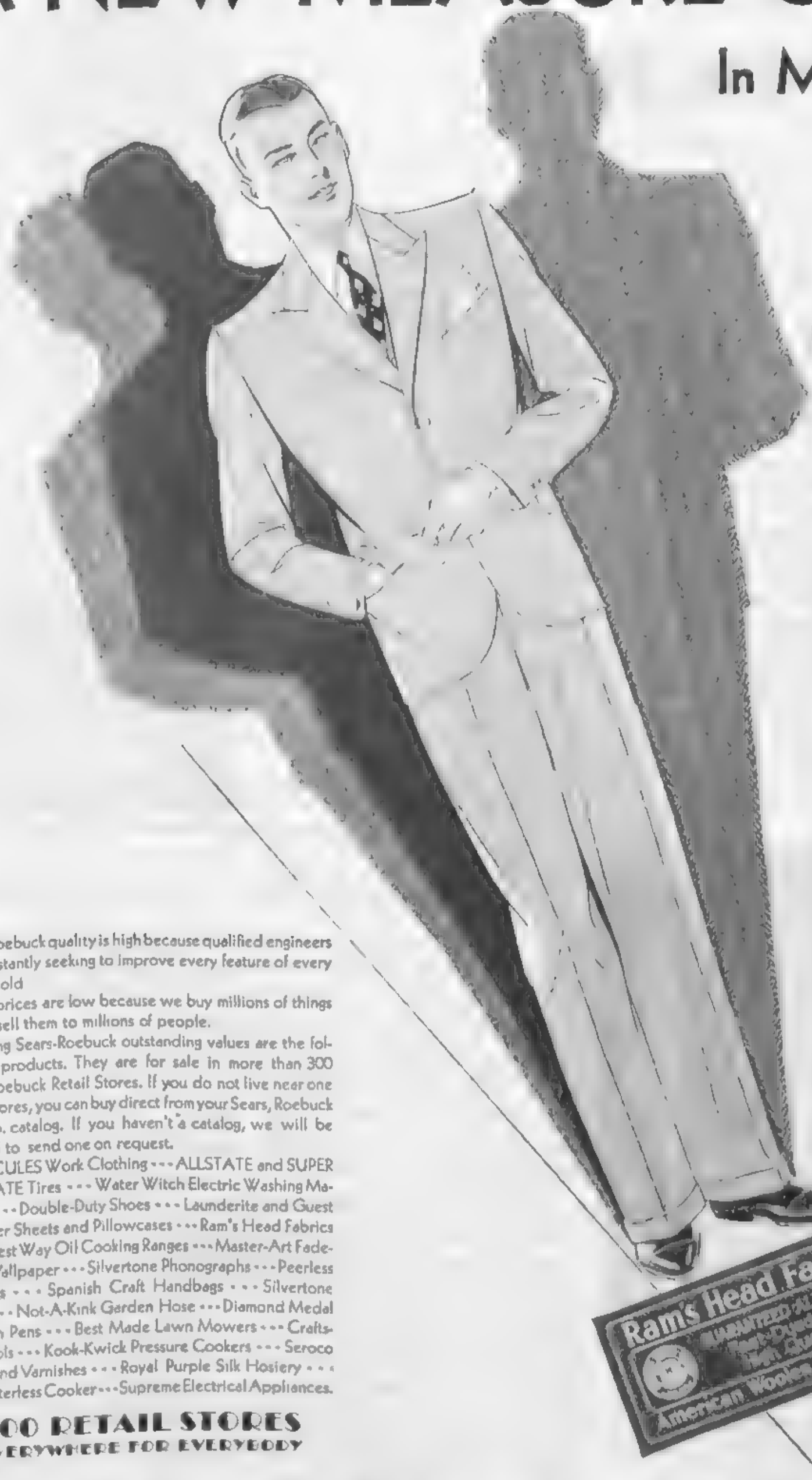
Perfect staff work! The man disappeared as though into the bowels of the earth. Grant strolled into the restaurant with the air of one who had spent the whole evening there, and made his way to the round table under the musicians' gallery, where he took the discarded chair of his departed ghost. Chaplain Lane nodded to him in perfunctory fashion. George, the waiter, approached. He seemed paler and more phantomlike than ever tonight, but his hungry eyes were agleam as he watched the newcomer.

"I was thinking of taking away the wine, sir," he confided. "It will soon be time."

Grant nodded and held out a tumbler, which was promptly filled to the brim. He raised it to his lips and set it down empty. The waiter silently refilled it and glided away. Just then there was the usual little bustle at the doorway which indicated new arrivals. Martha, white as a sheet, entered, followed by Nick of New York. They came straight to the table. The girl's eyes as she looked at Grant were distended with

(Continued on Page 160)

A NEW MEASURE OF VALUE



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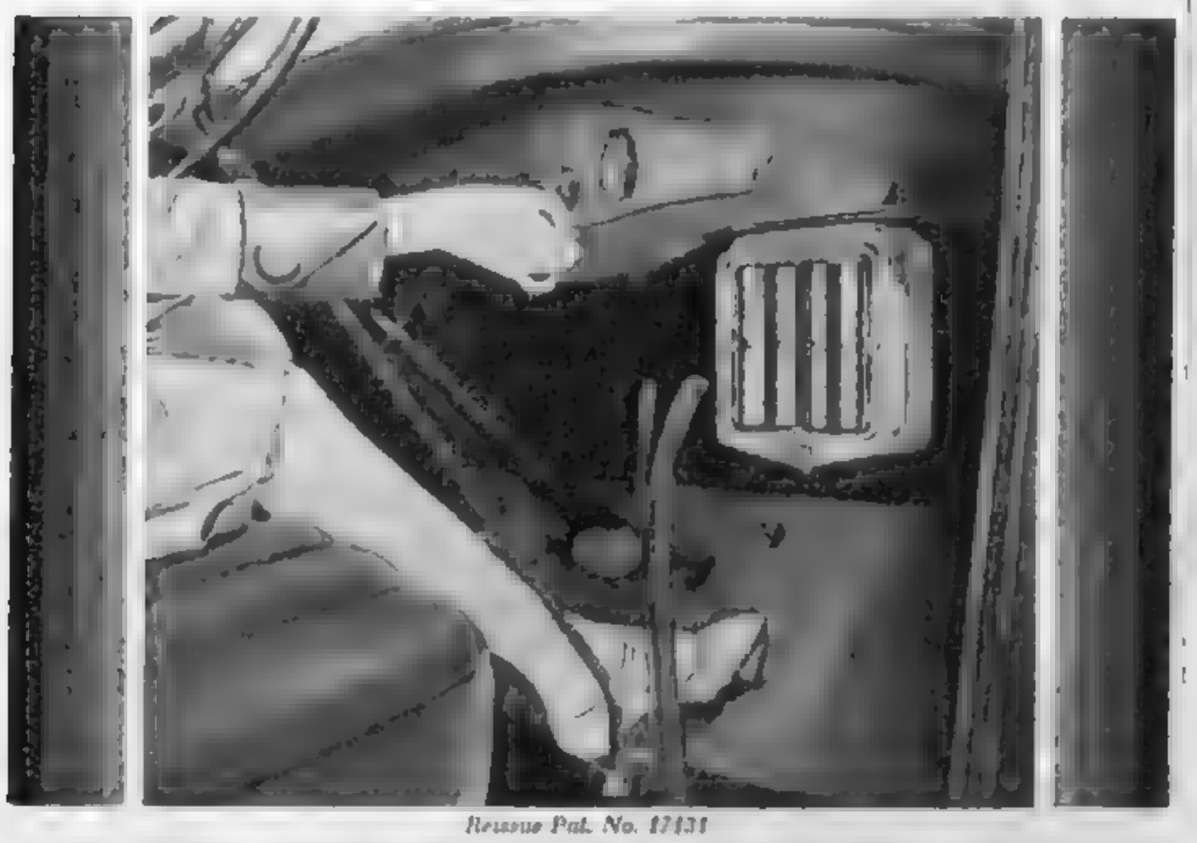

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ARVIN
CAR HEATERS

(Continued from Page 158)

a sort of fascinated wonder. Even the hardened young criminal from New York seemed shaken.

"Eustace Grant," the girl declared under her breath, "you're the most amazing person in the world. But how I hate you!"

"What my personal feelings may be," Nick Conklin said in his soft, precise voice, "I will not disclose. But I raise my glass to you, Eustace Grant, in amazement. A professional myself, I acknowledge your supremacy How you got off the stage, got through that fight without a scratch, and reached here with your tie perfect, not a hair of your head disarranged, in less than half an hour, is a simple miracle. I could never have believed such foresight, such enterprise, such staff work, possible. No other man in the world, in your country or mine, could have done it. That is a painful but an honest confession, and I guess I've got to make it."

Eustace Grant smiled a long, joyous smile of self-content.

"Nick, my friend," he said, "I accept your congratulations because I have a right to them. There was never anything planned in this world like my coup of tonight. Were there any special editions out when you came?"

Nick Conklin produced a seventh edition from his pocket—a news sheet of a single page only. He read out the headlines:

MIDARA'S PRICELESS JEWELS
STOLEN IN DESPERATE STRUGGLE
UPON THE STAGE AT
COVENT GARDEN

THIEF ESCAPES

TERRIBLE GANG FIGHT OUTSIDE
OPERA HOUSE

HOME SECRETARY AND CHIEF
COMMISSIONER ON THEIR WAY TO
VISIT THE SCENE

"What about the tape?" Grant asked.

"Still sticking," Nick answered. "I looked at it as I came in. There's nothing more than in the paper though."

A little sandy-haired man appeared in the vestibule and glanced round the place. He made his way nervously into the room and spoke to several of the people seated at the tables. He drank a glass of wine with one of them and presently departed.

Eustace Grant summoned a maitre d'hôtel. "Who was that, Louis?" he asked.

The man shook his head. "Only a restaurant guest, sir; comes here now and again—connected with one of the newspapers, I believe."

"What did he want to know?" Grant inquired.

"Whether there was anyone of note here, sir. He seemed interested in you wanted to know whether you'd been here all the evening."

Grant smiled. "Well, there's no doubt about that, is there?" he remarked.

"Not the slightest, sir. I was able to assure him that you hadn't left the place since I arrived myself, at eight o'clock."

"Was he really a press man?" Martha ventured, as the maitre d'hôtel left.

Eustace Grant shook his head. "That was Inspector Gibbs in mufti," he observed. "I was too close to him for his safety more than once tonight. That's where our system of ghosts comes in, you see, Nick. You might ask one person and remain unconvinced, but when everyone in this room assures you what some of them probably believe, that I haven't left the place since eight o'clock, you're done. You can't work up a case against an alibi like that. You had your money's worth out of those opera tickets, I hope?" he remarked, turning to Martha. "I wonder whether I shall get mine."

She returned his gaze, and in his hour of triumph, Grant's heart sank.

"They say they're worth at least a hundred thousand pounds, which ought to pay you," she rejoined.

CHILDREN AS A HOBBY

(Continued from Page 22)

each appearance in court. He came to us with his ten violent years of life seething within him and his flaming hair bristling with challenge—the typical bad boy, bless him.

Then there was a friend whose husband, having been killed in an accident, left her with four small children and no income. Why not have the two eldest children to live with us until the mother was financially able to care for all of them? In those early and inexpert days the idea of combining two delicately reared little girls like Joan and Agnes with our turbulent young roisterers, Hanson, Jo and Bumps, was a trifle terrifying. But the boys, rough as they were among themselves, discovered hidden talents of gentlemen, and the two girls made our family a happy balance.

Friends in the diplomatic service wanted to dispose of a boy of preschool age, in preference to taking him to a malarial station in South America. Perhaps we might take him? We might and did; making our family almost large enough. Directly our youngsters were off to school and there were some more waiting for us. A widower had an assortment of children running wild, and the cramped quarters of city life were doing nothing to help them grow into the sturdy boys and girls he craved. Perhaps they could come and live with us? They could. For this flexible and accommodating scheme of ours stretched over the years and proved a very different thing from the adoption of a houseful of children who would grow up and leave us all at the same time.

It may be protested that no parents worthy of the name would lend out their children so casually. Try it. You'll be surprised. As a matter of fact, there is nothing unsuitable or undignified in an overburdened family accepting help of this kind from those whom they know to be trustworthy.

To direct and control a group of assorted youngsters is an adventure in endurance, brains and tact. To devote oneself entirely to the upbringing of one baby is commonly accepted as occupation enough, but to combine half a dozen children into one family was to dare the unexpected, and our friends predicted disaster. "Try one first," they said, "and see how you get on with that."

But the children came to us as candidates for personality. Now, the logical thing to do was to take as many children as possible, so that the matter of social adjustment might be taken care of easily. It is ten times as hard to raise one complete child as to raise ten. All social living forms character, since all vice is antisocial and all virtue makes for coöperation. The trouble is that there are very stern practical difficulties in the way of bringing up ten; so adoptive parents generally choose the other extreme and try to rear one in a social vacuum.

For example, it may take years to break an only child of selfishness. He has only the grown-up word for it that such behavior is naughty or "not nice"; and it remains an abstract theory to him, since he does not know what selfishness means. But a child with other children discovers right away what it is, and learns that selfishness defeats itself. Nobody will play with a little pig. If the child wants to play and have fun, he has to share and share alike, and take turn about in games. He learns within twenty-four hours a lesson that sometimes takes as many years.

All the foregoing philosophy was another way of saying that the wish was father to the thought; it provided the excuse to have as many children as we liked in defiance of

all financial and other tangible reason. That theory, delivered in solemn defense of our evident lunacy, has floored more than one rational acquaintance.

As an illustration of the multi-child system of adoption, James came to us aged three, and with a vocabulary composed entirely of dirty words picked up from street boys. A most unpleasant little mortal to put in among our clean family. But he had his right to an even chance, and we could not turn him down—too many nice people had done that already. Luckily, there were only seven others in the house, and all were old enough to be taken into conference. It was explained to them that James had never before had a chance to play with ordinary, decent children, that he did not know the meaning of most of his strange phrases, and that it was the children's job to help him forget. James' problem was solved and all the others automatically taken care of, for they had to be so careful that James learned only the right things. It gave them a coöperative interest in clean speech that could never have been achieved by an attempt to segregate James and thus make him an object of unwholesome curiosity. And by one of those twists that are supposed to happen only in books, James grew up to be a passionate word-chaser and expects to get his Ph.D. in English next year. Hanson says: "He ought to—all the trouble I took with him when we were kids."

Sleeping Unstatistically

Having children as a hobby does something to you. We began, like all enthusiasts, by being very scientific and systematic, and lost a great deal of sleep through feeling responsible and through worrying when a child failed to react according to the book. Soon we found that the reactions of children are far too rapid to be charted, and that a normal, live child was a very different being from the economic and psychological unit that remained so docilely the same throughout printed pages of theory. We read avidly everything we could find about child-rearing, and delved into Havelock Ellis and Stanley Hall, and we grew bewildered with arguments on heredity and environment, trying to find out which traits were transmissible and which controllable. And we discovered that practically all textbooks have an obsession for system at the expense of life itself. So we concluded that the sooner we learned to live with the children and be happy, the better for all concerned.

We found that we must treat facts as they were and cease to speculate upon facts as they ought to be. No treatise on moral guidance provides a ready-made answer to the sudden question, propounded mid-bathtub: "Can God make a rock so big He can't ever move it?"

So we retired from the statistical extreme where 5¼ children require 9½ hours sleep each per twenty-four hours, and concentrated upon a workable plan of "willing to bed and eager to rise." The sturdy and phlegmatic sleepyheads were put in charge of the bedtime hour, and saw to it that the nervously excitable children, who seem to get more wakeful and unmanageable as evening comes, were rounded up. And in the mornings the early-to-wake children were given free leave to chevy, harry, and otherwise rouse the sleepyheads. Reprisals soon became so brisk that each group learned, in self-defense, to anticipate attacks by the other.

Theories are all very well when they work, but practice is much more reliable. After all, the children were the first consideration. They must not join the miserable ranks of those who stand outside life's door, held back by repressions and desires. They must be normal, well-balanced individuals, who could look steadily and unafraid at everyday life—unafraid of its tremendous forces, patient with its injustices, understanding of its opportunities, and sympathetic with the infirmities of their fellow men. They must have control, to keep in check petty meannesses, back talk, taletelling and tempers, and they must have adequate means of self-expression.

When Sarah joined our family, she felt very much left out of things.

"I can't do anything," she lamented, watching the others busy with their various jobs.

"Everybody can do something," Jo told her dogmatically, from where he was digging in his garden. "I grow things."

"I can't. I hate getting my hands dirty."

"Maybe you could make something?" he suggested hopefully.

But Sarah shook her head and confessed that nothing came out right for her. Whatever she tried to do "went all funny."

She was quick enough at her books, however, and before long found that she could contribute her share to the household by retelling the stories that she read so avidly. That was several years ago, and now she tells her stories to magazine readers. And Jo, by the way, still grows things. Than which, as a job, he says there is nothing than whicher.

Provision for self-expression is the greatest antimischief device that ever went unpatented.

Adoptive parents are given to wondering how they should control their children. They contend that parents naturally know what faults to expect, and can deal with them easily. This is a delusion. Discipline is a problem by no means solved by parents who have their own children to bring up, and it is very likely that adoptive parents, being lookers-on who see more of the game, may be able to contribute something to the various theories.

Every crisis of temper is a practical lesson in human relations. Properly straightened out, these tiffs and quarrels are valuable. They mean much more than an arbitrary ruling by some adult that one child is right and the other wrong, or that Tom should ride the pony today because Bob had it yesterday.

It is a strictly personal business—raising children—a job not lightly to be undertaken or easily to be dropped. Like all professional work—art, music, surgery or writing—it is a task for the individual, for no matter how many servants are kept to take care of the children, the moral burden can never be delegated.

Those in authority must hold themselves in instant readiness to act as judge in a childish quarrel, and must be mentally alert, for there is no wound that leaves so deep a scar as an unfair decision or a careless attitude or an autocratic ukase. This does not imply a lack of firmness or a go-as-you-please policy of vagueness. When punishment is due, it should be forthcoming. A child's sense of fairness is more acute than an adult's, and when a child knows he has been bad and deserves a whipping, he bears great scorn toward the person who reasons gently with him or who is, in his opinion, afraid to give him the spanking.

The Safe Middle Ground

Between the old-fashion "don't" school and the ultramodern method which lets a child grow rank like a weed and choke everything else in the garden, there is a wide space left for common sense. Protagonists of the extreme schools persist in forgetting that it all depends on the child. Some youngsters are so sensitive that they are amenable to the slightest suggestion, and any scolding or reprimand drives them into themselves with disastrous results. With such children a severe scolding is enough to inhibit thought and reason. At the other extreme is the little chap who is all sunshine until his will is crossed, and then nothing short of a hearty and well-intentioned spanking will clear the situation. Some children can readily be taught by reason, while others, mentally unfitted for this treatment, can be corrected with nothing less concrete than a slipper.

And here again is a reason for a large assortment of children. There is the brooding, sensitive type; and there is the more animal type, whose mission in life is to have

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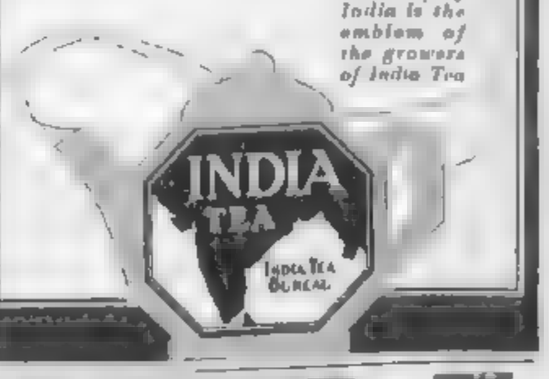

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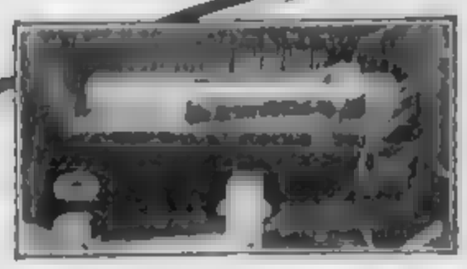

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fun and let the wreckage fall where it may. Brought up alone, each type is difficult; together, they tend to balance.

We have had both extravert and introvert, but our policy is, as far as possible, to let a child grow without realizing that he need be any kind of vert. It takes a quantity of sound psychological study to be aware of each child's needs without letting him be aware that he is being psychoanalyzed.

Of course, we have our theories—as who has not?—and our theories work very well as long as we remember that we are dealing not with cases but with lives, and that life, being a force, a basic principle, belongs rather to philosophy than to the positive sciences. Laboratory experiments in child-rearing are doomed to disappointment as long as children have individual character.

In practice? Well, in practice we send up hurried prayers for common sense and a brightened sense of humor. All the wickedness of which children are individually and collectively capable is displayed, streaked across the precious virtues that make children so endearing. Who could live happily with a preternaturally good child? Halos and wings are not overmuch in evidence, but the children are happy, healthy and busy. They are very seldom exceptional. They have their share of trials, tempers and mishaps—all a part of the life they are learning to manage gracefully.

Durable Rather Than Pretty

Those who are meditating the question of adoption ask anxiously: "How will the children turn out?" Well, for that matter, how do one's own children turn out? Unexpectedness takes place in the best-regulated families, and the question really should be: How do the grown-ups turn out as parents? It is far more important that the adoptive parents should be capable of handling their job of raising wholesome children than that they should worry themselves beforehand about the probable ancestry of the child they are bringing up. Any child will manifest symptoms of undesirable traits, and these, so far as they are inherited, are the cause of distress to the adoptive parents. But such a child is not really more difficult than one's own would be, if he had taken after "that terrible great-uncle George," who clings so menacingly to an old branch of the family tree.

The best guaranty of children turning out desirably is happy home life. And "an affection for all wild young things under heaven, including children" is the prerequisite of a happy home. Any straining after too great accomplishment on the economic side means a sacrifice of happiness. Definite purpose in life and varied physical, mental and spiritual interests make happy youngsters, provided, as previously said, they develop normally. When adopted children turn out badly, it must be remembered that natural children often fail also, and the situation, for all its heartbreak, must be accepted philosophically. Once or twice there have been abnormal cases where our best hopes have gone crashing down to failure, just as some spring days will dawn fairly and result in lamentable weather. But no one pretends that adopting children is a recipe for unmixed merriment.

People ask, "But doesn't it tie you down?" Of course. Every occupation ties one down. But even in a casual and nomadic existence, one can take a child or two along, if one interprets the word "home" in its wide and proper sense. Home is where one is—and even a city apartment has some elasticity. And lest anyone hastily brings the accusation of theorizing, let us hurriedly acknowledge the other liabilities besides that of being to some extent tied down.

Inviting children into a home that might otherwise be orderly and spotless is, of course, to ask for trouble. It is not funny to see one's material goods subjected to wanton wear and tear. And a house must be furnished for durability rather than with an eye to interior decoration.

Money, too, is a source of anxiety. It doesn't go far. It seems to go absolutely nowhere, when one considers the round-the-world trips that childless married people take. When one has children, one has practically nothing else, and there are inevitable cravings for such amenities as go with a child-free life which will assert themselves in tired moments. And because of the tedious question of money, there must always be compromises. "Is it fair to John to let Fred have all that drawing junk?"

But these problems, after all, are not specifically those of adopted children. Any family can produce instances like these, and the only way to settle such questions is to appeal to the children. Their sense of fairness is always reassuring, and they are receiving far more in the lesson in social coöperation than they lose in material things. They grow up with the calm acceptance of the fact that no one individual can be always the haver or the getter without unfairness to some other.

Anyone who thinks of taking up children as a hobby might reasonably ask for an estimate of the money cost per child. He is referred to any efficiently operated orphans' home. He can get no reliable data from us. A figurer on mathematical probabilities would go raving mad at our house. Apparently, we have never heard of the living wage or irreducible minimums. There have been lean times when we felt that, in justice to the children, we must abandon our hobby, times when the food and clothes supply was dangerously low. But just when things were gloomiest there would come a temporary child, and in the excitement of making room for him, we discovered a new factor in social living. Everyone had to give up something toward the care of the newcomer; and when all had contributed, they felt they had stock in him in a very real sense; he felt welcome and unresented, and nobody slept the worse. As long as we could keep up the necessary health standard, we felt justified in showing the children how pleasantly luxuries may be dispensed with.

The most valuable lesson any child can learn is that happiness is not a natural gift, but a hardly won state to be attained by one's own efforts, and never to be found in material surroundings or possessions. For this reason we are glad that we have not the means, in the material sense, to do too much for our children.

The Heaviest Cost of All

Another heavy cost is nerve strain. There are days when the house is a beehive and all heads are buzzing. There are sudden crashes and smashes. Thumbs get cut and ankles twisted; stairs get fallen down. In short, things happen all at once. And in the middle of such days we usually have callers.

But these days are soon forgotten in the greatest cost of all—letting the children go. Rarely do we have a child from infancy to independence. Some are sent for a few convenient months and snapped up again by hungry parents all too soon. Others we pass on to homes where they will have a better chance than with us to perfect certain definite abilities. All this coming and going makes the situation seem more than ever one of building on sand. The stability of the family is constantly being threatened by such changes, and it develops in the adoptive parents the perpetual little frown that grows between eyes that are always peering in search of stray children. This going-away time develops, further, a habit of depending upon the post office, in case there's a letter from one of them—and it does queer things to one's heart.

In theory we should be as willing to let them go as to welcome them in, but the knowledge that where all the love and care given will be requited with only glancing memories is a severe test of the sincerity of motive. Children possessed of real parents belong first and rightfully to them; and those with no other home than ours sometimes grow up in strange, antipathetic

environments—and that hurts too. But again we are speaking of all youth, and not necessarily of those adopted.

"How do you stand it?" we are sometimes asked. This has to be learned by experience. At first we were as anxious and strung up as mothers with first twins, and the concentration we gave to diet charts, health rules and clothing bade fair to lead us into the crank class. But all things grow easy with habit, and the golden rule of "don't worry" was applied in time to save our reason. We knew the common-sense things to do, and went ahead and did them. When mistakes were made and accidents happened, we learned to repair the damage calmly and to receive even major disasters without becoming hot-headed.

Serenity is an essential qualification for the mother who adopts children. They are such unexpected little beings, and so many things befall them in the course of a day. If mother gets flustered, they feel that there is no putting dependence anywhere, and that the world is, consequently, a very unsafe place.

Versatility is another valuable aid. To be able to repair a damaged toy for the baby while discussing Walter Pater with the freshman son is no light matter if due attention be accorded both. And there are sewing difficulties, radio confusions, farming problems, and mechanical and literary tangles—all exploding in single questions like sudden firecrackers going off when least expected.

When there are a number of children at home at one time, the younger can be referred to the older ones for help. But so far from relieving the situation, this complicates it; for questions of advice and discipline arise, and a despairing senior will report that he honestly tried to tell the junior how, but "the silly kid won't do a thing but scream." Evidently a misunderstanding that must be set right for both.

The children themselves are the greatest help in times of stress. Being one morning very much in doubt as to whether we had been wise to undertake so much more than we could manage, I was interrupted by the voice of one of the boys. "This is Robert," he was saying hopefully, as who should say: "If you are looking for a Robert, here is one."

A Cure-All for Fads

Then there was Bumps, who was well worth anyone's trouble. He had a trick of borrowing lavishly. He helped himself to everything from everybody, with the generous promise that they might have anything they wanted of his. The catch in this socialistic gesture was what might have been expected—like most grandly generous folk, Bumps never owned anything worth having.

He was an incurable optimist, in the face of continual ill luck. When he went to France in 1917, he set off full of delight, and his letters told of the things he was going to do the minute he got back. But he didn't get back. And it was in keeping with the ironic fate that followed Bumps that he should go unscathed through the war and die in a hospital on Armistice Day. This has nothing to do with an article on children as a hobby, but even adoptive parents grow anecdotal too easily.

It is illogical to speak of the rewards of a hobby, since a hobby is something undertaken voluntarily and for pleasure, in the first instance, and in accordance with one's own taste. But a little illogic is a good tonic sometimes, and it is easy to list some of the things that make children as a hobby worth while. They provide a serene and unhurried absorption in life. They give a sense of balance and proportion not to be found in any other hobby, no matter how exotic. They supply "always something to do, whether one wants to do it or not," and this has been given as a recipe for happiness.

Adopting or even borrowing children frees childless people from the many culture traps laid for those who must have a hobby. This pastime prevents faddism or fanaticism.

Children—enough children—will prevent almost anything. No cult or fad can be indulged in with many live personalities constantly growing and demanding new adjustments and methods.

This, again, is an argument for adopting children, rather than one child. Adoptive parents are nearly as rabid about their first baby as are natural parents, and—fatal tendency—they are equally prone to experiment with it.

One child can be brought up by a theory, but a dozen or more call for practice. The above considerations are perhaps reasons, rather than rewards. The rewards are more intimate.

One of our little boys, whose early tendency to persecute animals was almost pathological, brought a severe trial to our nerves and tempers. It was reward enough to hear him conversing amiably with a tortoise one day recently, and to hear him say: "We're proud you took up in our garden."

Then there is the cheerful disrespect accorded by the children to soggy people who merely have things. And there is their hearty scorn of pulpy thinking and their demand for forthrightness from those around them. And their riotous outbreaks of high spirits—the sudden, inexplicable craving to sit fourteen on a chair, and the frowning and sobered regard of the resultant wreck, and the repairing of the damage, with its concomitant destruction of mop handles.

Looking After Spare Children

Unless one likes that sort of thing, it may be trying; and it may be hard to explain to the unsympathetic the joy to be had from the charming dispropriety of children—into a serious conversation comes the sudden, overwhelmingly simple statement of fact:

"I can swim."

Best of all, perhaps—better than the delight compounded of happiness and heartbreak in watching the youngsters grow—are the generous risks they take in striding into life. When the time comes to go on and find a place in the world, the sight of their glorious unafraidness is the greatest reward of all.

The custom of looking after spare children is much more common than people seem to think. Consider for a moment the maiden aunts you know who have brought up half dozens of nieces and nephews. Consider the unassuming tradesman in your town, with his happy family of five children. Not until they are fully grown is it discovered by chance that all these children are adopted.

Wealthy parents with only one child are in the habit of undertaking the education of one or two more; and a minister once propounded the theory that any man financially able to educate his son at one of the select private schools should keep the democratic balance even by educating another boy at the same time. This idea was derided, of course, but, as matter of fact, it has been put into practice at one school. A father may enter his son for the advantages of this institution only if he guarantees the education of some other boy at the same time.

People who set out to adopt a baby are likely to make a great deal of fuss and circumstance of the matter, while those who undertake half a dozen or more usually say nothing about it; probably from an instinct that current opinion would frown upon any proceeding so eccentric and impractical.

Why should it be considered eccentric? The world is full of satisfying hobbies, and those who practice them consider the cost justified by the pleasure they give. As a hobby, children are even more delightful than birds, more responsive than coins or stamps, and quite as lovely as flowers. To anyone who fails to find satisfaction in any of these, we recommend children.

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MLLE. IRENE THE GREAT

(Continued from Page 9)

when mamma had to give it up I come here to make a house for her. We're alone in the world, just mamma and me ——"

Well, sir, Joe said she just got to that junction when four men in pink tights run out the house and around the lawn and disappeared in the back.

"Alone!" said Joe. "What are those—ghosts?"

"They're the Four Flying Francos," Kitty said. "They're just practicing a little."

"In your house!"

"Well, two of them are my brothers," she explained. "The other one is our cousin."

"There was four," Joe said.

"I ain't met the other one," she said.

"Oh, well," Joe said, "let's go in. This ought to be sort of like going through the insane asylum."

She had taken his hand again and squeezed it, and they walked up the path to the door. Joe buttoned his coat and straightened his tie and was taking off his derby hat to slick his hair when Kitty opened the door and something flew right past his nose. I don't mean a book or something, but a grown man in pink tights, flew right through the air so close he nearly taken Joe's schnozzle off. Joe ducked and the guy in tights hit the floor like a ton of bricks—oops!

"Shut that door!" somebody yelled, and then two guys started shouting in Italian. Joe grabbed Kitty and his derby hat and jumped outside, slamming the door behind him.

"Maybe we better take a shot at this another day when you ain't got a horde of family here," he said.

"No," she said, "they're just a little busy in the front room. We'll go round the back way."

Well, sir, this turned out to be one of the funniest evenings Joe ever had. What I mean, it was funny in one way, but when you think you was looking at the family you was tying up to, why, you wouldn't call it so funny, I reckon. Anyways, as Joe said, the last thing he'd ever thought Kitty's mother was was a lyrun tamer, to say nothing at all of men shooting through the air in pink tights.

They went in the back way, then, without no mishaps, as you might say. Up in the front of the house, Joe said, you could hear thumps and grunts and alley-oops and everybody shouting in Italian, and Kitty led him upstairs, probably where you could hear yourself think. They went into a big room up there, and there was Joe's future ma-in-law.

He didn't any more than see her before he knew that was the lady that let fly that harrup. She was a great big baby, broad in the beam, what I mean, but not so tall, and she had straight iron-gray hair that was bobbed. Joe said it looked like it had been bobbed with a meat ax. She had a face you could grind scissors on, and she was just sitting there nodding, not hearing that hell below at all.

"Harrup!" she said when Kitty come in.

"Mamma," Kitty said, "this is Joe."

"Harrup!" said the old girl.

"Harrup!" said Joe.

"What?" said the old girl.

"My error," Joe said; "I thought that must be Italian or something."

"Put her there, pal," Mlle. Irene said, putting out a mitt like Jess Willard's, "and park yourself."

Joe sat down and put his derby hat on the floor by the side of the chair and got ready for the works.

"Mighty nice being here," he said politely.

"So you're the guy that's marrying my little Kitty, eh?" she shouted. "Well, that's fine. You look like a smart boy—kind of puny, maybe, but I reckon you're all right. When you two counting on hitching up?"

"Pretty soon, I hope," Joe said.

"Good! Where are we going to live?"

Well, sir, that "we" hit Joe like a sock on the potato. For a minute he just stared at Mlle. Irene the Great and then at Kitty, who was looking another way, and he was just going to make one or two remarks to set the old girl correct on that score when in walked a lady dressed up in an Alps climbing costume like them yodelers—a green velvet skirt, a kind of vest with a lot of gold braid on it, and a little peaked cap with a peacock feather sticking up. Without saying anything or looking at anybody, this baby set down a valise she was carrying, opened it, and brang out a trombone, and blew a blast through it right at Joe.

"My sister," Kitty said.

"Pleased to meet "

"I got to practice "

That's all she said—just said that—and then, with another trial blast or two, went right into The Stars and Stripes Forever, and I don't have to tell you what a lot of noise you can get out a trombone, and this baby, Joe said, must have been right at the top of her profession, the way she made the windowpanes rattle.

Joe said he and the other two women just sat there. The old she lyrun looked pleased and nodded her head to the tune. When the tune was through she clapped her hands.

"Much better," she said; and turning back to Joe: "We notified the landlord we wouldn't want this house any longer — "

Again Joe was going to say something, when the mountain climber took a running start and sailed into Ramona, establishing a new record for loud tootling. Joe just looked at her.

"That's a loud horn!" he shouted at Mlle. Irene.

"Loudest in the country!" she shouted back.

"Can't hardly hear for it!" Joe bawled, thinking she'd catch the hint.

"Sister's in the Big Top Solid Gold Band!" Mlle. Irene roared. "That horn's solid gold, almost!"

"Some horn!" Joe agreed.

At that, sister'd taken the nozzle of the trombone out her mouth and said, "There's too much noise here," and got up to go, when she seen Joe's derby hat. She and Joe grabbed for it at the same time, but she got it and hung it on the end of the horn. "Jazz stuff," she said, and played Cabaret Kisses, They Don't Mean a Thing, through Joe's derby hat. Joe said it was all he could do to stand it.

When she got through she handed Joe's derby hat back and he set it on the floor again, closer to his chair. Sister then picked up her grip and went out, and presently they was all treated to Slumber On, My Little Gypsy Sweetheart, one room removed, thank God, as Joe phrased it later.

"What I set out to say ——" he began.

"Sister's delicate," the old girl explained. "She's got to have perfect quiet or she can't hear her own horn blowing."

"What you said just now about where are we going to live when ——" Joe started again.

"All great artists are that way," Mlle. Irene said. "I was that way when I had the cats."

"You mean, when you was the cats?" Joe ask politely.

"I mean when I had the cats—the lyruns. Seven of 'em I had, and if they was a lot of noise going on around I couldn't do myself justice. The cats would get skittish, and I wouldn't mind them getting skittish, because I wasn't any more scared of them lyruns—look, if a lyrun starts at you ——"

She had got excited and was on her feet and walking right at Joe, and before he seen what she was at, she'd grabbed his hat. He made a kind of pass to get it back, but the old lady leaped back like a tiger. She lifted a straight chair just like it was a toothpick and was holding it straight out in front of her, legs at Joe, and was waving Joe's derby in the air with her right hand, like she had a whip or something.

"Come at me!" she shouted. "Come right at me! I'll show you how to handle a lyrun that comes at you!"

She was dancing around like Gene Tooney and jabbing this chair at Joe and shouting, "Har-r-rup-p-p!" that Joe said must have been some kind of war cry she had against lyruns.

"Come at me!" she bawled. "What I mean, come at me!"

Joe stalled, but there wasn't anything else he could do, because she looked like she was going to bash his skull in if he didn't do what she said, so he come at her as much like a lyrun as he knowed how to.

Well, sir, he hadn't taken more'n a step at her when she leaped forward, trapped Joe in the legs of that chair, and just run him around that room until he was cock-eyed, and then nailed him against the wall, helpless as a baby.

"Hey!" Joe hollered to Kitty. "Call her off, will you?"

"Mamma!"

"Har-r-rup-p-p!" the old girl shouted happily. "That's the way to handle lyruns! That's the way I handled Rex all the time. Rex was a bad cat. He wasn't like Leo and Rajah—no, sir, not at all!"

She let Joe go and he brushed his self off, and when she'd give him back his hat he sat down, wondering what he'd got into. All he could think of, he told me, was this wasn't no kind of family for a man to get in that wanted a quiet little home in Queens.

He was trying to catch his breath to tell the old lady about their not living together, and there wasn't anything going on in the house except a trombone solo of the High School Cadets in the next room, when he heard something like Wheeler's Cavalry coming up the stairs, and in come the four guys in pink tights.

"Stand back!" said one to Joe, and Joe scuttled his chair back against the wall, remembering to haul his hat with him.

"Watch this one, mamma!" the guy said to Mlle. Irene.

They cleared all the furniture out the middle of the room and two of the guys came over and stood by Joe, their backs to him, and one of the guys squats down on the other side of the room. One was in the middle. Then one of them shouts, 'Alley-oop!" and the others all yelled, "Hup!" and the guy in the middle ran at the guy on the other side of the room, who give him a somersault lift and he sailed through the air, hit the two guys in front of Joe, and what I mean, went right between them and bang! hit the floor like the whole house was falling down!

Instead of being killed, in a flash he was scrambling to his feet, shouting, "That wasn't right, mamma—that wasn't right! Somebody got it wrong!" and they all started shouting in Italian, including the old lady, but all Joe saw was his hat. The guy had dived right into it and it was flatter'n a doormat.

Joe picked it up and his mind was all set. "I'd like to see you outside a minute!" he yelled to Kitty, and he went out in the hall, the girl following him.

"Look at that!" he said.

She looked at it.

"I ain't been here a half hour and they bust my hat!" he said. "Everybody in this house they can't spit unless they got to hold my hat in their hand! Look at it!"

"Oh, Joe!" she wailed.

"A new hat," he told her. "A brand-new hat bought yesterday—and look at it! Busted! Well, kid, I'm sorry, but I reckon I better blow. I'm crazy about you, just like I always said, but things can be carried too far. I just as soon try to keep house in a Bronx Subway station as have all these maniacs around. Tell 'em good night ——"

"But, Joe!" she cried. "We can't—you mustn't ——" She turned and called, "Mamma! Mamma, come here!"

"What?"

"Come here!"

The old girl came out, leaving the acrobats to argue with themselves who gummed the works.

"Mamma," Kitty said, "Joe says it's all off!"

"All off!" mamma exclaims. "Why, he ain't hardly got use' to us yet!"

"I don't aim to get use' to you," Joe said. "I'm still nuts about Kitty, I never loved any girl like her, but if I thought I was going to have them apes flying around my house all the rest of my days and that horn tooter in there blowing her gullet out, why, I'd just as leave cut my throat right here and now."

"Oh, them!" She laughed and drawed a deep sigh, like she was relieved. "Why, they won't have anything to do with us—after all, they're just great big grown-up boys, just playing around. Why on earth didn't you say that in the first place?"

"Nope," Joe said; "them great big grown-up boys is going to play around somewheres where I ain't going to be near. All I aimed to marry was one girl ——"

"But, Joe," Kitty broke in, "they're going away! They got jobs with the circus. They wouldn't be with us. You just happen to catch 'em in, that's all. Sister and the boys, they all got to get started right away. They're joining up with their shows almost any day now!"

"You mean, they'll be somewheres on the road?" he asked, still suspicious.

"Sure!" the old girl said. "Them kids—why, them kids are leaving tomorrow, if not the next day!"

"Is this on the level?" Joe ask Kitty.

"Mamma wouldn't lie to you, Joe," she said.

"You mean," he insisted, "it'll be just me and you, just us, and nobody else in our home?"

She didn't answer. The old lady herself didn't say anything, but Joe said at that minute he seen her hard old face kind of soften up, and her eyes looked tired and sad. She looked at Kitty a long time and then out the window. Then she sighed again—a long sigh, like an old person that's giving in at last.

"Yes, Joe," she said in a low voice. "I'll find somewheres to live by myself"—and turning slowly, she walked down the hall and into her own room.

Joe just stood there. He never thought he could feel the way he did then, watching that big old lady go slowly down the hall and turn in that door. He looked back, and there was tears in Kitty's eyes. She came to him, using a little handkerchief, and he taken her in his arms. Well, sir, Joe said he felt like a brute.

Without meaning anything at all, he unloosed his self and followed mamma. At the door to her room he stopped. She was setting on the bed looking at a photograph, and while he looked, a tear dropped. He stepped in, moved closer, and looked down at the photograph. Joe said it was a picture of the wildest-looking lyrun he ever seen.

"Rex," she said, looking up—"my Rex."

"Lyrun," Joe said.

"The sweetest lyrun that ever lived," she whispered. "Rex had a heart as big as all outdoors, Joe. Why, he wasn't no more harm than a great big dog. Playful and good-humored, Joe, and he was one that loved me true. If they'd have let him out the cage he'd followed me all around like a great big dog. And I was the only one he'd let handle him. Once a guy poked him and Rex broke his onion with one swipe of the paw—that showed how that lyrun loved me."

Joe set down. "Mighty nice-looking lyrun," he said.

"Well, Rex wasn't so much for looks. He got kind of ratty looking in his later years—this was taken when he was in his prime, you might say—but for looks you got to hand it to Leo." She pulled out a drawer in a table and hauled out another photograph. "Just cast a glance at that, if you want to see a good-looking lyrun." She messed around in the drawer and got another one. "And Rajah wasn't no bad-looking cat, if it comes to that!"

Joe looked at them without saying one way or the other, because they just looked

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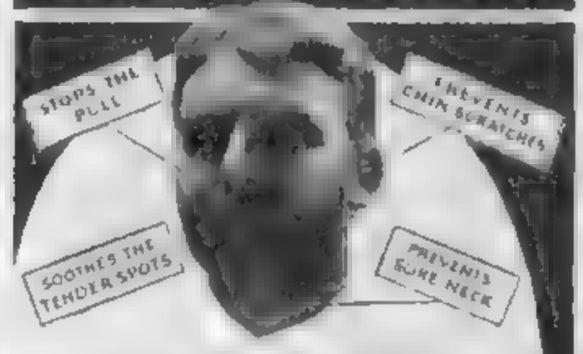

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like lyruns to him, and nothing to pick between them.

Then he handed the pictures back and she laid them out in her lap and looked at them. They must have sat there five minutes, Joe said, not saying a word, her looking at them lyruns and wiping the tears out her eyes and Joe just sitting.

"They're all I got," she said then, "and they ain't anything but memories. They're dead, passed on, and when they died I reckon the last thing I could depend on died too. I'm just a old woman now, and my lyruns are all gone—all gone."

Joe said he got to thunking about it, and the noise in the house had died down, and the more he got to thinking about it, the more he felt like a low-down brute, and he got to weeping a little his self, the way she described them lyruns, and the two of them just set there mingling their tears, as you might say.

Then Kitty tiptoed in, almost without they hearing her, and sat down on the floor at Joe's feet and laid her head on his knees, and when Joe reached over and patted her on the cheek, it was damp too. Joe said he just couldn't stand it.

"Mother," he said, and the old girl and Kitty looked up at him, their eyes lighting up. "Mother," he said, "that's all right. I reckon me and Kitty'll be able to put you up. Not all that horde of people out there, of course, but us, just the three of us, we'll fix us up a nice quiet little home in Queens. That's all we want, mother—just a nice quiet little home without any acrobats in it."

Kitty got up on her knees and taken his head in her arms, and Joe said at that minute he was one of the happiest guys that ever was. Two days later they found just the swellest little place you ever seen, out in Queens, and they was united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

The guy stopped.

"Well," I said, "that was a pretty narrow squeak for him. For a minute or so you had me worried there; I thought he was going to lose her or get into some kind of mix-up. It's a good thing he had the nerve to put his foot down flat and tell 'em."

"Yes," he said, "Joe was firm about it. Joe just told 'em before the wedding that he wasn't aiming to stand for anything like what they'd been used to. He spoke right out."

"What I can't understand," I said, "is what's he moping for, then. It looks like to me he's sitting on the top of the world. What's he look so sad about?"

"Well," the guy said, "a couple of months later Joe got a raise—another raise—because he was married and settled down and everything and ——"

He stopped, because at that minute there was a lot of noise at the door. We looked over and what looked like an enormous crowd of people, all shouting and talking at once, were pushing in, shoving people aside and annoying everybody generally. Everybody in the joint had lifted their heads and were watching.

"Har-r-rup-p-p!"

There was no mistaking the short, large woman that headed this contingent of customers; she was disposing of waiters and managers and cashiers as though they were just so many lions. At her heels came a lovely girl, four athletic-looking guys, two with mustaches, a big full-chested baby with blond hair, and three children ranging from about three to five.

"Har-r-rup-p-p!" roared the old girl. "Yonder he is! Come on, folks!"

They bore down on our table, sweeping chairs and customers out of their path as they came, and the next minute we were apparently surrounded, engulfed in a storm of shouts and har-rup-p-ps and yelps and orders, and I looked at Joe. He hadn't lifted his head. His shoulders had sagged a little more, though, and he flinched under the impact of the uproar as though it were a barrage of bricks.

"Papa! Papa!" the kids shouted. "We seen the circus! We seen the lyruns and elephants and clowns!"

"The lyruns was lousy!" the old girl told him. "Never in my life have I seen such lousy lyruns. I wouldn't have had a one of them in my act. I'd a been ashamed to walk out in front of people with the kind of cats they got this year in that show—lyrun work has gone back in the past ten years. They ain't got the lyruns they had in my day."

"Them tumblers was lousy, I thought," said one of the athletic guys. "When you think we can't get work and they take tumbling acts like that ——"

"They had one lyrun there," the old girl said, "that I wouldn't use for a doormat. It was old and frayed and mangy, and that fellow that was handling them, why, he looked like he was afraid of that cat. I never seen such a lousy act ——"

"The trombone work ——"

"Why, when I had them seven lyruns they wasn't a one of them that I couldn't handle with my bare mitts —— Rex!"

I leaped. I wouldn't have been a bit surprised if she had brought one of her lions with her. But I was mistaken. Her yell had been directed at one of the little boys.

"Rex," she said, "go get Leo and Rajah. They're climbing on a gentleman's lap."

The lad ran after his brothers.

The lovely girl spoke for the first time. "Come, Joe," she said, "let's all go home. Everybody's had a marvelous evening. We had swell seats. But it's getting late, and mamma and the boys are sleepy. Let's all go home now."

Joe rose wearily and got his hat off the stand. The others all got up, most of them talking at once, and they moved toward the door in a broad phalanx, in the middle of which was this sad-looking little man, shoulders drooping, silent, broken.

The guy paused for a minute. "You see?" he said.

"I see," I admitted. "I got you."

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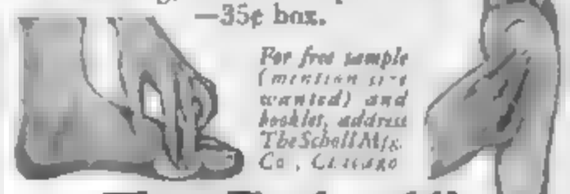

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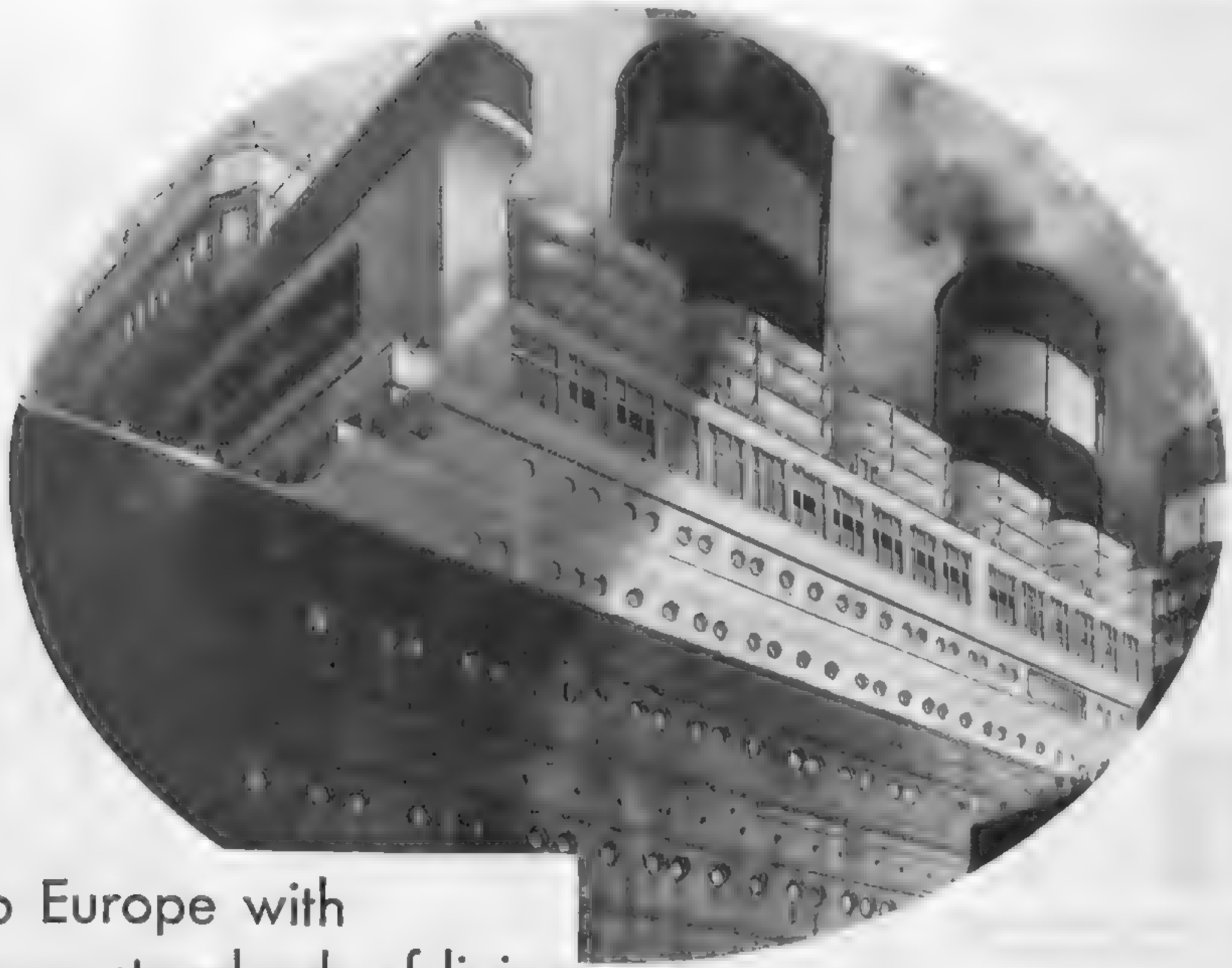

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AD LIBBING

(Continued from Page 40

At this point I left the stage for a while and went back to my first love, the saloon. As a kid in Boston I had learned to spear free lunch with the best in the racket, and with visions of those many tempting delicacies in mind, I put on my dancing shoes and once again invaded the back rooms. I gave the herring and cold cuts an awful play and was so well fed and contented that I held out for an extra five dollars a week when a Western stock company sought my services. On arriving at the theater, I found out that I was to do small parts and double as candy butcher during intermission. This called for a special uniform and many quick changes. If I went on early in the following act I would have to run, not walk, backstage to make the change. One night I made a sale of candy to an old man and was proffered a five-dollar bill. I was just about to give him his change when the lights went out. This meant that the second act was about to start, and I was on at the opening.

I rushed back and pulled a nightshirt on over my uniform, preparing for the death scene. The curtain rose with me dying, washed up with all things earthly. I was just about to join the great majority when I heard a voice; in fact, everyone in the theater must have heard it.

His Dying Wish

"What about my change? I gave you a five-dollar bill." I knew too well who it was and where it came from. "Well?" repeated the voice.

There was nothing for me to do but sit up in bed and say something; the fellow must be quieted or the big moment of the play would be lost for the evening.

"What's the idea?" I said. "Can't a man die in peace? I'll see you later."

"Later, hell!" shouted the customer.

"Right both times!" I yelled back.

But he must have been a Scotchman, for I couldn't get him off the subject of his change. I was indeed in a difficult position, but the play had to go on; so I called weakly "See my executors" and proceeded to die.

However, the corpse himself paid off after the scene was over. I had ad libbed my way out of a delicate situation. Followed more dark days after the closing of this company, and I was glad to accept a position with a musical tab show, although I got no money for my efforts. I received my first billing and was paid off in canned goods, the stipulated amount being two cans of tomatoes and one of succotash weekly. The manager came back the middle of the first week and told me that business was bad and asked if I would take a cut of one can of tomatoes. By the third week he had taken the beans from the succotash and I was getting straight corn. By the time I missed the beans the show was in Chicago, where the first comedian left the show and I was given his part. The bits I had been doing were given to a local layoff, who immediately set out to make life miserable for me. On his first performance, during an office scene, he and I were to be surprised by our employer suddenly entering the door. All that was expected of him was a mild fainting spell, but he dropped to the floor and went through all the contortions of an epileptic fit. Naturally the audience could not focus its attention anywhere but on the wriggling mass on the floor, and the scene was a total loss to me. Whenever we had a scene together, he would stand too close to me, often stepping on my toes, and would shout his lines right in my face. He would keep up a running line in an undertone while I was talking. The manager soon noticed the let-down in my performance but would not accept my explanation of the cause. Little wonder then that we soon find our favorite comedian doing a single in vaudeville and booked to play his native Boston.

My dad was working in the navy yard at Charlestown, and it was only natural that the gang he worked with should turn out to see "Donahue's boy." Dad himself was probably waiting to hear some comments on the act before claiming relationship or even going to the theater. In my monologue I had been talking about an imaginary father of mine who was so short he could look a turtle in the face, if the turtle wasn't standing up; wouldn't weigh over eighty pounds, soaking wet; and who had been weaned on demi-tasse; I also said that if he had grown a little more he would have been almost big enough to be a ventriloquist's dummy, and many other references on that order. So the report that came back to my father was that his son was giving him a fine razzing. Dad was six-foot-two—one of those strong, silent men—and I did not detect the menacing note in his voice when he asked me, at the supper table the next night, what kind of jokes I was telling at the theater.

"Oh, just a lot of silly stuff," I answered.

"Do you talk about me in your act?"

I began to see the light. "No, dad," I said a little hesitantly.

"I'm coming up to see you," said he. "What time do you go on?"

"About 11:20," was the ad-lib answer. I knew the show would be over and the theater emptied by eleven o'clock.

"That's a kind of late hour for me; but the boys say you are telling a lot of guff about me, and I'm coming over to find out."

I heard him calling me as I stepped out of the stage door after the performance.

"What's the idea?" said he. "It's only 11:15 and the show is all over."

I explained that a couple of acts had dropped out of the bill and the audience hadn't been very enthusiastic anyway, so the show had got out much earlier than usual. He promised that he'd be over again, but being out of immediate danger, I promptly forgot the matter. Later in the week I was doing my act and had reached the line: "My father is so short that when his corns bother him he thinks he's got a headache." As the laugh died down I heard a much too familiar voice in the audience say:

"Is that so?"

I wished dad had waited until I bought him a ticket, and, after all, there's nothing wrong with wishing your father a long life. But I had to go right on with my monologue, and in my nervousness I talked louder and faster.

A Father-and-Son Act

"The biggest thing he ever pulled off was his undershirt," I was saying, when the voice from the front said:

"His undershirt would make an overcoat for you."

By this time I had spotted dad in the fourth row of the orchestra, with an usher standing in the aisle, trying to quiet him. I wished him luck, but knew he was just another champion of lost causes.

Dad got louder and funnier. "Take your hand off me!" he cried. "That's my kid up there on the stage, and if you put me out, I take him with me!"

"Let the gentleman alone," I called. "He's with me."

"You're wrong; you're with me," said dad, and how.

He had the audience with him and was ad libbing in great style; in fact, taking all the applause away from his son.

"I'll see you later," I said, preparing to win the audience back to me with my dance.

"Yeh, you're one of those sure-thing gamblers. You'll see me and I'll make you say 'uncle.'"

"That's a good idea," I answered. "In the future I'll tell those jokes about my uncle." I thought this had pacified him, as he got up and started to leave. "Wait, dad," I called. "Aren't you going to wait and see my dance?"

"No, I'll have you dancing for me privately in the alley. I'll be waiting for you at the stage door. If you think you can pull the wool over my eyes you're a fool."

"I'm no fool," I ad libbed back. "It's a wise kid that knows its own father, and I know you're mine." Rather feeble, but it served to win the audience back to myself.

And then there was the time when, as a fresh kid, I was set down by an old character man. We were doing a dramatic piece; he was playing my part and was telling me how hard his life had been. A very touching scene; yet, when he said the line: "Son, all my life I've had my nose to the grindstone," I happened to catch a glimpse of his prominent proboscis and could not refrain from inserting that well-known gag: "You've still got plenty left, father." This got a giggle.

Unruffled, the old man replied, "Yes, I've always kept it out of other people's business and given it a chance to grow."

Again, in the same piece, I had another chance to test his wits. In the most dramatic moment of the play, where the old man loses all his money, he explains to me: "Everything is gone. I'm bankrupt. I just settled for twenty cents on the dollar."

"You should feel 80 per cent better already," I remarked.

This time he didn't ad lib, and what he told me after the performance showed careful deliberation and studied malice.

Despondently Yours

One of the best examples of impromptu comedy is credited to a character man who settled an old score with a temperamental leading lady. She had just returned from a vacation on the Coast, while her less fortunate coplayers had been laying off around the big city. Needless to say, she lost no opportunity to tell the details of her trip. In the play she had a big emotional scene with all the players grouped about the coffin of her father—in the play. "How good he looks" was her line, delivered in her best dramatic style, and the character man answered, "Well, why wouldn't he? He spent the winter in California."

No one knows better than the vaudeville boys and girls the value of the ad-lib gag, and they are ever on the alert for openings, even at benefits. There was the case of the two unknown dancing boys working on a benefit bill at the Hippodrome. They had stood in the wings for hours listening to the great stars being introduced, such as, Marilyn Miller, by the courtesy of Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld; Fred and Dorothy Stone, by the kind permission of Mr. Charles Dillingham. Everyone seemed to be sponsored by someone, and the boys felt pretty low when it finally came time for them to go on. Even the master of ceremonies thought it beneath his dignity to announce the act. Not to be outdone, one of the boys stepped to the footlights and announced: "Just a couple of members of the church, by the kind permission of the Archbishop of Canterbury," and went into the dance.

And now I'm afraid you'll have to pardon me. My three-year-old daughter Constance is in the room and I'm afraid she's reading this article over my shoulder.

"Daddy, Baba slapped my face."

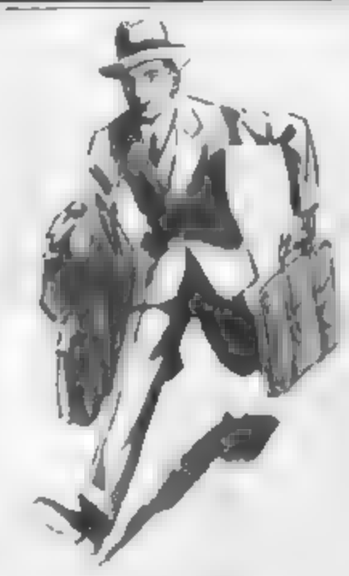
"Yes, I heard all about that. Mother told me you were rude and stuck your tongue out at your sister."

"I did not. My tongue was out and she passed in front of it."

"Now don't tell a lie."

"That's not a lie; that's an ad lib."

So, after all my labors at the typewriter on the development of ad libbing, a three-year-old child attacks my whole theory. She's either a terrible little liar or a natural ad libber, and that, from a blood relative, makes me despondently yours.



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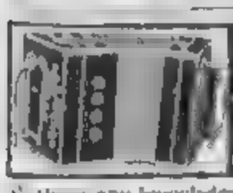

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WORKING HER WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

(Continued from Page 20)

self-supporting students have followed so long, are so obvious that every girl naturally turns to them first, only to find the field so overcrowded that she is in despair. It then behooves her to think of something new, and the girl who can do this is the envy of her rivals.

All this, the would-be student may feel, is too general. She wants her advisers to come down to brass tacks, and the best way to help her is to consider her case as that of Miss X, a typical girl with little or no money and a heavy ambition for a college education. Having weighed the warnings given her, Miss X is determined to go ahead, and this, or something very like it, is what she will learn if she does so.

She will realize, first of all, that a thousand a year is a staggering sum to be met by a girl with no money in hand. Five hundred required for room and board leaves four hundred for tuition, another hundred for laundry, books and fees. But she must have a wardrobe, however modest; and at least a few dollars additional will be needed for necessary articles in her room. College rooms, as a rule, contain only a bed, a table and a chair. She must have a small desk, a few shelves for her books, a reading lamp, some curtains for her windows. If she has a roommate, the latter will share the expense of the added furnishings, and by buying secondhand furniture and repainting it themselves, the two girls can have an attractive room at an expenditure of fifteen or twenty dollars each. But Miss X soon learns that it behooves her to move cautiously in the matter of a roommate. The latter may be charming, but the more delightful she is the more popular she will be, the more company she will have, and the more interruptions the worker must tolerate. One college girl I know, who had a very popular roommate, found it impossible to study in her room during her freshman year. She took her books and went out on the campus, but there also she was subject to interruptions. In desperation she formed the habit of taking long country walks, reading and studying as she went. When it became too cold for this a faculty member offered the use of her own study in the evenings. After her freshman year that student roomed alone.

With the Help of Scholarships

But to get back to the more immediate problems of Miss X. She will learn at once that all colleges have scholarships for the deserving, but that these are limited in number and that only a very few are available for freshmen. Even these represent only a hundred or at most two hundred dollars, and they are deducted from the second tuition payment of the year, which is due in January. This means that Miss X must pay her first semester's tuition when she enters college and that the college authorities will have had several months to observe her work and decide whether she is more worthy of a scholarship than the numerous associates who are also working for it. Applications for such scholarships, by the way, must be made months in advance, and of course the competition is among the liveliest of the year.

There is a possible scholarship to be gained by a high average in the entrance examination, but this, too, is won against a large field of competitors. Competitive scholarships are annually awarded to those who make the highest average grade in their entrance examinations, and the contestants are working in every section of the country. One scholarship is assigned to the New England States, others going to Middle Atlantic, Southern, Midwestern and Pacific Coast states.

Failing to obtain a scholarship, necessarily failing also to earn all she needs, Miss X may apply for a loan from the college loan fund. Here again the freshman is handicapped. Such funds are usually available only for juniors and seniors, and the college record of the student who borrows must justify the loan.

So the ambitious Miss X, having grasped the situation and borrowed three hundred dollars to pay her first semester's expenses and buy a few clothes, must immediately get busy finding ways and means of money earning.

First of all, if possible she will secure quarters in one of the coöperative college houses, of which more later. Next she will register in the warden's office, checking up on a special card the various kinds of work she can do and stating her preferences and her pet aversions. When opportunities come up, she will be then sent to pursue the dollars she needs so much. Her experiences from this time on would make an interesting book. She usually begins with her capital of ambition and energy, but with no training or aptitude which enables her to specialize, and with little knowledge of her own qualifications. In her zeal to get something, she fails to state what she can do best, fearing that it may limit her chances. So the girl who can cook, but who dislikes children, may be sent out as a mother's helper, and the girl who loves youngsters but burns everything she tries to cook, may be sent to some home to prepare an emergency meal.

Cooperative Living

At the end of her first month Miss X will heartily wish she had followed Miss Gildersleeve's advice and borrowed from her family or her friends the entire amount of money needed for her first year. She now sees the obvious advantage of this. Her mind would have been free from financial strain. She would have had time and energy to give to her studies and her new associates. She would have fitted better into her environment and would have had a better chance of earning the needed scholarship. Incidentally, she could have looked about and planned those methods of money earning which are so much easier when one knows the ropes. The chances now are nine out of ten that Miss X will write to family or friends for an additional loan and will put all her energy into earning a scholarship for her second year. If she succeeds in winning a four-hundred-dollar scholarship it will bring her expenses down very nicely the second year. Possibly she can then get along with another three hundred dollars and earn her additional expenses, which is all she should attempt to do during her sophomore year.

As a freshman she, of course, secured a room in a coöperative college house and paid for it about fifty dollars a year. She will do this again her second year. Her share of the cost of the community meals in this house will hardly exceed twenty dollars a month. Her actual living expenses are therefore about two hundred and fifty a year, instead of the five hundred she would pay in the usual campus house; but as against this saving, she has to draw heavily on her physical strength. She and her associates must do practically all the work in their house; and however carefully simplified and systematized that work may be, it is always strenuous and a gluttonous absorber of time.

To earn the extra money she needs, Miss X, like all her rivals in the college, naturally turns to the most obvious opportunities—library work, laboratory work, selling of books, magazines, stationery—this usually on commission for local dealers—sale of food. She looks into the opportunities offered tutors, seamstresses, typists, copyists, assistants in the college's various departments. There is not much work here, and there are many to do it. Laboratory work

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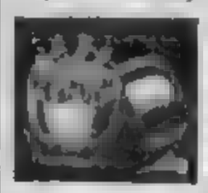

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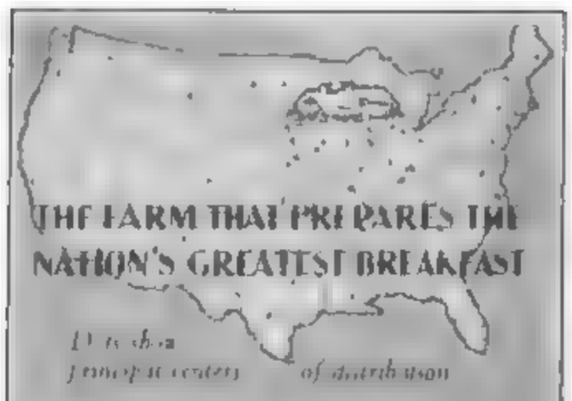

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sounds impressive, but usually it means merely cleaning dishes, filling bottles, and the like. Miss X may be able to get some tutoring to do. Every college has its group of indolent and affluent young persons who are delighted to have their tasks made easier by energetic coaching. They will pay a dollar or a dollar and a half an hour for such help, especially during the cramming periods that precede the mid-year and spring examinations. But the student tutor finds them unreliable pupils, except in these times of stress. They will cut out the coach hour if anything pleasanter comes up, and to them anything is pleasanter than study. The tutor cannot count on them for a fixed income, though she is glad to do as much coaching as she can.

The Time to Make Real Money

Finding all the obvious fields overfilled, Miss X decides to specialize in something new and interesting. She has observed the success of this girl and that one in different enterprises. She has watched one girl start a college dancing class and make two hundred dollars by it during her first winter; but our heroine does not dance. She knows of another girl who makes five dollars every Sunday morning by serving breakfast in their rooms to a group of ten of her fellow students. They pay for the raw material and she prepares it. But this girl is a born cook and her fame has spread so rapidly that she has more opportunities than she can meet. She also adds to her income by making excellent sandwiches and serving them on the campus after classes, advertising her wares by ringing a large dinner bell. College girls are always hungry and always willing to buy food. But the food must be good. Later the gifted chef we are discussing makes a specialty of suppers in the rooms of the students and adds another twenty dollars a month to her income. But our Miss X has no such gifts. She turns her attention to selling books and stationery on commission for the college bookshop. She can do that, but she does not make much at it. She can also polish shoes. Shoe polishing, by the way, is a favorite income earner, for shoes are always with us. There is a nice story from one of the big colleges about the shoe-polishing activities of the daughter of an Eastern multimillionaire. She entered upon them to help her penniless roommate. The latter was proud and would not accept loans or financial gifts. But she let her chum help to clean the shoes of affluent classmates, and the rich girl worked faithfully every morning at this humble job. Between them the two girls cleaned twenty pairs of shoes a day, with the millionaire's daughter doing her full share.

Miss X soon learns that her opportunities of earning real money come during the long summer vacation. One of the most popular and remunerative money-making college stunts of this period is to act as waitress at a summer hotel. New England college girls are especially given to this labor and they feel no such sense of loss of prestige by doing it as afflicts the Southern and Western girls, the New Yorkers or the Philadelphians. Many of the big hotels now exclusively employ college girls as waitresses. The managers of such hotels make a point of visiting the colleges in May or June and selecting their waitresses for the summer season. These men emphasize the facts that in their work the girls will have only associates of their own class; that no dish washing will be required of them; that they will have two hours off every afternoon and will usually have finished their work by half-past eight at night.

One hotel manager from Maine visited Smith College last June and engaged eight of its students, who worked happily in his dining room with six girls from other institutions of learning. He allowed his college waitresses the use of all the hotel's amusement facilities. They could play tennis on its courts, golf on its links, they could swim in its pools, and use its bathing beach during their free hours. He paid each waitress fifty dollars a month, and her tips amounted to about seventy-five dollars a month more. His bell boys and office assistants were college men, and he was quite justified in the impassioned earnestness with which he offered this as an added attraction. He gave his waitresses the same food as he gave his patrons, but it must be admitted that in this respect he is unusual.

College girls who have acted as hotel waitresses in the various summer resorts agree that while most conditions they meet are satisfactory to them, they are fed almost exclusively on bread, butter, meat and potatoes, with no fruit or green vegetables. They also insist that their rooms are terrible—which means that they are small and hot. They add, however, that the rooms are almost invariably clean.

The girl who can earn two hundred and fifty dollars in July and August still has three weeks of leisure between Labor Day and the opening of college. This she can spend with her affectionate family, and she comes back to college looking and feeling amazingly fit. Miss X will almost certainly be up to this work. It may be, indeed, the way in which she earns the money for her first freshman quarter. If she is fortunate enough to earn a scholarship, and if she also works as waitress during the summer following her freshman year, she is justified in attempting to earn the additional money she will need during her sophomore year. She will find it hard going, even with that help, and the college authorities will still shake their heads over her. It would be wiser to borrow a few hundred more and leave herself less to earn. It is not pleasant to face the world after graduation with a debt of several thousand dollars, and the borrowing student is sure to worry about that; but she ought to be able to pay it off with interest within ten years, and certainly she will be in much better condition to follow a career and earn real money than if she had burned up her energy in the desperate and nerve-racking effort to earn all her expenses.

Refinished Antiques

In her junior year Miss X will find life easier. Her summer job as waitress awaits her in July and August. She may win another scholarship or be able to borrow from the college loan fund. By this time everyone is very much alive to her needs and efforts. She has made good for two years. The self-help bureau is pushing work her way. The students' aid society has a kindly eye on her and will help her through a crisis.

PHOTO, FROM W. S. VAN DYKE
A Florida Sunset

She is not, however, relying greatly on these aids. She is wise now, as only a college junior can be, and she sees long avenues opening before her.

She can buy for a song the furniture of departing seniors, repaint it, and sell it in the autumn to the incoming freshmen at a nice profit. She can buy English muffins at the village bakery, toast them, spread them with strawberry jam, and enter into a spirited competition with the girl who makes the excellent sandwiches. By getting her orders in advance and furnishing muffins for room breakfasts and tea she can avoid loss and can count on clearing several dollars a week. She can act as a mother's helper to women in the college town and earn fifty cents an hour by taking young children off the hands of their overburdened parents for several afternoons and evenings a week. One girl in a Midwestern college averages twenty dollars a month by this work alone. She is systematic, organizes her industry, keeps certain afternoons and evenings for young couples who are her regular patrons, and incidentally is able to devote most of the evenings to study, as the children are usually asleep by eight o'clock. The parents are able to attend moving pictures, play cards with their friends, and, as a grateful mother expressed it, "live a normal life." This student receives a flat rate of a dollar an evening for her services. Special qualities are needed in the mother's helper, and not all students have them. The girl who amuses the baby in the afternoon while mother goes to a bridge party will not have time to study, and she will need patience, resourcefulness and much philosophy.

Followed But Not Recommended

If Miss X has talent as a pianist, she finds herself in demand as occasional accompanist and to play for informal college dances. Such opportunities, of course, are far less numerous since the radio and the phonograph took their places among us. If she is a clever photographer and has a good camera, Miss X can earn a fair addition to her income by taking really good photographs—not mere snapshots—of students and of picturesque bits around the college.

A picture of Mary Smith absorbed in study under an ancient elm is always appealing to Mary and her parents, and various Mary Smiths have been known to order dozens of them for trustful family circles.

Reading aloud to invalids or to students with eye strain is another way in which Miss X can earn a few dollars a week. This demands good diction and an agreeable voice. One student who has both, earned a hundred dollars with them during her freshman year. She had acquired skill by reading aloud to an exacting mother, who died just before the girl entered college. The daughter always felt that her dead mother, who had been very critical in the matter of that reading aloud, had given her the hundred that helped her through the hard first year.

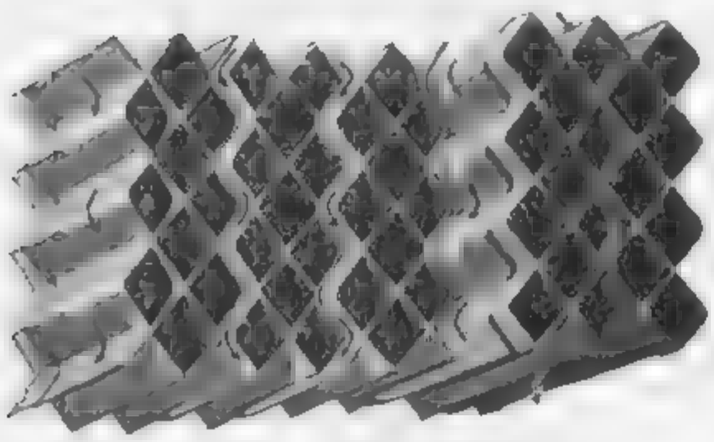
One Miss X earns a little income every season by supplying with wild flowers certain hostesses in the college town. She knows where the arbutus can be found in the early spring, where the fringed blue gentian tries to hide itself, what brooks in the region have forget-me-nots on their banks. She has standing orders for wild flowers which bring her five or six dollars a week.

Our Miss X also runs up against two methods of money earning much followed but not recommended. These are guard duty and admission service. The guard paces the corridor the night a late room party is in progress, and gives warning of possible interruption. Admission service is given by the girl who remains awake till midnight or later to let in some gay student who desires to linger at a dance after locking-up time. The fees range from one to five dollars, according to the lateness of the dancer's return to college. The guard for the room party is satisfied with a dollar.

(Continued on Page 174)

Rivers of Power

in your radiator



When the radiator goes on your car it is clean, absolutely clean, inside and out. Skilled craftsmen have fabricated costly metals, copper, brass and solder, from raw stock into this radiator in over 100 rigidly inspected operations. Air testing under water finally proves its right to be on your car. The illustration shows a section of a cellular radiator, the arrows indicating the slender water courses.

IN THE radiator of your car a score or more of tiny waterfalls cascade down their narrow rick-racked water courses. Each of these is a river of power that carries destructive heat from the motor block and dissipates that heat into the air.

So long as these rivers flow, power flows from your engine. Block these tiny streams and power is choked. Restrict these rivulets and engine temperature soars, horsepower drops, destructive wear and tear begins.

McCord, pioneers in automotive cooling, foremost builders of radiators, urge that you give thought and care to your radiator just as you give thought and care to your motor, your battery, your tires and the various other units that combine to give you the most precious gift that man has yet fallen heir to—the command of time and distance.

You Change Oil—You Inspect Your Battery—You Inflate Tires —But Do You Clean Your Radiator Regularly?

The water you put in your radiator contains mineral deposits and a certain amount of silt. In addition to this, the formation of rust and scale is going on *continuously* inside of your engine block. At all times it dislodges little by little and is carried into the radiator and thence through the slender cooling channels. Anti freeze has a tendency to increase the amount of rust and scale removed from the water chambers of the engine block; that is why sludge and sediment are so apparent in the winter.

To avoid all this, McCord has developed a scientific and effective radiator cleaner that you can easily use yourself. Buy a can at once from your garage, filling station or accessory store. Use again in the spring, when you are through with anti-freeze. Use it when you have your valves ground.

Should you prefer, your garage man will do it at modest cost. If your radiator leaks, by all means take it to a competent radiator service man, who will repair it with solder. Repairs thus made will be permanent and satisfactory

McCORD

RADIATOR & MFG. CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Automobile truck and tractor radiators—industrial radiators—industrial and domestic heating radiators—refrigeration condensers—copper-asbestos gaskets for motor cylinder heads and manifolds, for industrial plants—mechanical force-feed lubricators for Diesel, oil and gas engines—Barlow Fuel Pumps for all automotive engines

FOLLOW THIS MARK
To October's Market

WANT to stretch your shopping dollars? Want to get the best for your family table? Then take this tip from thrifty housewives and follow the Blue Goose mark to market.

It's an easy guide for your eyes to spot. You'll find it right in sight on skin, wrapper, barrel, or box. It says to you that experts of the American Fruit Growers have personally selected the fruits and vegetables for you, shipped them fresh to your market, and guaranteed their goodness.

Choose large, compact bunches of grapes

Thompson Seedless, Malagas, Tokays. Select large, well-formed, compact bunches. Or simply ask for Blue Goose.

Pears are also plentiful—Bartletts, Boscs, Anjous, and other varieties. All splendid for your table. Just look for the Blue Goose label on wrapper or container.

For Hallowe'en, fine Blue Goose apples

Buying Guide Free

Would you like to know the shopping secrets our own experts use in selecting the finest fruits and vegetables? They are yours if you write for "Blue Goose Buying Guide." Compiled by Colonel L. Brown, formerly of the United States Department of Agriculture. More than 90 illustrations. It will help you save money every time you shop. Free. Address American Fruit Growers Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa

Here are a few of October's crops—the very cream of garden and orchard—to which this mark of excellence will lead you:

Like apples? Right now the best all-purpose apples are Jonathans and Wealthys (red). Two excellent dessert apples are the Delicious (red) and the Grimes Golden (yellow). Choose the variety best suited to your purpose...choose the brand that gives you the most for your money—Blue Goose.

Grapes, too, are now in abundance—

Blue Goose pears are free from blemishes

BLUE GOOSE

The highest mark of excellence of the American Fruit Growers

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Any climate . . *anywhere*

with

MANUFACTURED WEATHER

INDUSTRY need no longer be the slave of seasonal temperature and humidity variations that affect production and quality. Individual industries today find it unnecessary to seek an advantageous natural climate at the expense of such important economic factors as labor, transportation and nearness to raw material sources. After all, it is the *indoor climate* with which most industries are chiefly concerned—and Manufactured Weather makes any climate anywhere within doors.

Manufactured Weather—the Carrier name for scientific Air Conditioning—cools in summer, warms in winter, and regulates temperature, humidity and air movement at all times. In summer it cleanses the air of outdoor impurities, cools it and removes the excess humidity—the main cause of summer suffering. In winter it warms this cleansed air and adds the necessary amount of humidity to conform to the highest standards of health and comfort or to create a desirable condition for some special phase of manufacturing. Carrier systems are automatically controlled.

Parke, Davis have made their own climate for years

Twenty years ago, Willis H. Carrier presented to Parke, Davis & Company the idea of controlling temperature and humidity in their own laboratories. They were manufacturing gelatine capsules that required clean, cool air in order to produce at a profitable rate a pure, uniform, perfect product. The idea was accepted. This early Carrier installation immediately proved its worth and entire practicability. It is still functioning, together with many other Carrier Systems which have been installed in the Parke, Davis laboratories since that date. Other manufacturers of drugs and pharmaceuticals have since installed Carrier Systems in their laboratories, following in the footsteps of Parke, Davis & Company, pioneers in recognizing the value of scientific Air Conditioning.

Manufactured Weather in the laboratory

Few people dream of the important part that Manufactured Weather plays in the production of tablets, pills, powders and capsules. Irreproachable sanitation must be maintained in laboratories where these products are made. To avoid any possibility of contamination, even the air which surrounds the materials—from raw state to final form—must be pure and free from foreign matter. The temperature of this air is also of the greatest importance. Many products require air that is moist and warm; others, such as bromo-seltzer, require cool, dry air that the granules may pour freely from the bottle when they reach the consumer. Manufactured Weather meets every one of these requirements. It even improves on nature in that it often produces required conditions indoors which could not be duplicated by any *natural* climate in the world.

More than 200 Industries use Manufactured Weather

The temperature and humidity requirements for industrial processes vary enormously. Some require a large percentage of humidity in the air during production, others must have air dried to an exact degree. And these conditions must be maintained, no matter what humidity and temperature conditions prevail outdoors, winter and summer. Manufactured Weather meets these exacting requirements. There need be no better proof of the truth of this statement than that more than two hundred industries including textiles, confectionery, tobacco, printing and lithography, hundreds of food products, and pharmaceuticals, have found it profitable to install Carrier Systems of Manufactured Weather. In many cases the resulting increased production has more than paid for the entire cost of a Carrier installation the first year.

Theatres, Department Stores and Business Buildings

The world in general is coming more and more to demand air purity and complete temperature and humidity control indoors as the most important factors for health and comfort. Theatres abroad and in America, ranging from the Roxy, seating 6200 people, down to the small neighborhood movies, have found that Manufactured Weather changes the dreaded summer slump into a peak. Great department stores, such as Macy's in New York, Hudson's in Detroit, Filene's in Boston, and Titche-Goettinger's in Dallas, now offer their patrons and employees the comfort and healthfulness of Manufactured Weather. The twenty-one story Milam Building, at San Antonio, is equipped from top to bottom with Manufactured Weather—in every office. Architects who have examined this building venture the prophecy that within five years office buildings that are not Air Conditioned will be threatened with early obsolescence.

Manufactured Weather in the House of Representatives

The windowless Hall of the House of Representatives at Washington was maintained at the temperature and humidity best suited to comfort and health all last winter and during this summer by a Carrier System. During hot weather the excess humidity—the main cause of summer discomfort—is removed from the air, in winter a healthful quantity of humidity is added to the too-dry air. A similar system of Manufactured Weather was completed for the Senate Chamber during the recent vacation.

Better Health, Better Morale

The advantages of Manufactured Weather are not to be measured alone in terms of greater cleanliness indoors through the practically complete elimination of dust from the air, or in terms of increased attendance for theatres, increased patronage for stores, or even the speeding up of production for industry. Intangible, but of enormous economic as well as commercial importance, are the better health and improved mental outlook of employees and patrons who spend hours indoors in comfort—not discomfort.

Where Carrier Systems are operating they are making industry and workers independent of outdoor weather and seasons—they make "Every day a *good* day."

Carrier Engineering Corporation

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

OFFICES New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland
Washington, Detroit, Kansas City, Los Angeles

Manufactured Weather *makes* "Every day a *good* day"

CARRIER ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
LONDON, PARIS, BOMBAY
CALCUTTA, JOHANNESBURG

CÄRRIER
LUFTTECHNISCHE GESELLSCHAFT
STUTTGART, BERLIN

Parke Davis & Company

Master Pharmacists who apply Manufactured Weather to control the quality and production of pills, tablets, powders and capsules.

MULFORD LABORATORIES

Vaccines, anti-toxins and cultures; minute organisms, enemies to man but his friend when grown under the guiding hand of the scientist and under automatically controlled conditions of temperature and humidity.

Lilly

Eli Lilly & Company, makers of pharmaceuticals of international reputation, use Manufactured Weather in many important operations.

CUM HOC SIGNO COGNITUS EST
OMNIS

TRADE MARK

William R. Warner & Co., Inc., Manufacturing Pharmaceuticals since 1856, use Manufactured Weather in the making of the well-known alkaline phosphates Compound Alka-Zane.

DAVIS & GECK, INC. NY USA

Manufacture and seal sutures. The sterile sewing threads used by the surgeon are made and sealed where the air is humidified and kept perfectly clean by Manufactured Weather.

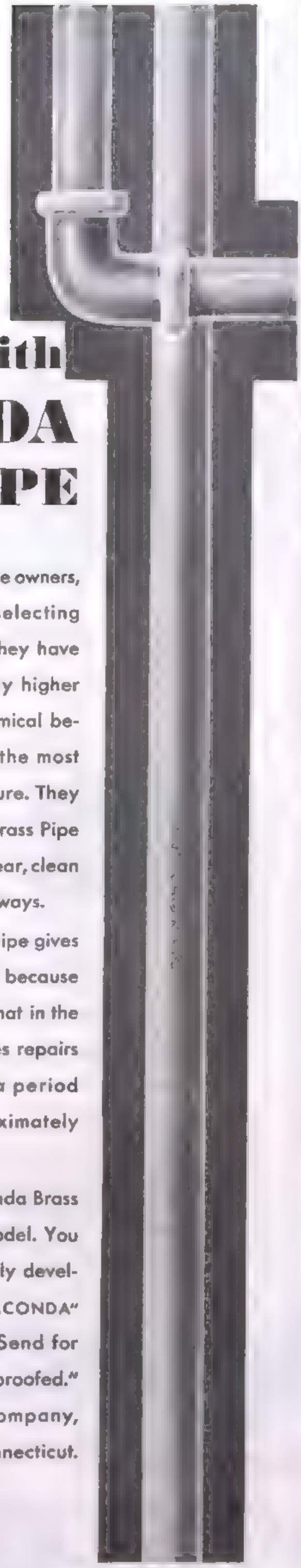
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

The Emerson Drug Company makes, packs and seals Bromo-Seltzer in Manufactured Weather.

THE ORIGINAL NUJOL LABORATORIES PILLS

The Upjohn Company, makers of fine Pharmaceuticals for the Physician, use Manufactured Weather for cooling and dehumidifying.

NEVER a LEAK due to rust, with ANACONDA BRASS PIPE



Little wonder that more and more home owners, after considering the facts, are selecting rust-proof Anaconda Brass Pipe. They have learned that in spite of its slightly higher first cost it is actually more economical because of its freedom from rust—the most common cause of water pipe failure. They have learned that with Anaconda Brass Pipe they are assured of a full flow of clear, clean water at the turn of the faucet—always.

Year after year Anaconda Brass Pipe gives dependable, expense-free service, because it cannot rust. Investigations show that in the average 7 or 8 room house it saves repairs and replacements which over a period of years would amount to approximately $31 annually.

It will pay you to insist on Anaconda Brass Pipe when you build, buy or remodel. You can readily identify this scientifically developed product by the name "ANACONDA" stamped in the pipe every foot. Send for the interesting free booklet "Rust-proofed." Address: The American Brass Company, General Offices: Waterbury, Connecticut.

ANACONDA

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 170)

Miss X, with her demand for brass tacks, may be anxious to know what percentage of women in the colleges are earning their way, and the average amount earned by them. Figures from all the colleges are not available but Miss Florence Snow, general secretary of Smith, the largest of them, reports that 12 per cent of Smith's two thousand students are partly self-supporting and that the average amount earned by these girls except during their summer vacations is $116 a year. It is rather interesting to follow the latest record of the different classes. The average of the working freshman was $132.77, that of the sophomore $92.22, that of the junior $111.34, and that of the senior $162.25. Last summer 151 Smith girls, holding 153 positions, earned $17,548.15. The girls did thirty different kinds of work, which reminds us that the girl student's field is much more limited than that of the man student. Columbia College, for example, offers its students one hundred and thirty-two methods of money making. The drop in the earnings of the sophomore from that of the freshman is partly due to the additional study required during the second year, and is also explained by the fact that Miss X has learned her lesson, has borrowed some capital, and is giving more of her time to working for a junior scholarship.

Early in her experience Miss X learns that students are no longer coddled as they were in the past. Academically they are expected to stand on their own feet. Less allowance than ever before is made for indifferent work. Today's college wants results.

No matter how ambitious a girl may be, no matter how willing she may be to work, if she is not college material she is not welcome in college. The ability of the ambitious grind may not be up to her ambition, and if it isn't, she will fare as her rich classmate fares, who comes to college for fun and who can't or won't keep up to the class schedule. Both girls will have to withdraw and give their chances to two of the waiting thousands who are eager to enter college and able to meet its demands.

The fact that a girl is struggling for an education will interest every member of the faculty, as it has always done. It will win helping hands on all sides if the girl's ability and the results she achieves are equal to her ambition. But there is no place in college now for the incompetent, however eager she may be to learn. The girl who through natural inability or overwork cannot keep up with her associates must fall out of college as inevitably as later in life she must fall out of the ranks of the world's successful workers.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

A *Cool* stingless shave is yours with Ingram's!

DOES shaving leave your face all "fiery" and nicked? *It shouldn't.* Does it leave you with one of those skins you hesitate to touch? *It shouldn't.*

Or is your face as clear as a May morning, as cool as a mountain breeze, as smooth as a millpond?

It should be, and it *will* be if you'll just try Ingram's Shaving Cream!

Never mind your Whiskers,
think about your Face!

For Ingram's is a delight to the faces of all shaving men. It takes the biting sting out of the morning shave. It leaves a clear cheek and a smooth skin when you're through.

No lotions need apply when Ingram's is foaming richly on your face. For Ingram's is its own skin lotion, and because of three special soothing and cooling ingredients, it tightens and tones the skin while you shave.

With it you can shave closer—your skin is in better condition to "take" the razor. And you'll shave without those fiery little pinprick stabs that most men bemoan!

If you will just go to two minutes' trouble, you'll be rewarded with a lifetime's happiness of clear, cool shaves. That coupon below brings you seven glorious and cool morning shaves! Our sample is no beauty, but it's the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends that any company ever had.

Don't fail now to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life. Fill out the coupon and get your sample. Do it now! You won't regret it!

7

"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face"

COOL SHAVES FREE

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. A-1091, 110 Washington St., New York

I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

© 1929

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

43,040 HOUSEWIVES HELPED PERFECT IT

Bond Bread
Know all Men by these Presents that GENERAL BAKING COMPANY
is held and firmly bound unto the Purchaser of this Loaf of
Bond Bread
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
and hereby warrants that the loaf of Bread contained within this Germ Proof and Dust Proof Wrapper is made from the following Pure Food Materials and no other ingredients of any kind: Best Wheat Flour, Compressed Yeast and Malt, Pure Filtered Water, Best Pure Salt, Pure Shortening, Granulated Sugar and Condensed Milk.
GENERAL BAKING COMPANY
Bond Bread

Over a million housewives *ask grocers for this loaf every day*

FOR fourteen years Bond Bread has been the preferred loaf of the American housewife. From the first day it came to her table with its unique guarantee of purity, Bond Bread has been for her the loaf that was most like the best home-baked. Day in and day out, she buys this bread with complete assurance as to purity of ingredients and thorough baking. Day in and day out, she finds this bread unvarying in firm, close-knit texture and home-like flavor. Years of experience confirm her judgment that

After all—

there is no bread like

Bond

The *home-like* loaf

BOND BREAD is delivered fresh from the oven twice each day to most grocers within 50 miles of these cities: Albany, N. Y.; Allentown, Pa.; Baltimore, Md.; Boston, Mass.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Canton, Ohio; Cleveland, Ohio; Detroit, Mich.; Enid, Okla.; Hartford, Conn.; Hutchinson, Kans.; Jersey City, N. J.; Kansas City, Kans.; Kansas City, Mo.; Newark, N. J.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; New York City; New Haven, Conn.; New Orleans, La.; Norfolk, Va.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Omaha, Neb.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Providence, R.I.; Reading, Pa.; Rochester, N.Y.; St. Louis, Mo.; Springfield, Mass.; Steubenville, Ohio; Syracuse, N. Y.; Toledo, Ohio; Tulsa, Okla.; Washington, D. C.; Waterbury, Conn.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Wichita, Kans.

GENERAL BAKING COMPANY © 1929

. . . no Problem here ★

The Children Like It . . . You *know* it's *safe* milk. You know, too, that every drop is uniformly rich in all the precious milk-food substances that children have to have for health and rugged growth. It's more readily digestible than ordinary milk. It costs less than the milk you've been accustomed to use. What problem is there left about the milk supply?

Children *do* like it. Tests were made with several hundred children unaccustomed to Pet Milk. They drank it readily. And now that doctors everywhere are recommending this form of milk for babies' bottles, they'll like no other kind of milk when bottle days are over.

Because Pet Milk Is Homogenized . . . the fat globules broken into tiny particles—the cream stays in the milk. It's always "whole," rich milk.

Because It's Sterilized . . . in sealed containers, Pet Milk comes to you as *safe* as if there were no germ of disease in the world.

Because of Homogenization and Sterilization . . . Pet Milk is more readily digestible than ordinary milk—and that's a further guaranty of health and rugged growth.

All of this at Lower Cost . . .

We think these are compelling and conclusive reasons why your children should drink Pet Milk. We'd like to send you, free of charge, report of the experience of specialists proving the wholesomeness of Pet Milk for babies and children. We'll send you, also, without charge, our book telling of the extraordinary qualities of Pet Milk for every household use.

Send your name and address to

PET MILK COMPANY
1421-J Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Jessie Patterson Marsh

Add a cent to the cost of your cake

A million women can tell you it's money well spent!

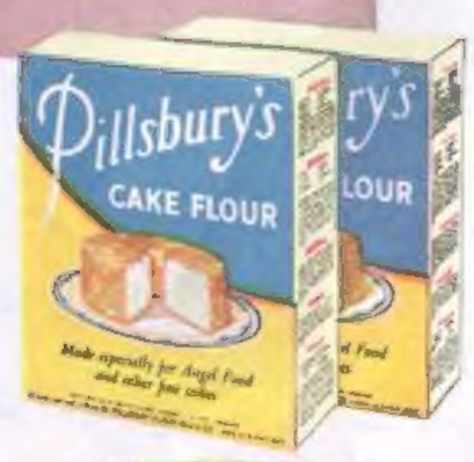
Save all the money you can when you buy every-day groceries — but don't try to save a few pennies on the price of the flour you use in a wonderful cake. Remember, when you bake a cake you also use eggs, sugar, shortening, etc.— and you can waste as much of these in a mediocre cake as you would use to make a perfect cake. True economy means buying the finest cake flour you can find, even if you do pay a few cents more per package—about one cent more per cake!

During the last year more than a million women adopted this policy. They spent a few cents more for Pillsbury's Cake Flour, and found a surprising improvement in their cakes — an improvement worth many times the slightly higher price of this unusual new flour!

Pillsbury's Cake Flour is made from a new blend of certain rare, expensive types of wheat, unusually soft, milled to a silky fineness. Baking tests have shown that it possesses three distinct superiorities: (1) It makes a cake that rises higher — a lighter, fluffier, more delicate cake. (2) It makes a cake with a soft, silky texture — the sort that really melts in your mouth. (3) It makes a cake that stays moist and fresh longer.

No matter how expert a cake-maker you may be, we believe you will get a new pleasure from this improved cake flour. Women tell us it's the finest they've ever used — that it has completely changed their ideas of "perfect cake." Test Pillsbury's Cake Flour carefully — try it with the most delicate, difficult recipe you know — it will prove its value to you before you have used the first package. Your grocer has a free introductory offer, described on this page. It's something worth remembering — make a note on your shopping list now!

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, Cake Flour, Pancake Flour and Wheat Bran



New Style Cake Plate FREE

Your grocer will give you this beautiful glass cake serving plate free with the purchase of two packages of Pillsbury's Cake Flour. It is a new type of plate, especially designed for use with cakes. It stands up from the table, so that you can lift the cake and carry it without touching the frosting with your fingers. The top is perfectly smooth and flat, so that the cake cannot sag out of shape as it sometimes does on a curved plate. An attractive design in beautifully tinted glass, full ten-inch size.

Pillsbury's Cake Flour